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January

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From a painting by W. Herbert Dunton.

AS HE GLARED AT THE MAN BELOW HIM, THERE CAME TO HIM
THE CLANG OF CLOSING CELL DOORS.

The Bronzed Man, 1907. Page 116.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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TONTITOWN

A Story of the Conservation of Men

By JOHN L. MATHEWS

YOU will look in vain for Tontitown upon even the newest map. It lies in the uplands of the Ozarks, in that now rapidly settling section of the Southwest which seems to the Eastern visitor the very acme of all that is wonderful and beautiful in a farming country. The Ozarks, though set down on the map as a mountain chain, rise by such easy progressions of grassy and wooded knolls to their culminating two thousand feet, that one traversing them cannot believe that he has done more than pass through an ordinary hill country, until, emerging upon the brow of some eminence, he unexpectedly commands a view over sixty or seventy miles of tree-tops and farms.

The summer is pleasantly tempered there; the winter is mild, the high, dry air fairly intoxicating; the soil is magical in its properties. It is the land of the big red apple, of the glowing peach, and of vineyards that bear with extravagant abundance. And in the very heart of it all, where Arkansas merges into what is now Oklahoma, Tontitown centers at a prairie crossroads six miles west of the busy little city of Springdale, in Washington County. Though it is too new to be mapped, the Arkansas farmers know where it lies, and the railroad men know, too; for more prosperity has come to shippers and to common carriers alike through this little community than through any other equal number of men and women who have ever settled in that region.

This is true because of the spirit of the men who have made it; first, of Father Bandini, who gave up his career at home to devote his life to proving the value of the Italian in America, and to teaching the reality of America to his people; and then of the Italians of Tontitown themselves, men from many provinces, who have entered with

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hearty good will into a demonstration of the truth of Pietro Bandini's faith. For Tontitown is a little community of everyday Italian immigrants, many of them from the poorest slums of New York, who have suffered the worst hardships of immigrant life in America, and who now, on these Ozark uplands, are giving the lie to those who believe by temperament, by desire, nor by experience to become a part of the American people. Many of them go back after a few years, carrying their savings. Others remain undigested in the general mass. But those who face the migration bravely, who have the courage and the inspiration to lift their feet from their native soil and come purposefully

THE DAY SCHOOL, UNDER ITS AMERICAN FLAG, BECAME ONE OF THE BEST IN THE STATE.

that Italians are all Black Hand conspirators, members of the Mafia, and undesirable citizens.

More than one million immigrants come to America every year. Of them one fourth are from Italy. Of the whole a great number are more than immigrants; they are aliens —aliens in every sense. They are not fitted to the West to make new homes and become parts of a new people, are no more alien to America than were the Pilgrim fathers, or the Virginia Cavaliers, or the stout-hearted Germans who came to join Oglethorpe in Georgia. Of this type, yet ignorant of all that America stands for except freedom and a home, these settlers of Tontitown came

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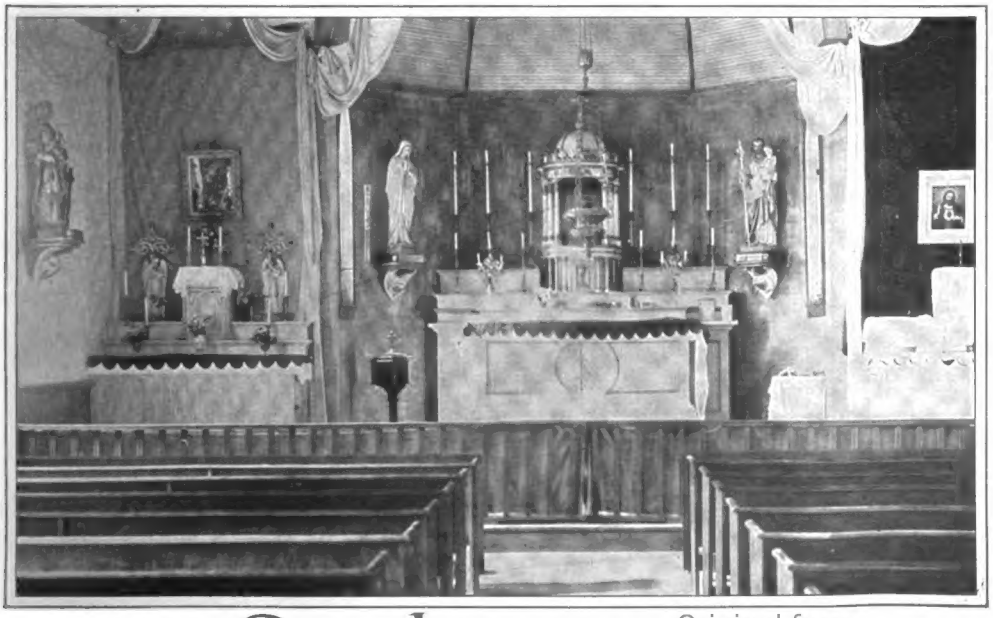
from their native land. They debarked in New York at the end of their resources; with no knowledge of what lay beyond, with no thought that the boundless country, with whatever hope and whatever promise it might have for them, lay two days' journey by rail beyond the swift-running Hudson.

FATHER PIETRO BANDINI.
A priest who loves his people and their ideals.

In New York, with the great bulk of their fellows, they found lodging in the lower West Side or in some other of those crowded districts of the careless city. They were there in the way of being robbed of their own Italian inheritance, which was love of the soil, love of their fellows, honesty, fair dealing, and respect for law; and of gaining from this American life, if it could be called so, nothing which was in essence American. Neither independence, nor education, nor the ability to govern themselves, nor any other thing of which as a people we are proud; but instead a belief that government by the people is corrupt, that independence is a fraud, that crime is not necessarily punished by law. Most of them had trades acquired by long usage. They were, each in his line, skilled men. They were to give up each this equipment of a lifetime, and to become laborers on the street at a dollar-fifty a day. Each was required to wipe from the books his account of skill and to begin a bankrupt. And for every one who was so treated, America was the loser by what she compelled him to give up. This is the story every year of a vast multitude.

Austin Corbin, philanthropist and millionaire, was the first to interfere with this settlement of these Italians. Seeking a solution for New York's congestion, he bought a big plantation, Sunnyside, beside the Mississippi River in Arkansas, and persuaded a large number of families to go down there to grow cotton. Though it has since been forced to



THEY BUILT A CHURCH—THE BEST COUNTRY CHURCH IN ARKANSAS.

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A LOG CABIN AND ITS SUCCESSOR, THE COTTAGE.

a measure of success, Sunnyside was at the start a ghastly tragedy. Sent into a hot and sickly climate to work under masters accustomed to driving negroes, sent into competition with the blacks and treated like them, and placed in the heart of a swampy country of stagnant lakes from which rose swarms of malarial mosquitoes, the Italians were soon overwhelmed with a plague of the swamp disease that threatened to develop a panic.

It is a far cry from this suffering colony in the swamps by Lake Chicot back to Garibaldi and the Young Italy movement; yet it was the spirit of Garibaldi in a young priest which came to their rescue. When Italy was torn by the dissensions of the three ruling or revolutionary forces, there was in Tuscany a family which was divided, like many others, among them all. Two brothers Bandini, well born and well educated, went, one into the Pope's guard, the other into the King's army. The son of the second man joined the Young Italy movement and followed Garibaldi. There was in the home of the Bandini a younger brother, too young to take part in the struggle, but not too young to be passionately roused by the spirit of the times, and by the tales and songs of his elders. Brought up in the stirring times which make strong men, taught that diplomacy which alone could keep the peace in the household when these men were at home together—as came to be the custom; filled with a consuming ardor for the people of his country and for freedom, so Pietro Bandini grew up.

He was sent to a college in France and dedicated to the church, and when he had taken orders rose rapidly, while still a young man, to a position as president of a college in his native province. But he was eager to be of still wider use to his country, and studied with close attention the problem of the migration of Italians into America. So brilliant were his writings on this subject that his government sent him, about ten years ago, to America on a year's leave of absence to study conditions here at first hand. He came a stranger, but in a few weeks he had won the loyalty of the Italian colony in New York, had founded the St. Joseph Society to take care of arriving immigrants, and had begun to look over the prospects of colonization of these his people upon farming lands. The colony at Sunnyside had his interest from the start, and when he heard of the trouble the Italians were in he hastened to their aid.

It was a terrible situation that confronted

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WITH THE AMBASSADOR AND ANOTHER GUEST, THEY HEADED A PROCESSION OVER THE SIX MILES TO TONTITOWN.

him. Of one hundred families, 125 members had died of malaria in a year. Some families had been wiped out. In others the young children were left orphaned. There was scarcely a family that had not been visited by the grim reaper. And the Italians, panic-stricken at this mysterious disease which was swiftly wiping out the colony, angered and embittered by the treatment they had received from the foremen, disgusted at being herded with negroes, and weary of the attempt to grow the crop of cotton which they neither liked nor understood, were beginning to steal away, the start of what in a few days would have been a general exodus.

Bandini had to work quickly. He had to find a new home for them, one which would be sanitary, one which would be pleasant and they would like, one in which they would be independent, and above all, one where they could farm as they had farmed in Italy. His mind went quickly over the possibilities. Up in the Ozarks, where he had been on a previous expedition West, there was just such land, high and dry, so that those afflicted with malaria would have opportunity to recover, and apparently fulfilling all the demands. Assembling the people at Sunnyside, he told them that he would go out and find them a new home; that they must await his return, bearing meanwhile with the terrible conditions; that when he returned it would be to lead them to a land which would be suited to them. Eighteen families agreed to wait for him, and to buy the land which he should select. So he went up into the Ozarks, and finally came to Springdale.

Out on the prairie west of Springdale was a farm about to be abandoned. The white, clayey soil had been ploughed through several profitless years by an American who had received an annual turnover of only two to three dollars a year per acre. In despair he had given up, and was ready to sell. This tract Bandini prepared to purchase, making a first payment with money obtained in one of those mysterious ways which the church seems to make possible for its priests. But when the deal was almost completed there arrived by train one day, pellmell, in pursuit of the priest, the Italians of Sunnyside; not eighteen families, but forty. They came practically penniless. Their need was instant. And the American owner, seeing that he had them upon the hip, raised the price of

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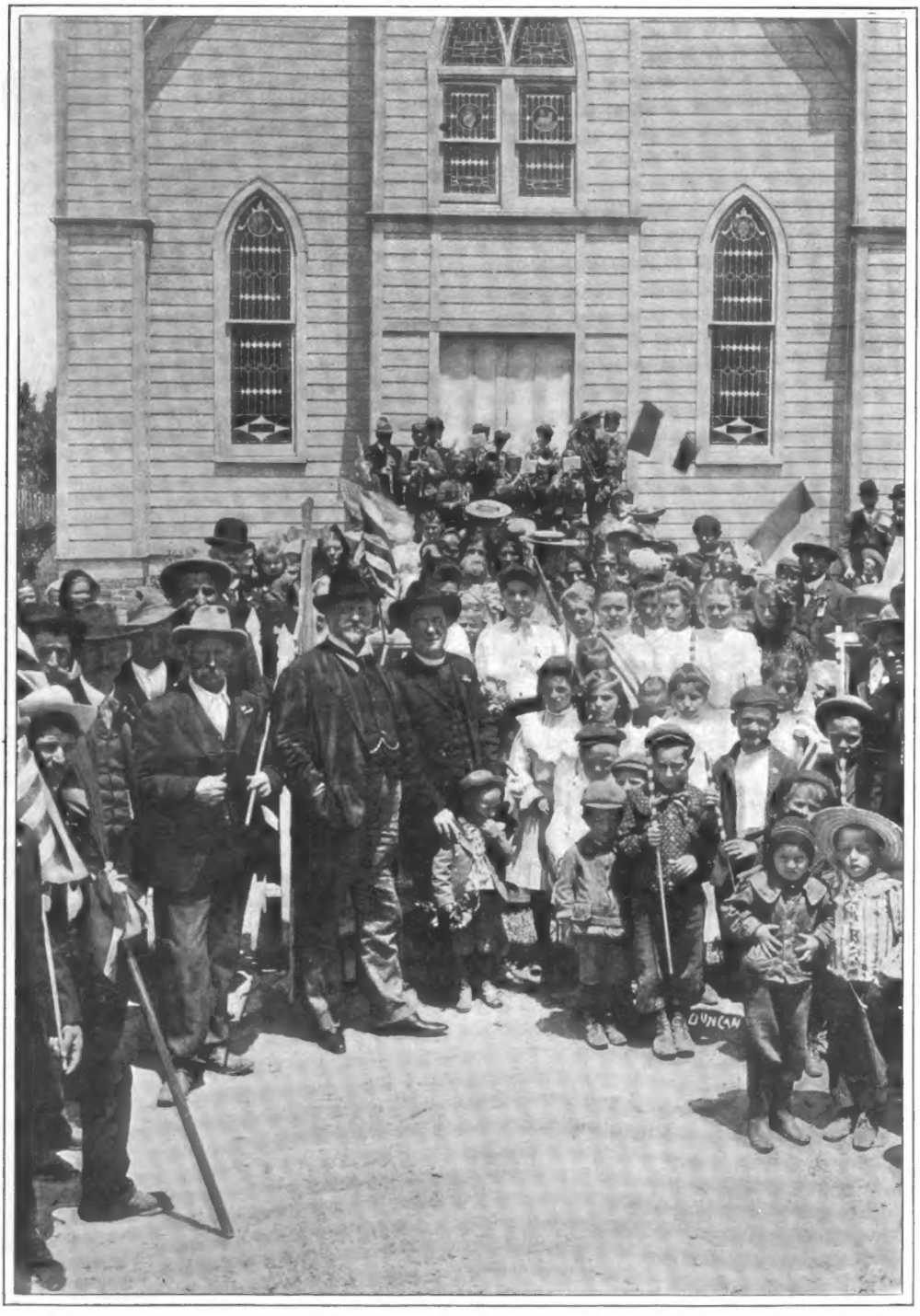

THERE, UPON THE CHURCH STEPS, WAS THE TONTITOWN BAND PLAYING THE NATIONAL AIRS OF BOTH COUNTRIES.

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his land from $8 to $15 an acre and forced them to pay it. But they paid it. The money which Bandini had secured made the first and binding instalment. They took it on mortgages, and divided it up, ten acres to a family, buying other tracts alongside to accommodate the surplus. The men went out into the mines of the Ozark country for the winter to earn money to make the next payment, and the women and boys built pole cabins on the land and settled down to the worst winter the Ozarks had known for many years.

It is hard for an American to tell the next part of the story—of the odds against these strangers in our land. Yet it must be told. We are not a nice people. We are—nationally—provincial, disagreeable, distrustful. Foreigners ourselves, for we have all come by the same route across the sea, we have no patience with those who have come by later vessels. The arrival of these pitiful, starving Italians disgusted the whole community. There was no door open to them, no charity for them—only contempt, hatred, sneers, threats of bodily harm, open endeavors to drive them away and to wreck their community. Those who had sold them land openly boasted that the Italians would soon be routed, the payments would cease, the land would be foreclosed upon, and the first payments would be so much "velvet" to them. They were low enough even to rob these penniless Italians.

Nevertheless, while the snow drove through the chinks in their cabin walls, the Italian women and the boys clung to their new homes, and the malarial patients slowly won back to health. They will not tell now the whole story of that first winter. A thousand rabbits, caught in the traps that were set about the land, furnished the only meat food of the community. The men at the mines worked faithfully and steadily, and in the spring came home with their second payment, to set out their farms. And then began the real work of establishing the community. Not 250 acres to a family, nor fifty, but only ten all told, of which one acre was first taken carefully in hand—so they began the work. They began to set out vines, planning the vineyards for future extensions. They secured and planted strawberries and fruit trees. They planted vegetables, and day after day from dawn till dark they tended their patches and broke in new land, or worked for their richer American neighbors. From Italy they secured shoots of the Italian willow, with which to tie their vines, and beside each vineyard a tree of it was planted. The American willow when tied will break, but the Italian, which will neither rust a vine like wire nor sicken it like hemp, can be tied many times without cracking.

In this little colony Bandini had from the beginning established himself as master, by right of his priestly authority, but far more by right of his wisdom, sincerity, and fitness for the place. "He rules us," one of the colony told me later, "with a velvet glove, through which we can barely feel the iron fingers." He had determined that this should be an American village, at the crossroads. He had adopted the name of Tontitown, after a meeting of the colony, because Henry de Tonti was the first Italian ever to explore Arkansas. He had taken possession of an old crossroads schoolhouse, and there conducted both church and day school. He had organized his men into an American village, and had begun explaining to them the nature of the laws under which they lived. His people never molested their neighbors. They were orderly, peaceful, hard working, and beginning to emerge from the shadow of Sunnyside.

And all this time the Americans about them sought means to harass them and drive them away. A rough element from the adjacent Indian Territory repeatedly raided their settlement. One Saturday night they came in and set the schoolhouse on fire, and would have destroyed it but that the watchful priest saw the flames and beat them out with his own hands. Next day a crowd of Americans came to "see the ruins," but they found the house still standing and Father Bandini waiting to say something in English to them.

"We are all Americans here," he said, "and I give you notice that we shall exercise the American right of self-defense. There are few men among us who have not served in the Italian army. We are familiar with our guns. I am hereafter the colonel of our regiment, and I assure you that night and day a sentinel shall patrol our streets. Any person coming among us and manifesting malice will be shot."

It was strong talk from a hated Italian priest, but "it went." The Americans muttered and threatened, and once or twice the rifle of the sentry spoke in the night; but thereafter there was peace in Tontitown.

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Only one more real attempt was made after that to oust the newcomers. Taxes became due one year while Bandini was away on business. The notices were published in the county paper, and of course went unread by the Italians. Failure to pay such taxes was a finable offense, and before Bandini returned his men were summoned before the court and fined. When he came back he went before the justice and explained why the dereliction had occurred, declared that he believed it a time for mercy rather than strict enforcement of penalties, and asked to have the fines remitted.

"I fined 'em. I reckon I'll let the fines stand," said the judge roughly. "I reckon it will be a good lesson to the Dagoes."

So the fines were paid. But these Italians had lived in America several years by this time. They had votes. When the next election for justice was held the party leaders discovered that if they wished friendly ballots in Tontitown they must needs nominate a fairer judge, and so he who had refused mercy dropped out of public life.

An armed sentry, an organized ballot—surely those are old American methods of resisting oppression. But Bandini, who had given up that brilliant career in Italy, resigned his appointment under government, and settled down as the exigency demanded to be a parish priest at a crossroads in the Ozarks, was teaching also a very different line of American practices. The old country schoolhouse which stood at the crossroads had long been vacant. He reorganized the school district and reopened the school. Compulsory education in Tontitown meant that every child went to school, learned English speaking and writing, American history and geography, and all that makes up the common school curriculum. There was a church school, too, where Italian and religious education were also given them. But the day school, under its American flag, was steadily improved, until it became one of the best in the state.

Across the road from the schoolhouse they built a church—the best country church in Arkansas. About it, on their little plots of land, as prosperity came with close tillage, they began to build their houses. For the first two or three years the log cabins had sufficed; but now neat suburban cottages, each with its rose garden, its flower-beds, its vines, and on either side and back from it its orchards and vineyards, appeared in every man's portion. Strawberries and vegetables paid during the first years of cultivation, so that payments on land were anticipated, and as the settlement grew older apple and peach trees came into bearing and added to the wealth of the community. Then the grape vines, which had been planted each year an acre at a time, began to bear bountifully, and the grapes to be turned into wine, with Italian skill; so that before the colony was six years old there were single acres producing as much as $300 a year in cash return.

To a community which thus devotes itself to intensive farming prosperity must come. Tontitown grew steadily richer upon such returns as this. The houses became larger (the home of the original American owner had long since been turned into a storage barn) and beside the church grew up a big boarding-school, which cost the little village $4,000 in cash, and to which came Italian children from as far away as St. Louis, a testimony to Bandini's earlier educational experience—perhaps the germ of a college to come later.

So Tontitown has grown to man's estate. The railroad people long ago learned that the immense shipments of fruit from Springdale came largely from the little village out west of the town. The American fruit raisers and farmers from two counties away came to see and learn how such crops were grown on that hard white soil. And as they learned, the standard of farming among the Americans went steadily higher, tillage became closer, profits per acre greater, and at last, with a general recognition of their value to the community at large, came a new respect and then a love for the Italian-Americans such as probably no other village of their people has won among ours.

And all this was the work of Bandini. For he had set out from the start to preserve here and to Americanize the best qualities of his people. They were good farmers and he had set them to farming. They were honest and merry-hearted, and under his care they lived honestly, and held many a merry fiesta in the schoolhouse grove. They were musical, and he organized among them a Tontitown band, which played not only popular but classical airs; a band which was soon in demand for many miles around for public affairs. The band was followed by an orchestra and then by a chorus, and in the little crossroads schoolhouse in western

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Arkansas the choruses of Verdi, and the music of his operas, and even the great oratorios were heard by increasing audiences. Springdale organized a band to meet this competition, and then a local opera troupe to give home performances, and in the whole region this Italian community, by clinging to its own best elements, widened culture, increased the knowledge of art, and broadened the life and the outlook of the Americans.

Square dealing was another heritage which Bandini kept among his people and cultivated there. The stores became so known for fairness that buyers came from miles away. In a not distant American town was a vinegar factory making "pure cider vinegar," to which Bandini took some of his men who wished to start such a trade in Tontitown. They found that all the cider brought to the factory was doctored and sold as "white wine," and that the vinegar was made of shavings and cornhusks fermented in water. They decided not to follow American example there. Tontitown vinegar is made from apple juice. Tontitown dried fruits, Tontitown wines, all are what they are labeled. And Tontitown honesty is proverbial.

The fame of the little village spread out of America into Italy, whence, from time to time, some recruit was admitted to the ranks. Admitted with caution, be it said, for there were other Italian communities springing up around them, all under Bandini's watchful eye; and in this, his favorite, he would allow no warring element. At last the Italian ambassador at Washington, Baron E. Mayor des Planches, came down to see for himself and for his king what manner of place it might be.

His train arrived in Springdale early on a summer morning. As it drew into the station the sound of cheering and of the Springdale band playing attracted his notice. He peered from the window. There about the station was a great crowd of Americans and some Italians, all in gala dress. American and Italian flags waved everywhere. Stores were decorated with the bunting of both nations. And as Baron Mayor des Planches stepped from his car a tremendous cheer went up for Italy's ambassador. The minister stood for a moment dazed by his reception. Tears rolled down his cheeks. In all his long life in the diplomatic service in America—and he is dean of the corps—he had never before been so greeted. Sneers and jokes had followed him, and allusions to "the Dago minister." But here at last he had come into his own.

"I knew then," he wrote back to Italy, "that here were some Americans who had come to know my people as they really are, and to love them. I could not restrain my tears; but they were tears of joy."

All Springdale was out to greet the visitor, and at the head, with the Springdale committee, was Bandini himself, short, rotund, his face alight with the glory of the day, his clever hand on all the arrangements, his heart swelling with the measure of his triumph. With the ambassador and another guest, and with Charley Renner to drive, he headed a procession over the six miles to Tontitown. Along the way at little intervals stood Italians two by two carrying one an American and one an Italian flag. As he passed they saluted and fell in behind him until the entire village marched into its home streets in his train. And there, upon the church steps, was the Tontitown band playing the national airs of both countries, and the schoolgirls of Springdale and of Tontitown, all in white, upon the church steps, were singing the same songs.

All the way out through the American fields and orchards the visitor had been filled with growing astonishment. "Can this be America?" he demanded, noting the wonderfully cropped fields. "How these people have the love of the soil! What has done it? Where have they found it?" And Charley Renner, turning back from the driver's seat with Southwestern freedom, spoke for the whole American community: "It's the father here and his people," he said. "They have taught the whole county. We're proud of them."

And it was true. It all meant the same thing; the rows of schoolgirls in white, the waving flags, the alternating bands, the happy faces, the cheering, the speeches, all spoke of the same thing, that one people had here come to understand and appreciate the native virtues of another.

When it was time for the feast—for this was a gala day for both villages—there was another treat in store for the ambassador. Here were not only luscious fruits, strawberries in abundance, but homemade Italian dishes, macaroni with egg in the old country style, Italian wines made in Tontitown after traditional methods, Chianti and Muscatel—everything which came upon the table was

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after Italian style, was delicious, and was made in Tontitown. In the schoolhouse yard a dancing-platform had been erected, and all the rest of the day the fiesta went on, with the simple country dances of Italy, while the ambassador, in the intervals of questioning the men, looked on in great delight.

It was in June again, a year later—1906—that I left the train at Springdale as the ambassador had done, and drove out with Charley Renner to see the crossroads village. Tontitown was seven years old then. The road to it led through almost endless orchards, laden with apples, peaches, and plums, and in between the trees were rows of strawberry plants. The sky was clear, the birds were singing, and as we came to Tontitown we could see the Italians endlessly at work, tying up or pruning vines, plucking weeds, carrying nearer and nearer to perfection the little farms which yield them so much larger cash return than all the great area they occupy yielded to their American predecessor. In the schoolhouse yard a small party of them was again busy putting up the dancing-platform for the summer festival, for the Italians have not forgotten how to play. The big new boarding-school was nearing completion, and beyond it the church and the flag-surmounted public school occupied the principal corners. We halted at Bandini's residence, and the little priest came forth to greet us. From farm to farm he took us, introducing us to the vine-tenders, questioning them for their memories of Sunnyside, or asking the story of their prosperity at Tontitown, bringing out all sides of the development of the colony. Then we went back to his house; and when we were seated, after dinner, in the shade of the church, where the wind blew soft upon us, and where the father, rifle in hand, could take pot-shots at the woodpeckers that ate holes in the steeple, he unfolded his own life, his struggles at home, his ambition, his early start toward the achievement of a scholastic career. Then came the interruption, the American trip, which seemed to promise so much. Perhaps a mission under the king might have resulted from it, and instead, here he was, probably anchored for life, in an out-of-the-way corner of the United States, with ninety or one hundred families under him—just a little village priest in the end.

But happy? Ever so. Had he not these people? Had he not demonstrated them? Did not even the Americans love them? And as for their attitude toward him, it was adoration. After all, what could be a happier lot in life?

One of his wards—he has adopted the children orphaned at Sunnyside—came bringing us peaches and little cakes and wine, and smiled at us with bewitching black eyes. "But so isolated," I hazarded.

"Not at all," said Bandini. "I have had the mails changed. Now they come here early in the morning and return late in the evening. I have a telephone to the Springdale telegraph office. I have a world-wide correspondence which I am able to answer the day it arrives. After all, I am as near my correspondents as a man in Chicago or New York would be. I am not out of the world. I still keep my interest in life at large. I write, I travel sometimes. Perhaps in time I shall not be needed here. Some one can fill my place and I can go back again to my other work. But this is so big, this little place; it does not seem to me as though I had left a larger for a lesser career."

Keen of mind, strong in the power to control men, wise, soft spoken, of ready diplomacy, able to guide without friction his volatile people, beloved by children, a finely educated, able man—surely this exponent of Young Italy has accomplished here a great thing. And as we spoke of it he turned to me quickly and asked: "Why should this not be national?"

Why not, indeed? Why should not the whole nation do what this priest has done for us? Why not put these incoming people where they can work out their destinies? There are railroads in the West—and one of them has steadily aided at Tontitown—which maintain special departments for putting immigrants into the field. One of them has developed the idea of Tontitown in many places, putting villages of Swiss, of Bohemians, of Germans, and of Italians by themselves and making it possible for them to work at the trades they learned at home and to preserve their best national customs.

There is not in America a state which does not need these incomers. New England is just finding what value there is in her worn-out fields through the prosperity that Italians and Russians are finding in them. Missouri has Brandsville's Swiss as a shining example of its soil's value for vine culture and for dairy farming. But we all need them. And it would not be difficult to distribute them if

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we went about it wisely. Every Western railway keeps a record of opportunities along its line: "Smithville, general store needed, town of five thousand, large farming country;" "Brownsville, town of five hundred, opening for doctor and dentist." Such notices appear in large numbers in their advertisements. A national department, with its agents as widespread as those of the postal service, could keep a similar watch upon the nation. Thus we should have a report like this: "Thompsonville, hilly upland, large acreage for farming still available, about $15 an acre; many Bohemian farmers, and available market for such and such products," with, of course, other details.

If there were on the other side of the water government agents, like the consular service, to whom this information was supplied, an intending immigrant could there determine under the authority of government just where an opening lay for him. Were he farmer, carpenter, printer, weaver, whatever he might be, he could determine where there was probable employment for him. If the gates of Ellis Island were then shut against those who come haphazard, and opened to admit only those who come with direct purpose, ticketed to some definite location where friends or the federal authorities had shown the need of them, the result would be achieved. There would be no more dumping in New York. There would be no more wiping out of skill, training, and the virtues of an older people. We should be saved half the work of "assimilation." And by the constant absorption of the new, good qualities we should become in them fabulously rich. We are talking now of conserving our national resources, and here is a great resource awaiting its proper conservation.

For these people are at heart idealists. The name of America has not lost its magic. They are climbing, they are striving. And men who strive toward an ideal, however clouded their vision of it, have qualities we cannot afford to discard and destroy.

This, then, is the lesson of Tontitown, of a little village on the Arkansas prairie, of a priest who loves his people and their ideals. It means something to every one of us—of regret for all the benefit that might have accrued to us had we not been spendthrift with our acquisitions; of belief that a change in time may yet gain us much. And in the love and harmony that have developed between Tontitown and its neighbors, in the gayety which remains in their lives and spreads into ours, there is an intimation of what might come about if we intelligently welcomed such newcomers with trust and liking, and with a determination to do our best to enable each of them to build a larger life here on the foundation of all they have achieved.

THE LOVERS

By HELEN HUNTINGTON

One waited,—Age, the lover,—
  Till Alice could be won,
His hour would time discover,
  The hour when youth was done.
O fragrant, warm and tender!
  Rose lips and hair of gold,
To Age must all surrender
  And Age will clasp and hold!

But waited lover stronger
  And over-bold and free:
"My love shall guard you longer
  Than all eternity!"
He spoke to Alice slowly,
  He kissed away her breath,
She turned from Age unholy,
  And fled away with Death.

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THE SHACK OVER ON THE NECK ROAD WHERE SHE USED TO LIVE.

THE SEER AND THE SERVANT

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cy Whittaker's Place," "Cap'n Eri," "Mr. Pratt," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

"YUP," says Effie, bobbin' her head so emphatic that the sky-blue ribbon pennants on her black hair flapped like a loose tops'l in a gale of wind. "Yup," says she, "I b'lieve it just as much as I b'lieve anything. How could I help it when he told me so much that has come true already? He said I'd seen trouble, and the dear land knows that's so! and that I might see more, and I cal'late that's pretty average likely. And he said I hadn't been brought up in luxury——"

"Which wa'n't no exaggeration neither," I put in, thinkin' of the shack over on the Neck Road where she and her folks used to live.

"No," says she; "and he told me I'd always had longin's for better and higher things and that my intellectuals was above my station. Well, ever sence I was knee high to a kitchen chair I'd ruther work up-stairs than down, and as for intellectuals, Ma always said I was the smartest young one she'd raised yet. So them statements give me consider'ble confidence. But he give out that I was to make a journey and get money, and when *that* come true I held up both hands and stood ready to swaller all the rest of it."

"So it come true, did it?" says I.

"Um-hm," says she, bouncin' her head again. "Inside of four year I traveled 'way over to South Eastboro—'most twelve mile—to my Uncle Izzy's fun'ral, and there I found that he'd left me nine hundred dollars for my very own. And down I flops on the parlor sofy and says I: 'There! don't talk superstition to *me* no more! A person that can foretell Uncle Izzy's givin' anybody a cent, let alone nine hundred dollars, is a good enough prophet for *me* to tie to. Now I *know* that I'm going to marry the dark-complected man, and I'll be ready for him when he comes along. I never spent a quarter no better than when I handed it over to that Oriental Seer critter at the cattle show.' That's what I said then and I b'lieve it yet. Wouldn't you feel the same way?"

I said sure thing I would. I'd found out that the best way to keep Effie's talk-shop runnin' was to agree with her. And I liked to hear her talk. She was third assistant roustabout and table girl at the Old Home House the fourth season that me and Cap'n Jonadab and Peter T. Brown run it. She'd never worked out afore and was greener than a mess of spinach; but she was kind of pretty to look at and I'd sort of took a fancy to her. I never did have the high-toned ideas about not bein' familiar with help that Jonadab suffered from. 'Twan't so many years since I was fo'mast hand myself.

So Effie'd got in the habit of tellin' me all her troubles and secrets. Just now she was

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unloadin' some more or less facts concernin' what a speciman who cruised under the name of "The Marvelous Oriental Seer" had handed her in change for a quarter at the Ostable County cattle show and fair.

"Yup," she went on, "I give right in then. I'd traveled same as the fortune teller said, and I'd got more money 'n I ever expected to see, let alone own. And ever sence I've been sartin as I'm alive that the feller I marry will be of a rank higher'n mine and dark complected and good-lookin' and distinguished, and that he'll be name of Butler."

"Butler?" says I. "What will he be named Butler for?"

"'Cause the Seer critter said so. He said he could see the word Butler printed out over the top of my head in flamin' letters. Pa used to say 'twas a wonder it never set fire to my crimps, but he was only foolin'. *I* know that it's all comin' out true. You ain't acquaintanced to any Butlers, are you?"

"No," says I. "I heard Ben Butler make a speech once when he was gov'nor, but he's dead now. There ain't no Butlers on the Old Home shippin' lists."

"Oh, I know that!" she says. "And everybody round here is homelier'n a moultin' pullet. There now! I didn't mean exactly *every*body, of course. But you ain't dark complected, you know, nor——"

"No," says I, "nor rank nor distinguished neither. Course the handsome part might fit me, but I'd have to pass on the rest of the hand. That's all right, Effie; my feelin's have got fireproofed sence I've been in the summer hotel business. Now you'd better run along and report to Susannah. I hear her whoopin' for you, and she don't light like a canary bird on the party she's mad with."

She didn't, that was a fact. Susannah Debs, who was housekeeper for us that year, was middlin' young and middlin' good-lookin', and couldn't forget it. Also and likewise, she had a suit for damages against the railroad, which she had hopes would fetch her money some day or other, and she couldn't forget that neither. She was skipper of all the hired hands and, bein' as Effie was prettier than she was, never lost a chance to lay the poor girl out. She put the other help up to pokin' fun at Effie's green ways and high-toned notions, and 'twas her that started 'em callin' her "Lady Evelyn" in the fo'castle—servants' quarters, I mean.

"I'm a-comin'," screams Effie, startin' for the door. "Susannah's in a tearin' hurry to get through early to-day," she adds to me. "She's got the afternoon off and her beau's comin' to take her buggy-ridin'. He's from over Harniss way somewheres and they say he's just lovely. My sakes! I wisht somebody'd take me to ride. Ah hum! cal'late I'll have to wait for my Butler man. Say, Mr. Wingate, you won't mention my fortune to a soul, will you? I've never told anybody but you."

I promised to keep mum and she cleared out. After dinner, as I was smokin', along with Cap'n Jonadab, on the side piazza, a horse and buggy drove in at the back gate. A young chap with black curly hair was pilotin' the craft. He was a stranger to me, wore a checkerboard suit and a bonfire necktie, and had his hat twisted over one ear. Altogether he looked some like a sunflower goin' to seed.

"Who's that barber's sign when it's to home?" says I to Jonadab. He snorted contemptuous.

"That?" he says. "Don't you know the cut of that critter's jib? He plays pool, for just a home, in Web Saunders's place over to Orham. He's the housekeeper's steady comp'ny—steady by spells, if all I hear's true. Good-for-nothin' cub, I call him. Wisht I'd had him aboard a vessel of mine; I'd 'a' squared his yards for him. Look how he cants his hat to starboard so's to show them lovelocks. Bah!"

"What's his name?" I asks.

"Name? Name's Butler—Simeon Butler. Don't you remember . . . Hey? What in tunket . . . ?"

Both of us had jumped as if somebody'd touched off a bombshell under our main hatches. The windows of the dining-room was right astern of us. We whirled round, and there was Effie. She'd been clearin' off one of the tables and there she stood, with the smashed pieces of an ice-cream platter in front of her, the melted cream sloppin' over her shoes, and her face lookin' like the picture of Lot's wife just turnin' to salt. Only Effie looked as if she enjoyed the turnin'. She never spoke nor moved, just stared after that buggy, with her black eyes sparklin' like burnt holes in a blanket.

I was too astonished to say anything, but Jonadab had his eye on that smashed platter and *he* had things to say, plenty of 'em. I walked off and left Effie playin' congregation to a sermon on the text, "Crockery costs money." You'd think that ice-cream dish was a genuine, ugly, nicked "antique" wuth

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any city loon's ten dollars, instead of bein' only new and pretty fifty-cent china. I felt real sorry for the poor girl.

But I needn't have been. That evenin' I found her on the back steps, all Sunday duds and airs. Her hair had a wire friz on it, and her dress had Joseph's coat in Scriptur' lookin' like a mournin' rig. She'd have been real handsome—to a body that was color blind.

"My, Effie!" says I, "you sartin do look fine to-night."

"Yup," she says, contented, "I guess likely I do. Hope so, 'cause I'm wearin' all I've got. Say, Mr. Wingate," says she, excited as a cat in a fit, "did you see him?"

"Him?" says I. "Who's him?"

"Why, *him!* The one the Seer said was comin'. The handsome, dark-complected feller I'm goin' to marry. The Butler one. That was him in the buggy this afternoon."

I looked at her. I'd forgot all about the fool prophecy.

"Good land of love!" I says. "You don't cal'late he's comin' to marry *you*, do you, just 'cause his name's Butler? There's ten thousand Butlers in the world. Besides, your particular one was slated to be high ranked and distinguished, and this specimen scrubs up the billiard-room floor and ain't no more distinguished than a poor-house pig."

"Ain't?" she sings out. "Ain't distinguished? With all them beautiful curls, and rings on his fingers, and——?"

"Bells on his toes? No!" says I, emphatic. "Anyhow, he's signed for the v'yage already. He's Susannah Debs's steady, and they're off buggy-ridin' together right now. And if she catches you makin' eyes at her best feller—Whew!"

Didn't make no difference. He was her Butler, sure. 'Twas Fate—that's what 'twas—Fate, just the same as in story books. She was sorry for poor Susannah and she wouldn't do nothin' mean nor underhanded; but couldn't I understand that 'twas all planned out for her by Providence and that everlastin' Seer? Just let me watch and see, that's all.

What can you do with an idiot like that? I walked off disgusted and left her. But I cal'lated to watch. I judged 'twould be more fun than any play-actin' show ever *I* took in.

And 'twas, in a way. Don't ask me how they got acquainted, 'cause I can't tell you for sartin. Nigh's I can learn, Susannah and Sim had some sort of lover's row durin' their buggy ride, and when they got back to the hotel they was scurcely on speakin' terms. And Sim, who always had a watch out for-'ard for pretty girls, see Effie standin' on the servants' porch all togged up regardless and gay as a tea-store chromo, and nothin' to do but he must be introduced. One of the stable hands done the introducin', I b'lieve, and if he'd have been hung afterwards 'twould have sarved him right.

"HE COULD SEE THE WORD BUTLER OVER THE TOP OF MY HEAD IN FLAMIN' LETTERS."

Anyhow, inside of a week Butler come round again to take a lady friend drivin', but this time 'twas Effie, not the housekeeper, that was passenger. And Susannah glared after 'em like a cat after a sparrow, and the

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very next day she was for havin' Effie discharged for incompetentiveness. I give Jonadab the tip, though, so that didn't go through. But I cal'late there was a parrot and monkey time amongst the help from then on.

They all sided with Susannah, of course. She was their boss, for one thing, and "Lady Evelyn's" high-minded notions wa'n't popular, for another. But Effie didn't care—bless you, no! She and that Butler sport was together more and more, and the next thing I heard was that they was engaged. I snum if it didn't look as if the Oriental man knew his job, after all.

I spoke to the stable hand about it.

"Look here," says I, "is this business betwixt that pool player and our Effie serious?"

He laughed. "Serious enough, I guess," he says. "They're goin' to be married pretty soon, I hear. It's all 'cordin' to the law and the prophets. Ain't you heard about the fortune tellin' and how 'twas foretold she'd marry a Butler?"

THERE SHE STOOD, THE MELTED CREAM SLOPPIN' OVER HER SHOES.

I'd heard, but I didn't s'pose he had. However, it seemed that Effie hadn't been able to keep it to herself no longer. Soon as she'd hooked her man she'd blabbed the whole thing. The fo'mast hands wa'n't talkin' of nothin' else, so this feller said.

"Humph!" says I. "Is it the prophecy that Butler's bankin' on?"

He laughed again. "Not so much as on Lady Evelyn's nine hundred, I cal'late," says he. "Sim likes Susannah the best of the two, so we all reckon, but she ain't rich and Effie is. And yet, if the Debs woman should win that lawsuit of hers against the railroad she'd have pretty nigh twice as much. Butler's a fool not to wait, *I* think," he says.

This was of a Monday. On Friday evenin' Effie comes around to see me. I was alone in the office.

"Mr. Wingate," she says, "I'm goin' to leave to-morrer night. I'm goin' to be married on Sunday."

I'd been expecting it, but I couldn't help feelin' sorry for her.

"Don't do nothin' rash, Effie," I told her. "Are you sure that Butler critter cares anything about you and not your money?"

She flared up like a tar barrel. "The idea!" she says, turnin' red. "I just come in to give you warnin'. Good-by."

"Hold on," I sung out to her. "Effie, I've thought consider'ble about you lately. I've been tryin' to help you a little on the sly. I realized that 'twa'n't pleasant for you workin' here under Susannah Debs, and I've been tryin' to find a nice place for you. I wrote about you to Bob Van Wedderburn; he's the rich banker chap who stopped here one summer. 'Jonesy,' we used to call him. I know him and his wife fust-rate, and he'd do 'most anything as a favor to me. I told him what a neat, handy girl you was, and he writes that he'll give you the job of second girl at his swell New York house, if you want it. Now you just hand that Sim Butler his clearance papers and go work for Bob's wife. The wages are double what you get here, and——"

She didn't wait to hear the rest. Just sailed out of the room with her nose in the air. In a minute, though, back she come and just put her head in the door.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Wingate," says she. "I know you mean well. But you ain't had your fate foretold, same's I have. It's all been arranged for me, and I couldn't stop it no more'n Jonah could help swallerin' the whale. I—I kind of wish you'd be on hand at the back door on Sunday mornin' when Simeon comes to take me away. You—you're about the only real friend I've got," she says.

And off she went, for good this time. I pitied her, in spite of her bein' such a dough-

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head. I knew what sort of a husband that pool-room shark would make. However, there wa'n't nothin' to be done. And next day Cap'n Jonadab was round, madder'n a licked pup. Seems Susannah's lawyer at Orham had sent for her to come right off and see him. Somethin' about the suit, it was. And she was goin' in spite of everything. And with Effie's leavin' at the same time, what was we goin' to do over Sunday? and so forth and so on.

Well, we had to do the best we could, that's all. But that Saturday was busy, now I tell you. Sunday mornin' broke fine and clear and, after breakfast was over, I remembered Effie and that 'twas her weddin' day. On the back steps I found her, dressed in all her grandeur, with her packed trunk ready, waitin' for the bridegroom.

"Ain't come yet, hey, Effie?" says I.

"No," says she, smilin' and radiant. "It's a little early for him yet, I guess."

I went off to 'tend to the boarders. At half past ten, when I made the back steps again, she was still there. T'other servants was peekin' out of the kitchen windows, grinnin' and passin' remarks.

"Hello!" I calls out. "Not married yet? What's the matter?"

She'd stopped smilin' but she was as chipper as ever, to all appearances.

"I—I guess the horse has gone lame or somethin'," says she. "He'll be here any time now."

There was a cackle from the kitchen windows. I never said nothin'. She'd made her nest; now let her roost on it.

But at twelve Butler hadn't hove in sight. Every hand, male and female, on the place, that wa'n't busy, was hangin' around back of the hotel' waitin' and watchin' and ridiculin' and havin' a high time. Them that had errands made it a p'int to cruise past that way. Lots of the boarders had got wind of the doin's and they was there too.

Effie was settin' on her trunk, tryin' hard to look brave. I went up and spoke to her.

"Come, my girl," says I. "Don't set here no longer. Come into the house and wait. Hadn't you better?"

"No!" says she, loud and defiant like. "No, sir! It's all right. He's a little late, that's all. What do you s'pose I care for a lot of jealous folks like those up there?" wavin' her flipper scornful towards the kitchen.

And then, all to once, she kind of broke down, and says to me, with a pitiful sort of choke in her voice:

"Oh, Mr. Wingate! I can't stand this. Why *don't* he come?"

I tried hard to think of somethin' comfortin' to say, but afore I could h'ist a satisfyin' word out of my hatches I heard the noise of a carriage comin'. Effie heard it too, and so did everybody else. We all looked toward the gate. 'Twas Sim Butler, sure enough, in his buggy and drivin' the same old horse; but settin' alongside of him on the seat was Susannah Debs, the housekeeper. And maybe she didn't look contented with things in gen'ral!

Butler pulled up his horse by the gate. Him and Susannah bowed to all hands. Nobody said anything for a minute. Then Effie bounced off the trunk and down them steps.

"Simmie!" she sung out, breathless like, "Simeon Butler, what does this mean?"

The Debs woman straightened up on the seat. "Thank you, marm," says she, chilly as the top section of an ice chest, "I'll request you not to call my husband by his first name."

It was so still you could have heard yourself grow. Effie turned white as a Sunday tablecloth.

"Your—husband?" she gasps. "Your —your *husband?*"

"Yes, marm," purrs the housekeeper. "My husband was what I said. Mr. Butler and me have just been married."

"Sorry, Effie, old girl," puts in Butler, so sassy I'd love to have preached his fun'ral sermon. "Too bad, but fust love's strongest, you know. Susie and me was engaged long afore you come to town."

Then such a hawhaw and whoop bust from the kitchen and fo'castle as you never heard. For a jiffy poor Effie wilted right down. Then she braced up and her black eyes snapped.

"I wish you joy of your bargain, marm," says she to Susannah. "You'd ought to be proud of it. And as for *you*," she says, swingin' round towards the rest of the help, "I——"

"How 'bout that prophet?" hollers somebody.

"Three cheers for the Oriental!" bellers somebody else.

"When you marry the right Butler, fetch him along and let us see him!" whoops another.

She faced 'em all, and I gloried in her spunk.

"When I marry him I *will* come back,"

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says she. "And when I do you'll have to get down on your knees and wait on me. You—and you— Yes, and *you*, too!"

The last two "you's" was hove at Sim and Susannah. Then she turned and marched into the hotel. And the way them hired hands carried on was somethin' scandalous—till I stepped in and took charge of the deck.

That very afternoon I put Effie and her trunk aboard the train. I paid her fare to New York and give her directions how to locate the Van Wedderburns.

"So long, Effie," says I to her. "It's all right. You're enough sight better off. All you want to do now is to work hard and forget all that fortune tellin' foolishness."

She whirled on me like a top.

"Forget it!" she says. "I *guess* I sha'n't forget it! It's comin' true, I tell you—same as all the rest come true. You said yourself there was ten thousand Butlers in the world. Some day the right one—the handsome, high-ranked, distinguished one—will come along, and I'll get him. You wait and see, Mr. Wingate—just you wait and see."

Well, the housekeeper left us that day, of course, and for the rest of that summer the servant question kept me and Jonadab from thinkin' of other things. Course, the reason for the Butler scamp's sudden switch was plain enough. Susannah's lawyer had settled the case with the railroad and, even after his fee was subtracted, there was fifteen hundred left. That was enough sight better'n nine hundred, so Sim figgered when he heard of it; and he hustled to make up with his old girl.

Fifteen hundred dollars doesn't last long with some folks. At the beginnin' of the next spring season both of 'em was round huntin' jobs. Susannah was a fust-rate waitress, so we hired her for that—no more housekeeper for hers, and served her right. As for her husband, we took him on in the stable. He wouldn't have been wuth his salt if it hadn't been for her. She said she'd keep him movin' and she did. She nagged and henpecked him till I'd have been sorry if 'twas anybody else; as 'twas, I got consider'ble satisfaction out of it.

I got one letter from Effie pretty soon after she left, sayin' she liked her new job and that the Van Wedderburns liked her. And that's all I did hear, though Bob himself wrote me in May, sayin' him and Mabel, his wife, had bought a summer cottage in Wapatomac, and

"YUP," SHE WHISPERS BACK. "DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO LOOK OUT FOR MY PROPHECY?"

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me and Jonadab—especially me—must be sure and come to see it and them. He never mentioned his second girl, and I almost forgot her myself.

But one afternoon in early July a big six-cylinder automobile come sailin' down the road and into the Old Home House yard. A shofer—I b'lieve that's what they call the tribe—was at the helm of it, and on the back seat, lollin' luxurious against the upholstery, was a man and a woman, got up regardless in silk dusters and goggles and veils and prosperity. I never expect to see the Prince of Wales and his wife, but I know how they'd look—after seein' them two.

Jonadab was at the bottom step to welcome 'em, bowin' and scrapin' as if his middle j'int had just been iled. I wa'n't fur astern, and every boarder on deck was all eyes and envy.

The shofer opens the door of the after cockpit of the machine, and the man gets out fust, treadin' gingerly but grand, as if he was doin' the ground a condescension by steppin' on it. Then he turns to the woman and she slides out, her duds rustlin' like the wind in a scrub oak. The pair sails up the steps, Jonadab and me backin' and fillin' in front of 'em. All the help that could get to a window to peek had knocked off work to do it.

"Ahem!" says the man, pompous as Julius Cæsar—he was big and straight and fine lookin' and had black side whiskers half mast on his cheeks—"Ahem!" says he. "I say, good people, may we have dinner here?"

Well, they tell us time and tide waits for no man, but prob'ly that don't include the nobility. Anyhow, although 'twas long past our reg'lar dinner time, I heard Jonadab tellin' 'em sure and sartin they could. If they wouldn't mind settin' on the piazza or in the front parlor for a spell, he'd have somethin' prepared in a jiffy. So up to the piazza they paraded and come to anchor in a couple of chairs.

"You can have your automobile put right into the barn," I says, "if you want to."

"I don't know as it will be necessary—" began the big feller, but the woman interrupted him. She was starin' through her thick veil at the barn door. Sim Butler, in his overalls and ragged shirt-sleeves, was leanin' against that door, interested as the rest of us in what was goin' on.

"I would have it put there, I think," says the woman, lofty and superior. "It is rather dusty, and I think the wheels ought to be washed. Can that man be trusted to wash 'em?" she asks, pointin' kind of scornful at Simeon.

"Yes, marm, I cal'late so," I says. "Here, Sim!" I sung out, callin' Butler over to the steps. "Can you wash the dust off them wheels?"

He said course he could, but he didn't act joyful over the job. The woman seemed some doubtful.

"He looks like a very ignorant, common person," says she, loud and clear, so that everybody, includin' the "ignorant person" himself, could hear her. "However, James'll superintend. James," she orders the shofer, "you see that it is well done, won't you? Make him be very careful."

James looked Butler over from head to foot. "Humph!" he sniffs, contemptuous, with a kind of half grin on his face. "Yes, marm, I'll tend to it."

So he steered the auto into the barn, and Simeon got busy. Judgin' by the sharp language that drifted out through the door 'twas plain that the shofer was superintendin' all right.

Jonadab heaves in sight, bowin', and makes proclamation that dinner is served. The pair riz up majestic and headed for the dinin'-room. The woman was a little astern of her man, and in the hall she turns brisk to me.

"Mr. Wingate," she whispers, "Mr. Wingate."

I stared at her. Her voice had sounded sort of familiar ever sence I heard it, but the veil kept a body from seein' what she looked like.

"Hey?" I sings out. "Have I ever——"

"S-s-h-h!" she whispers. "Say, Mr. Wingate, that—that Susannah thing is here, ain't she? Have her wait on us, will you, please?"

And she swept the veil off her face. I choked up and staggered bang! against the wall. I swan to man if it wa'n't Effie! *Effie*, in silks and automobiles and gorgeousness!

Afore I could come to myself the two of 'em marched into that dining-room. I heard a grunt and a "Land of love!" from just ahead of me. That was Jonadab. And from all around that dinin'-room come a sort of gasp and then the sound of whisperin'. That was the help.

They took a table by the window, which had been made ready. Down they set, like a king and a queen perchin' on thrones. One of the waiter girls went over to 'em.

But I'd come out of my trance a little mite.

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"HE'S *A* BUTLER, THOUGH HIS NAME'S JENKINS."

The situation was miles ahead of my brain, goodness knows, but the joke of it all was gettin' a grip on me. I remembered what Effie had asked and I spoke up prompt.

"Susannah," says I, "this is a particular job and we're anxious to please. You'd better do the waitin' yourself."

I wish you could have seen the glare that ex-housekeeper give me. For a second I thought we'd have open mutiny. But her place wa'n't any too sartin and she didn't dare risk it. Over she walked to that table, and the fun begun.

Jonadab had laid himself out to make that meal a success, but they ate it as if 'twas pretty poor stuff and not by no means what they fed on every day. They found fault with 'most everything, but most especial with Susannah's waitin'. My! how they did order her around—a mate on a cattle boat wa'n't nothin' to it. And when 'twas all over and they got up to go, Effie says, so's all hands can hear:

"The food here is not so bad, but the service—oh, horrors! However, Albert," says she to the side-whiskered man, "you had better give the girl our usual tip. She looks as if she needed it, poor thing!"

Then they paraded out of the room, and I see Susannah sling the half dollar the man had left on the table clear to Jericho, it seemed like.

The auto was waitin' by the piazza steps. The shofer and Butler was standin' by it. And when Sim see Effie with her veil throwed back he pretty nigh fell under the wheels he'd been washin' so hard. And he looked as if he wisht they'd run over him.

"Oh, dear!" sighs Effie, lookin' scornful at the wheels. "Not half clean, just as I expected. I knew by the looks of that—that *person* that he wouldn't do it well. Don't give him much, Albert; he ain't earned it."

They climbed into the cockpit, the shofer took the helm, and they was ready to start. But I couldn't let 'em go that way. Out I run.

"Say—say, Effie!" I whispers, eager. "For the goodness' sakes, what's all this mean? Is that your—your——"

"My husband? Yup," she whispers back, her eyes shinin'. "Didn't I tell you to look out for my prophecy? Ain't he handsome and distinguished, just as I said? Good-by, Mr. Wingate; maybe I'll see you again some day."

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The machinery barked and they got under way. I run along for two steps more.

"But, Effie," says I, "tell me—is his name——?"

She didn't answer. She was watchin' Sim Butler and his wife. Sim had stooped to pick up the quarter the Prince of Wales had hove at him. And that was too much for Susannah, who was watchin' from the window.

"Don't you touch that money!" she screams. "Don't you lay a finger on it! Ain't you got any self-respect at all, you miser'ble, low-lived—" and so forth and so on. All the way to the front gate I see Effie leanin' out, lookin' and listenin' and smilin'.

Then the machine buzzed off in a typhoon of dust and I went back to Jonadab, who was a livin' catechism of questions which neither one of us could answer.

This yarn ought, I s'pose, to end right here; but it don't. There's a little more of it.

A fortni't later I took a couple of days off and went up to Wapatomac to visit the Van Wedderburns, same as I'd promised. Their "cottage" was pretty nigh big enough for a hotel and was so grand that I, even if I did have on my Sunday frills, was 'most ashamed to ring the doorbell.

But I did ring it, and the feller that opened the door was big and solemn and fine lookin' and had side whiskers. Only this time he wore a tail coat with brass buttons on it.

"How do you do, Mr. Wingate," says he. "Step right in, sir, if you please. Mr. and Mrs. Van Wedderburn are out in the auto, but they'll be back shortly, and very glad to see you, sir, I'm sure. Let me take your grip and hat. Step right into the reception room and wait, if you please, sir. Perhaps," he says, and there was a twinkle in his port eye, though the rest of his face was sober as the front door of a church, "perhaps," says he, "you might wish to speak with my wife a moment. I'll take the liberty of sendin' her to you, sir."

So, as I sat on the gunwale of a blue and gold chair, tryin' to settle whether I was really crazy or only just dreamin', in bounces Effie, rigged up in a servant's cap and apron. She looked polite and demure, but I could see she was just bubblin' with the joy of the whole bus'ness.

"Effie," says I, "Effie, what—what in the world——?"

She giggled. "Yup," she says, "I'm chambermaid here and they treat me fine. Thank you very much for gettin' me the situation."

"But—but them doin's the other day? That automobile—and them silks and satins—and——?"

"Mr. Van Wedderburn lent 'em to me," she said, "him an' his wife. And he lent us the auto and the shofer, too. I'd told him about my troubles at the Old Home House and he thought 'twould be a great joke for me to travel back there like a lady. He's awful fond of a joke—Mr. Van Wedderburn is."

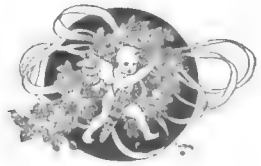
"But that man?" I gasps. "Your husband? That's what you said he was."

"Yes," says she, "he is. We've been married 'most six months now. My prophecy's all come true. And *didn't* I rub it in on that Susannah Debs and her scamp of a Sim? Ho! ho!"

She clapped her hands and pretty nigh danced a jig, she was so tickled.

"But is he a Butler?" I asks.

"Yup," she nods, with another giggle. "He's *a* butler, though his name's Jenkins; and a butler's high rank—higher than chambermaid, anyhow. You see, Mr. Wingate," she adds, "'twas all my fault. When that Oriental Seer man at the show said I was to marry a butler, I forgot to ask him whether you spelt it with a big B or a little one."



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BURNT MONEY

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is a record of shame. A sensational indictment of American extravagance. We knew that our national fire bill was startling, but the facts and figures that Mr. Adams presents here shocked us. They'll shock you. Not satisfied with slaughtering our forests, we are burning up our homes at a killing pace every year. We are pervaded with pride over our superiority to the rest of the world, while actually our fires cost us more than the combined loss of any other six civilized nations. Here are the figures straight in your faces. You can change the record. Mr. Adams shows how. Remember, we cannot as a nation waste our substance and prosper.

UP the street there is a scurry of people and a scattering of vehicles. Streetcars stop. Trucks ponderously draw aside. A lane opens up, as by magic, in that tangle of traffic, and through it, with a clamor of gongs to herald its coming, dashes a chariot of gleaming metal, the horses at the top of their powerful gallop, the driver, his every muscle set, from jaw to finger-tip, peering steady-eyed at the parting of the sea of humanity before him—quite the most stirring spectacle that our well-oiled and smoothly moving urban civilization affords. In the near distance a black column, shot through with changeful reds, ascending in majesty to the sky, marks the goal of the thundering chariot. It is one of our fireproof buildings, gloriously burning up.

One million times, in the past ten years, we have seen that pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, and it has led us no one step forth from the wilderness of economic waste and sacrifice, in which a less marvelously prosperous nation would long since have sunk to ruin and destruction. For that thrilling sight which has so quickened your pulses, Mr. Citizen, costs your nation some six hundred millions of dollars a year. The rising smoke column alone represents two hundred millions. That amount simply dissolves into ash and gas. The other four hundred millions we spend in largely ineffectual and mistaken methods of preventing this undesirable chemical resolution of our property into its constituent elements. Incidentally, in a "big fire" year, some sixty-five hundred lives are sacrificed on the pyre.

To keep ourselves warm and our industries going we consume half a billion dollars' worth of coal in a year. In a banner twelvemonth, like 1906, we consume a little more than that in buildings, and it doesn't keep anybody warm, except a few thousand unfortunates who are caught in the buildings, nor keep anything going except the industry of the insurance adjusters and lawyers. We hear much, in this peaceful country, about Germany's burden of militarism. Well, our national bonfire would pay for the Kaiser's whole army maintenance and leave a surplus annually of twenty millions for a fireworks fund wherewith to appease our pyromaniac appetite. If Germany is oppressed by wars and the rumor of wars, how much more sorely is the United States oppressed by fire and the evils that attend it! And the worst of it is that this loss, in great part, is needless and superfluous; incredibly and idiotically stupid and short-sighted.

Europe proves so much. No nation there but would be appalled at such a fire bill as ours. In the forty-nine principal cities of Europe there is less than one fire annually (.86, to be exact) to every thousand inhabitants. In this country we maintain a general average of four and a half fires per thousand persons. The per capita loss by flames in Italy is twelve cents yearly; in Germany, forty-nine cents; in thirty of the largest European cities, sixty-one cents; and in two hundred and fifty-two American cities the per capita destruction averages three dollars and ten

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cents. Boston, in many respects the most scientifically administered and municipally progressive city in this country, has a yearly bill of a million and a half dollars from loss by burning. The European city of equal size gets along with one tenth of that sacrifice. Our debit side of the fire ledger sums up a heavier total than the combined losses of any other six civilized nations in the world. Nothing this side of the sun equals us for combustion.

Yet enormous amounts are spent upon our fire departments. Is anything wrong, then, with them? Nothing. They are probably the best in the world for swiftness, technical skill, and courage. They ought to be; they have the most practice. Moreover, it is instinctive in the American blood to be a good fireman. The spirit of the men who "ran with the machine" only two or three generations back of us still potently stirs at the boom of the big bell or the rumble of the engine on the pavement. Compared with our fire-fighting forces the equipment of many of the old-world cities—Rome, for instance, or Berlin—would seem absurdly flimsy and out of date. An Italian company en route for a fire irresistibly suggests a comedy troupe turn in Somebody's Refined, Improved, and Disinfected Vaudeville. For this form of public amusement Rome pays its uniformed servitors $50,000 a year. Yet its total loss by fire is but $56,000 annually. New York, with about eight and one-half times the population of Rome, spends $10,000,000 annually in striving to curb the appetite of what the country editor calls "the devouring element" (this, exclusive of $3,000,000 for high-pressure water); but the total loss per year is $7,500,000, or one hundred and thirty-five times that of Rome. Berlin and Chicago are about of a size. Berlin pays its fire department $312,000 a year, and sees $169,000 go up in smoke. Chicago's departmental bill is $3,087,505; its bill for fire loss runs to $5,000,000 annually.

And these American losses would be multiplied were it not for the prompt efficiency of our fire departments. Fortunate it is that we are strong on putting out fires. It is unfortunate that we are far stronger on starting them. The city with the best fire department is by no means the city with the fewest fires. As in all phases of our national existence, what we need is less cure and more prevention.

Not that good fire departments are not a vital necessity; yes, even a primary condition of continued existence for our tinder-built American communities. But only to a limited degree are they a safeguard. Hydropathy is too mild a treatment for this growing evil. Pouring water on a fire may check it in the early stages; but once it gets started, all that may be hoped of the water-cure is that it may check the flames somewhere short of total destruction of the community. Dynamite—our one other resort—is a case of a remedy being hardly less disastrous than the disease. In the past the insurance companies have pinned their faith to the fallacy that an efficient uniformed force and a small risk run parallel. San Francisco's little army was of noted and proven worth; the insurance companies, banking on that, made a comparatively low rate on the city, and are still trying to figure out why they were ever born and how much it cost them to be.

Experience having taught us, in her severe school of economics, that our outlay for the cure of fire is largely unavailing, we have turned to indemnification as a refuge. Yearly we pay in to the fire insurance companies some $195,000,000. Except in a catastrophic year like 1906, where a convulsion of nature upsets all calculations, we receive back about $95,000,000, leaving a comfortable little margin of $100,000,000 as profit and the cost of doing business. Yet the great losses in San Francisco and Baltimore, and the fear of future conflagrations (inevitable, indeed, under present conditions) have already set many of the underwriters talking about the necessity of still higher rates or a permanent retirement from the field. And if insuring against general holocausts is a losing business for the companies, so it is for the public. Even in such years as brought the San Francisco earthquake and the Baltimore disaster, insurance can hardly be regarded as an asset of widespread value. Reckoning in the interruption to commerce and the loss of earning power during the time taken to rebuild the city, the loss to the nation resulting from the San Francisco fire was about a billion dollars. When all the insurance shall have been paid in, the total will come to slightly more than $160,000,000.

Fire rates in the United States are twelve times heavier than in Great Britain and twenty times heavier than in Italy. On the average we pay too much for insurance, even on the basis of our highly inflammable communities. Moreover, the system of insur-

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ONE OF OUR "FIREPROOF" BUILDINGS GLORIOUSLY BURNING UP.

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ance is full of faults. Rates on really fireproof buildings are greatly in excess of what they should be, just as rates on tinder boxes, which ought not to be insured at all, are relatively too low. That is, the owner of a good block is penalized for the sins of construction of the fire trap in the adjoining square. And the insuring companies are themselves responsible, in a sense, for these sins of construction. They put a premium on bad building by eagerly issuing policies on property which, by any reputably conservative law of averages, ought to be a prohibitive risk.

How long would you continue to pay premiums to a company that insured consumptives wholesale because it needed the business? You would figure that the death claims would so mount up as to make the prices of that concern excessively high for you, regarding yourself as a normal risk. The case of the fire-insurance companies which write risks on all kinds of edifices, good and bad, is exactly analogous. To be sure, the rates on the bad buildings are higher; but so are the general rates higher because those bad buildings are carried.

Unhappily the insurance companies, except in certain limited city areas, are the sole censors of construction. The average citizen will put up just as flimsy a building as he can get a policy on. "If it's good enough for the underwriters I guess it's good enough for me," is his attitude. And in their ravenous appetite for business, engendered by the rivalry of strong competition, the companies will take a chance on almost anything that can be reared from the earth's surface into the air, knowing that what they lose on this class of business they will make up on their unjust rates against first-class risks. Moreover, a tinder box, burned and paid for, is a good advertisement for the whole insurance trade. If there were no fires there would be no incentive to insure, no bogy man to brandish before the goggling eyes of the prospective investor, and hence no profits. Thus, by their readiness to gamble on almost any kind of a proposition, the companies actually encourage reckless building and exercise a malign influence on our national fire percentage.

Yet we go on blindly paying more than we ought for insurance just as we go on paying more than we ought for fire departments, blinking meantime the obvious solution of the problem, which is daily written in letters of flame on hundreds of walls. Some day we shall emerge from this fond dream of hydropathy as a remedy for our national epidemic and cease to rake the ashes of destruction for the few dollars of insurance money; and in that day we shall awake to the peril of wood. Cheap wood has been our bane. Probably the habit of building out of timber is a direct inheritance from our pioneer progenitors. The early comer found the apparently inexhaustible forests to his hand. In his wildest dreams he could not have foreseen the reckless vandalism which is to-day stripping our country naked to the soil. His immediate concern was a roof to cover himself and his family. He did not build for posterity as does the Englishman. "My sons won't live here after me," he said. "They will find the place too crowded and move farther west."

This was all very well in the days of scant population of men and uncounted multitudes of trees. But now that we are a stable and largely stationary nation, the frame-house habit has become fixed upon us. We have not adjusted ourselves to the new condition of vanishing forests. Timber has doubled in cost in the past few years. Nevertheless, sixty-one per cent. of all our new building last year was of wood. We use five hundred feet of lumber per capita in a year. Europe uses sixty feet. We are forfeiting our woodlands not alone to the greed of politicians; we are burning them up not only in forest fires, but in city conflagrations as well. At times the ratio of construction to destruction shows on the wrong side of the ledger, as was the case last January, when the total of new buildings and repairs for the month was $16,000,000, as against a $24,000,000 loss by fire.

There are some 11,600,000 buildings in this country, valued at $14,600,000,000. About 8,000 of these are fireproof, if that elastic term be charitably stretched to cover a multitude of sins. The other 11,592,000 are at the mercy of a defective flue, a fire in the adjoining edifice, or the high financier with the insurance policy in his breast-pocket and the kerosene can in his strong right hand.

Every foot of wood which enters into the construction of a building detracts in geometrical progression from its fireproofness. Wooden beams or joists mean that a fire well started within will burn out the entire interior, leaving only a shell. Wooden window fixtures or doors mean an invitation to

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FIRE STARTED IN THE FOURTH FLOOR OF THE REINFORCED CONCRETE BUILDING, BURNED THAT FLOOR ONLY, AND THEN GUTTED TWO FLOORS OF THE UNPROTECTED BUILDING ADJOINING.

the flames to enter by that route from any fire near enough to project the temperature at which wood takes fire. Wood used on the roof or skylights means a welcoming refuge for wandering cinders from any source and within almost any distance, depending upon the force of the wind. A favorite and foolish practice is to erect a good brick or stone block, filling it with wood inside and out wherever it will do the most harm: wooden sills and window casings; wooden floors to foster the flames once they have gotten a start; wooden stairways forming open flues to carry the fire from floor to floor; and wooden partitions to lead it from room to room. Such a building is fireproof in the one sense that, after the fire is over, its four outer walls will still stand as a derisive monument to false construction.

As for our private houses, they are, for the most part, simply ornamental pyres. A recipe for a modern dwelling would run about as follows: Get all your materials as combustible as possible, from lath to paint. Arrange for flue-like spaces in all floors and partitions, which will carry drafts to distribute the flames. Leave all stairways open, thereby creating sluiceways for the stream that flows uphill instead of down. Place your furnace pipes unprotected near the outer walls, and wherever possible bring them into contact with light woodwork. Leave all electric wiring exposed. Insure heavily and christen with a barrel of kerosene smashed over the ridgepole.—Sounds like a pyromaniac's happy dream, doesn't it? Yet, with the exception of the kerosene (which is really a superflous measure), it represents fairly ninety-nine per cent. of the housebuilding of this enlightened age and nation. Reform in this respect, however, will be slow in coming. The economic difficulties in the way of fireproof housebuilding are great, and probably there will be no general improvement until our forests have been destroyed to such an extent as to make cement as cheap as wood.

With our great business and public or semi-public edifices the case is different. There is no practical reason why our cities should not be, in their centers of commerce, approximately fireproof; why our losses in this respect should not be proportionately as small, eventually, as those of "less progressive" European nations. The ultimate economy is too obvious to require further

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THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES BUILDING AFTER THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE, SHOWING EXCELLENT STRUCTURAL CONDITIONS BECAUSE OF REINFORCED CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION.

THE SPRING VALLEY WATER WORKS BUILDING AFTER THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE, SHOWING EFFECTIVENESS OF TILE PROTECTION ON CEILING.

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demonstration. And, in the immediate sense, the additional cost is by no means prohibitive. From eight to twelve per cent. added to the cost of the ordinarily well-finished building, such as is prescribed for the "fire limits" of our principal cities, would render it safe against anything short of a general conflagration; fourteen per cent. over and above the ordinary cost would make it absolutely fireproof.

What is "fireproof"? According to the dictionary the term means "proof against fire; incombustible." Practice of the building trade would substitute a definition something like this: "Fireproof: an adjective descriptive of any edifice which will not immediately go up in flames upon the application of a sulphur match." Buildings are termed fireproof, and so advertised, which have columns and beams of unprotected steel and the rest of the constructive part wood. I have myself seen a storage warehouse, standing within ten feet of an ultra-combustible frame building and bearing the sign "Absolutely Fireproof" above a row of wood-encased windows, with ordinary glass and unprotected by metal shutters. Should the frame building burn, nothing short of an intervention of Providence in the shape of a continuous cloudburst could save the mendaciously labeled warehouse. In Chicago, our best-built city, there is a section termed the "fireproof district." It numbers 1,970 buildings; 112 of these are reasonably fireproof. Yet it is the best district in the best city in America, and, by our standards, deserves its name. In a European city it would probably be called the danger zone.

To be genuinely fireproof a building must be safeguarded in two respects; first, against the spread of a fire originating within its walls; second, against the contagion of a fire threatening it from without. Protection from the spread of internal flames depends upon the floors, partition walls, and doors. These and the finish should be of non-inflammable material. Authorities long have advocated, with an insistence which is beginning to produce its effect, an arrangement of isolated units whereby the burning portion of a building can be segregated from the other parts. This is analogous to the water-tight compartments on a modern steamship. If a leak is sprung, the punctured compartment is shut off by impermeable barriers, and the ship rides safely until the damage can be repaired. Similarly when a fire breaks out in a compartment building, the incombustible partitions, walls, and floors, reenforced by metal doors, confine it within the area of its inception, so that the firemen have only one restrained unit of danger to contend with, instead of a constantly broadening peril on all sides. Few of us would care to go to sea in a ship which lacked the compartment system; yet millions of us take the risk (not because it is unavoidable, but because we are used to it) of daily entrusting our property and lives to a non-fire-tight building.

THE AETNA BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING EFFECT OF FIRE ON GRANITE.

Even more important than the compartment system, since upon this feature often depend the lives of the inmates, is the protection of elevator shafts and stair-openings. These, if unguarded, provide a pathway for the distribution of flame to every floor above the one in which the fire originates. It is estimated that seventy per cent. of the loss of life and property in great buildings (where the fire originates in the building itself) is attributable to these areas of distribution. All elevator shafts and stairwells should be enclosed and equipped with fireproof doors on every floor. If the doors are of the automatic type,

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closing of themselves upon a certain temperature being reached, so much the better. In case of alarm people naturally take to the hallways. Outside fire escapes are still, in our chaotic condition of building laws, an evil necessity; but their percentage of utility (except to burglars and persons desiring to sleep out in hot weather) is almost negligible. The main ingress is the convenient and practical route of egress. It should be absolutely fireproof and have no communication with other portions of the building, except through passages which can be shut off by metal doors.

Such precautions are not a matter of extravagant expense; and when they do pay for themselves they pay with accrued and compounded interest. The ill-fated Parker Building ("fireproof"!) at Fourth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, New York City, saved about $4,000 in construction bills by leaving the staircases and elevator shafts open and the steel work unprotected. Had there been any way of shutting off and confining what began as an insignificant little blaze, the firemen could have limited the flames to one floor, or a portion of one floor. Everything helped to spread the fire, particularly the chimneys formed by the shafts running from the bottom to the top of the edifice. Here is the result, specially arranged for the primary class in arithmetic:

Saved on enclosure for elevators and stairs	$4,000
Loss on building and contents	$2,000,000
Balance on the wrong side of the ledger	$1,996,000

Almost half the total damage wrought by fires is where the flames are communicated from another building. And, like the thief that it is, fire, in a large majority of cases, effects entrance through unprotected windows. So vital is this matter of window protection, and so inexpensive, that its prevailing neglect is almost incomprehensible. All but one of the tall buildings in San Francisco which themselves stood through the conflagration had unprotected windows. Therefore the flames entered and destroyed everything within. The preventable loss here is estimated at $9,000,000. Iron shutters and fittings and wire-glass would have rendered those skyscrapers fire-tight. The total cost would have been about $60,000. Again the attention of the primary class in arithmetic is invited to a simple sum in subtraction, whereby we perceive that the balance on the wrong side of the ledger in this case of misplaced economy comes to $8,940,000.

So much for the negative side of the proposition. The positive is found in the plant of the California Electric Supply Company, which stood on an extremely warm and busy corner and continued to stand through the entire San Francisco conflagration. It is only an ordinary brick building, falling far short of the specifications for a truly fireproof edifice, and, upon proper incentive from within, would probably have gone up in smoke as readily as its neighbors. But its owners had, in a moment of inspiration, fitted it out with wire-glass and metal window protection. Also there was a watchman or caretaker, or something of that kind, by name Casey. When the flames began to close in, Casey, yearning for company, pressed a friend (name unknown to fame) into the service and proceeded to hold the fort. The fire arrived in due time or before, and spread all around. A frame building only thirty-seven feet away went up like a Swedish match. Surroundings of oil and other inflammable stuff on the platforms of the Electrical Supply plant aided and abetted the temperature. Some of the windows were patched with wood. Repeatedly this wood caught fire. But Casey was at the bat and the unknown was on deck —the burning deck whence all but he (and Casey) had fled—and between them they repulsed every incipient invasion, manning the impregnable windows to such purpose that, though the glass and metal were half melted in spots, the company was able to resume business the next day. A few blocks away an edifice of exactly similar construction, but with ordinary windows, departed this life in forty minutes, and so completely that they had to run it through an ash-sifter to identify it.

Some interesting lessons are deducible from the San Francisco disaster. Of the great buildings which survived in some form or other, there were thirty with fireproofing of steel structure, one with metallic trim, one with wire-glass windows, and none with all these safeguards. Had there been such a one it might well have come through undamaged, save for a little blistering. The splendid Call Building, with concrete floors and hollow-tile protection for its steel, stood undamaged so far as its integral structure is concerned. And, by the way, that much maligned type, the skyscraper, proved its

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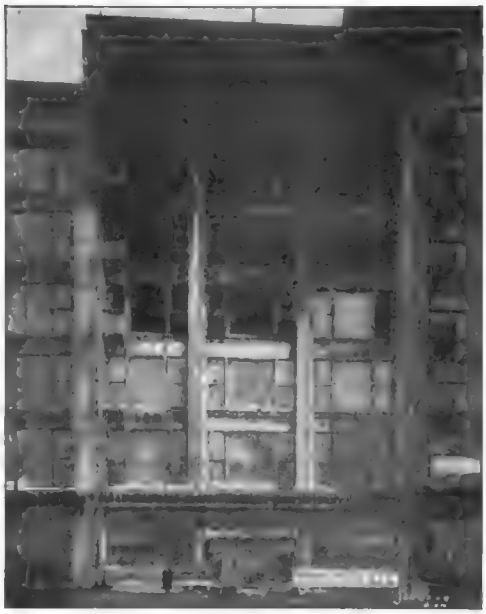
worth both at San Francisco and Baltimore. In the western city, small and inflammable buildings standing to the leeward of the tall piles were protected by a sort of vacuum, and were seriously damaged only in the stories above the fourth. At Baltimore the spread of destruction in several cases was limited by these great barriers, from behind which the firemen fought as best they could with their puny water-sprinkling devices and the more desperate remedy of dynamite. It is hardly too much to say that a block of reasonably protected skyscrapers would, in any city, prove an absolute and impregnable barrier to the progress of the fiercest conflagration.

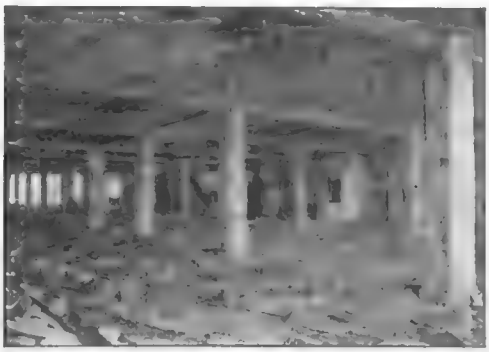
Again, Baltimore proved beyond question the value of adequate casings for the structural steel. Without this the steel buckles, and lapses into dismal spirals. Within the fire zone, at Baltimore, half a dozen buildings so protected stood, and continued to stand. Nothing else did. The Continental Trust Building was "swept by a blast like that of a chemical furnace." As the windows were insufficiently protected, the flames entered and seized upon everything burnable. From the melted chandeliers and the typewriters, fused to masses of formless metal, it is estimated that the heat reached an altitude of 2,000 degrees, and not improbably 3,000 degrees. Yet the fireproof floor arches and column coverings remained intact. The expert afterward employed to inspect certified that the steel structure was "intact and as good as the day it was put up," and that every floor in the building was plumb to the fraction of a decimal. The Union Trust Building, though the windows were smashed by dynamiting, letting in the fiercest heat of the whole conflagration, not only withstood the fire but barred its farther advance. In all the genuinely fireproof modern buildings there was but one mishap to structure. One steel column, insufficiently protected, in the Calvert Building, buckled; the other two hundred and fifty-five columns were unaffected. Yet the edifices of this type cost but ten per cent. more than other buildings in which the iron and steel, being without protection, were bent and warped out of all possibility of further usefulness.

Fireproof buildings, then, are a reality,



THE FRONT OF THE TILE-PROTECTED EDSON-KEITH BUILDING, CHICAGO, AFTER A FIRE.

THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE SAME BUILDING, A MONTH LATER.



ONE OF THE UPPER FLOORS IN WHICH THE FIRE WAS INTENSE. THE TILE-PROTECTED FLOOR ARCHES AND STEEL COLUMNS WERE UNINJURED.

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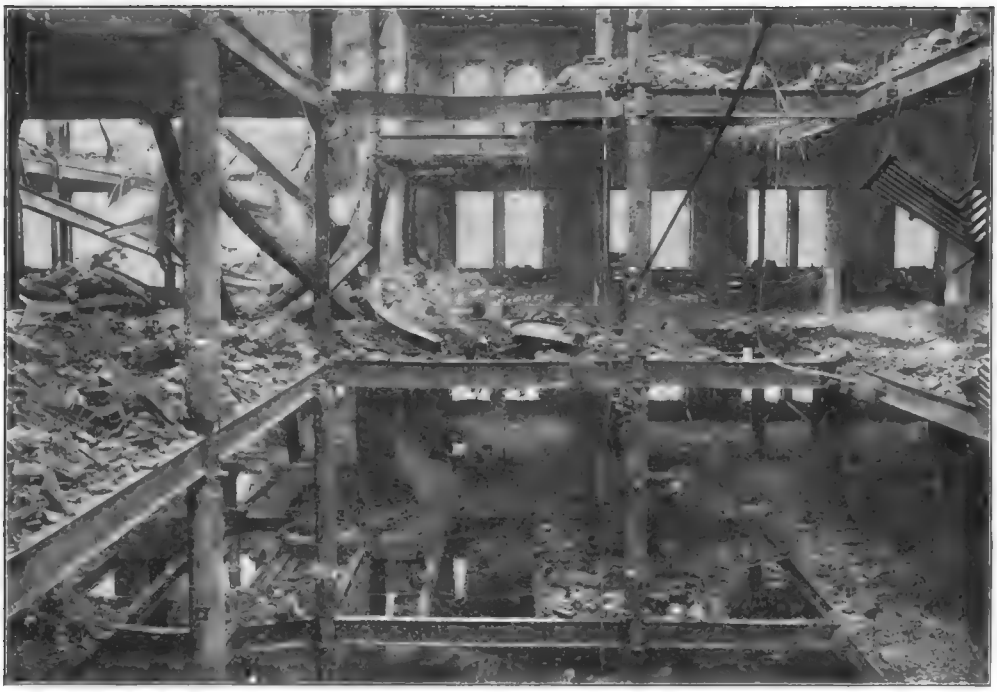

Photograph by DeWitt C. Wheeler, Inc., New York.

THE ELEVENTH FLOOR, NORTH, OF THE PARKER BUILDING RUINS, IN NEW YORK CITY.

not an impracticable ideal. Yes, more; they are, in a general sense, economically feasible and attainable. And if fireproof buildings, then genuine "fireproof districts," and eventually fireproof cities. The reform must come, or at least begin, through legislation. In most of our large cities there are certain fire-alarm boxes which never ring a "first alarm." Any call from these localities brings out extra companies, because there is an ever-present peril in the existence of one or more notorious "firetraps." It is an anachronism, in this age of progress, that such dangers should be allowed to menace not only the inmates of these buildings, but the whole community. A health department may condemn and destroy property which threatens the public health. Why should not a fire department have the power to wipe out a building which is a constant peril to life, limb, and unprotected property? The beginning of city reform should be with the axe and pick.

Two radical departures, as to new buildings, are being ardently advocated. The first has to do with taxation. At present a fireproof building is penalized by extra heavy taxes, because, being of special value, its assessment is always high. That is, if I choose to put up a piece of construction which is an actual safeguard not only to all the property within it, but also to all the buildings about it; which serves, in effect, to decrease the water department's and fire department's expenditures, I must pay for the privilege. If this be carried to its logical conclusion it reduces itself to an absurdity; since a city wholly of fireproof structures would bring down its current expenses by the enormous amount now wasted in smoke and devoted to extraneous safeguards against conflagration, and the tax receipts would soon become superfluous, thus lowering the tax rate automatically. It is the contention that the rate on all fireproof buildings should be lowered until the extra cost of the construction over and above ordinary construction is made up, thus putting a premium instead of a penalty on good building.

In order to carry out this plan, a legal determination of what constitutes a fireproof building would be essential. And here enters the other scheme, supplemental to and fully as vital as the tax reduction idea. The former would tend to encourage good construction. The project of official labeling would discourage bad construction. Its de-

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viser would adopt the pure-food slogan, "Let the label tell." At present the term "fireproof" is like the legend "warranted to cure" on a patent medicine—often purely for publication and in no sense a guarantee of good faith. You will find it, in every city, applied to property which should, rather, be designated "quick firing." Why not an ordinance in all our cities empowering the proper authorities to divide all public or semi-public buildings into defined classes, and to compel the labeling, in a conspicuous spot, of all such buildings with the name of the class to which they belong? For example, "Fireproof," "Semi-Fireproof," or "Slow-burning," and "Dangerous," prescribing heavy penalties for failure to label or false statements. Of course, pressure would be brought to bear on the responsible officials to favor certain edifices with a classification better than they deserved. But the risk to the complaisant official would be considerable, for if a building which he had certified "fireproof" should, one day, burn down or be completely gutted, the classifier would have some extremely embarrassing explanations to make.

Most of our cities have fire limits within which no frame building may be erected. All cities should have. In several there is a limit to the height of buildings; Washington permits only nine stories. This is not, however, a necessary general rule, unless the local water-pressure is insufficient to throw a stream higher, for, as we have seen, a properly constructed skyscraper is a bulwark of defence in conflagrations.

Cleveland's new ordinance is a model for present-day American conditions. Within a certain area no building can be erected which is not absolutely fireproof. The term is rigidly and precisely defined. "Fireproof," in Cleveland's lexicon, means proof against fire, and nothing less. Theatres and places of public assembly, in whatever part of the city, must be isolated from other buildings on four sides, and be upon the ground floor, with not more than five steps leading to the street level. All stairways and elevator shafts must be enclosed and all windows protected. So excellent is the Cleveland code that it has been adopted in its main features by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

So the hope of a reasonably fireproof city can no longer be regarded as chimerical. As for genuinely fireproof buildings, there are a few scattered about the country that are capable of withstanding anything in the way of combustion short of the Dies Iræ

> "When a fire shall wrap the whole,
> And the earth be burnt like coal."

The building of the National Board of Fire Underwriters in Chicago is an example of this class, and in New York the Hotel Belmont is an interesting instance. So confident of its resistant powers are the proprietors of this hostelry that they regard it as its own sufficient insurance and carry no policy upon it.

As a nation we learn slowly, especially the vital lesson of prevention; learn slowly and forget swiftly. We have forgotten—yes, surely we have forgotten, for it can't be that we have forgiven—the dreadful Iroquois Theatre fire of five years ago. No one was ever punished for that wholesale slaughter. Politics and pull prevented. Those who drew the profits from that death trap still conduct their business undisturbed and in the full enjoyment of public patronage in various cities, including Chicago, where for a short-lived period of wrath their name was a stench in the nostrils of the stricken community. True, the public learned that exit doors should open outward, and that an asbestos curtain is a desirable appendage to a stage; and neglected ordinances in other cities were, for a time, made effective in a class of building which, on the whole, is more carefully guarded against fire than any other class. But with singular fatuity the authorities applied the lesson to *theatres* alone. Its general application they missed wholly. They said, "What happened at the Iroquois may happen any day at any other theatre; let us take precautions." But they did not say, "What happened at the Iroquois may befall any other place of public assembly equally exposed, and with as dire results." Must we have a department-store disaster to rouse the public to the necessity for safeguards in these emporiums? A church-fair holocaust to make safe our places of public worship? Apparently we await, in each category, a dreadful and separate lesson.

The Cleveland public-school horror last winter furnished another lesson in the deadly danger of exits opening inward. Why any architect, unless he nourishes a secret lust for human destruction, should employ or permit so murderous a device for any place of public gathering is beyond reasonable conjecture. After that wholesale slaughter of the inno-

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cents another outcry against this type of egress arose. Much less was heard about the primary cause of the disaster, a furnace-pipe passing beneath a wooden staircase without so much as a thin plaster coating for protection. Of course the persons responsible were vastly surprised and chagrined at the logical outcome. Nobody, it appears, had ever told them that the contact of dry woodwork with red-hot metal is likely to produce fire. So, ignorance being, in this case, if not bliss, at worst immunity, nobody was ever sent to jail, or even to an asylum for the feeble-minded, as a result of that holocaust. Happily, and to the credit of our boards of education, the great majority of American public schools are well constructed, with a view to the saving of the lives within in case of fire.

It is a maxim of public hygiene that an epidemic is the lash which stings a community to reform. Perhaps it will, in time, prove to be so in the matter of housing also. Perhaps it will be only by epidemic fire—that is, widely destructive conflagrations—that we shall learn the lesson of sound, safe, and sane building. As a nation we have had a number of harsh lessons. Here is a partial roster:

1835	New York	$17,500,000
1851	St. Louis	$15,000,000
1861	Charleston	$10,000,000
1871	Chicago	$165,000,000
1872	Boston	$70,000,000
1901	Jacksonville	$10,000,000
1904	Baltimore	$54,000,000
1906	San Francisco	$350,000,000

And your city next. Or if not next, presently. There is no reasonable probability of escape for you. The train is laid for your tinder-built community, so impressive to the view, so essentially flimsy within those pretentious walls. Sooner or later the proper combination of circumstances will occur—a fool, a cigarette, a waste-paper basket, and a northerly gale is a good formula—then you will stand helplessly by, watching your property vanish while your fire department does its unavailing best (with a probable sacrifice of heroic lives); and many warm-hearted people the land over will drop a pitying tear and a dollar bill into the relief fund, deploring as a mysterious dispensation of Providence (poor, overburdened Providence!) what was your own fault and the logical working out of a problem in the theory of chances. Your city's only hope of escape is in having its fires come singly, in still weather, thereby wiping out your danger spots one by one, and giving you an undeserved opportunity to rebuild effectually against the universal enemy, as Cleveland is striving to do. Other way there is none. For fire plays the one game of chance in which the house never wins; the fire always does.

How long shall we, as a nation, continue to make good the vulgar boast that we have money to burn? Surely we have, with our billion dollars given to flame and smoke in the past ten years, sufficiently established our primacy in wastefulness. The idea has taken too firm a hold upon us that fire is a "necessary evil." A loathsome allocution, that! A responsibility-shifting lie, paralleling the "dispensation-of-Providence" dodge. But America, in this age of growing thoughtfulness and analysis, is beginning to exhibit symptoms of nausea over its "necessary evils," and haply, in the progress of time, this overwhelmingly destructive and costly one of fire wastage may go over the lee rail into the ocean of oblivion, together with such others of its kind as industrial murder, tuberculosis and typhoid, and rotten politics.

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MAX MARSHALL'S WIFE

By JULIA KENNETT COLT

Illustrations by Will Grefé

BOB is a truly amiable creature. I'm far from undervaluing that quality in him —I've had too much cause to be thankful for it in hideously inconvenient situations —situations that reduce other quite decent men to impossibilities—where he has calmly triumphed by sheer force of bland good nature. Still, I think it may have struck other women, as it has me, that universally amiable husbands do let one in for a lot.

I realized it fully one night when he had just come back from a day or two in town, and we were alone at dinner.

"I met Max Marshall in the club to-day," said he; "haven't seen him for a year past. He's been playing polo all summer on the other side—Ostend and around and about. He's going to hunt in England this winter—taken a place near Melton. He was married last spring, you remember, and there appears to be much money. He was always rather a good sort," he added inconsequently.

I asked whom he'd married. Bob seemed vague and only said he'd gathered from Max that she hunted. I knew that without being told. Max Marshall hasn't another idea than hunting in his head. He really is about the best man on a horse that I ever saw and has been endowed by nature with the concentrated pluck of ten ordinary human beings —sheer, beautiful, cold nerve in a degree that would probably have made him a popular legend in an earlier age. But though it's a quality all very well in its way, one takes it a little for granted in men—much like their having noses. You give a man no great credit for having a nose, yet without it you could scarcely consider him seriously. Just having nerve of a superlative kind doesn't seem to me quite enough, though most women have rather admired Max. I shouldn't have cared about Horatius nor the gallant Curtius myself, unless they had had a few other charming characteristics along with their sublime courage. That's literally all there is to Max. But then it's not I who married him, and there's no accounting for tastes.

"I wrote and asked Thomas what he'd take for the black mare," said Bob suddenly, apropos of nothing.

Now I had taken a most violent fancy to this mare the autumn before and had never got over it, but I didn't really need her and she would be a horrible extravagance, I knew—nearer two thousand than one.

I wedded Bob some years ago; so I said, "That was nice of you, but—what have you been doing?"

"Well," he said with serious simplicity, "it's like this: I got talking horse to Max and praising the country, and one thing led to another till I ended by asking him down to hunt, and somehow he intimated to me that they hunted in couples, and I said you'd be charmed, of course, to have Mrs. Marshall. The long and short of it is, Nan, that there's only one decent thing to do, and that's for you to write to Mrs. Marshall and ask 'em down for next Saturday and Monday."

I saw that distinctly. The worst of Bob's expansiveness is that it sets the pace for all who belong to him, and whoever does not at once fall in with his doings has the air of a selfish, inhospitable brute.

But it *was* a nuisance.

"It'll mean mounting them both twice," I couldn't help saying, "and at the very beginning of the season, too, when the horses are pretty short of condition. And they'll probably ride their very heads off; you know what Max Marshall is, and he's doubtless married a female centaur—nothing less would satisfy him."

"Oh, well," Bob said cheerfully, "there'll be one more in the stable by then, and we have enough, anyway."

If Bob's diplomacy is naïve, it's practical.

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I reflected that the Marshalls would last only three days, and the mare several seasons, with luck. So I wrote to Mrs. Marshall with a very good grace, and presently heard that they would come. I passed the time before their arrival in wondering what she was like—and what she weighed! I inclined to the hope of her being a heavyweight, so that I could decently put her on some of Bob's elephants. My two best were very light horses, but about as good as they come, and it wrung my heart to think of starting the season with a strange woman taking their backs off.

On top of which I reflected that she was probably a lot better than I and a featherweight besides. She must be, or Max never would have married her. Of course I must put her on my best. And what was my best but The Widow, the black mare, which had been sent over almost immediately? Evidently Bob had meekly given whatever Thomas had asked. I had ridden her twice, just larking—the season did not begin until the Saturday the Marshalls were invited for—and she was all and more than I had imagined from merely seeing her out. A shade hot, perhaps. I fancied she might want a little riding the first time or two with hounds, but her fencing was absolutely flawless.

The Marshalls came on Friday in time for dinner. I've known Max for years, and he was just the same as ever, lean and hardbitten, with legs like the inspired dream of a breeches-maker. She was not in the least like any of my mental visions of her, not pretty at all, nor one's idea of the intensely sporting woman—but then the best of them are like that—and she was small and light. I decided that she must be a marvel to ride, she was so little of anything else.

At dinner I saw Bob hard at work with her, and Jim Loring on the other side. Toward the end of the meal I thought they both looked rather drawn, as I watched them across the table. I couldn't make much headway with her myself, when we left the men and were having our coffee together—I hadn't been able to get any women for dinner that first night; only a man or two. I told Mrs. Marshall that I had saved my best for her to ride next day; trying, however, to be dispassionate in mentioning The Widow's perfections. She was perfectly civil, but there was no great enthusiasm in her manner. Then, as one who spurs herself to a duty, she began to ask me about the country. Was it stiff? Of course I said it wasn't; it seems such swagger to say anything else. Should we surely have a run? I was perfectly certain that we should; I had never known a blank day in that part of the country. Even this did not seem to move her much. There was something I could not quite make out about her; she was a colorless little woman at any time, I should think, and the perfidious creature who had made her quite wonderful gown had cruelly betrayed her confidence in fashioning it of exquisite flame-rose velvet. But she had a queer haggard look, and her coffee-cup gave a little chatter on the saucer each time she touched it. She must be awfully tired or something, I thought, and dropped my talk of hunting—she was so very unresponsive. But what little she had said had sounded queer; either very technical phrases, straight out of Max's vocabulary—had I not just endured a whole hour of them?—or things that were curiously artless. I wondered if it were a pose. Some intensely sporting souls go in for artlessness on the subject of sport, I know. But it's a pity to get one's poses mixed.

We went to bed rather early, for the meet was at the cruel hour of seven next morning. I've a depraved habit of sitting up late and reading, so Bob stopped in my room when the men came up-stairs.

"What did you make of Max's wife?" he asked.

Theoretically, one doesn't discuss one's guests, I know—but this really happened.

"Not much," I said; "perhaps she doesn't care for women. How did you get on?"

"All I know," he answered, stifling a vast yawn, "is that she must be the female centaur. Max can't have selected her purely for 'manners and conformation'—what a brute I am; some one ought to thrash me!" he broke off. "But I give you my word I never had such a time in my life as at dinner. And she ate absolutely nothing, though one wouldn't think she needed to keep her weight down. What are you putting her on to-morrow?"

"The Widow," I said, trying not to feel too proud of my unselfishness, "and riding Percinet myself."

Bob said he thought it handsome of me.

"You didn't realize perhaps that I'd planned to put her up on Lifeboat if she turned out to be massive, did you?" said I.

Lifeboat is the particular joy of Bob's heart. The Sacred Bay Elephant is his other name, and, strange to say, he can gallop a little and jump a great deal.

But Bob only snorted faintly, and wandered

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"I WROTE AND ASKED THOMAS WHAT HE'D TAKE FOR THE BLACK MARE," SAID BOB SUDDENLY.

off to bed. He was as near being sulky as he ever gets.

I've never been able quite to outgrow the excitement of the first hunting-day in a season —that absurd, delightful little shiver that runs all through you when you're called at an hour that ordinarily would only suggest catching trains or the house being on fire, and realize what it's for, and begin dressing by lamplight. You're always in too much of a hurry to enjoy your own sensations fully, but the nice little shiver is still with you as you snap your hat-cord to the loop inside your collar and go somewhat stiffly down-stairs (your feet being slightly indignant at your putting them into boots so early) knowing that your hair wouldn't come to grief though an

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earthquake overtook you, and that your new habit is a success.

There was a lamp on the breakfast-table—the windows were dull gray squares—and while I was making tea, Max came in, and Bob. Both were looking very cold and pink as to their persons, and very severe and immaculate as to their clothes. They ate a great deal and put sandwiches in their cases. There seemed to be no sign of Mrs. Marshall. Max looked at his watch and fidgeted.

"Anne's always late," he said impatiently, getting up and going to the window. "There are the horses. She'll simply have to go without breakfast, that's all."

As he spoke, his wife appeared in the doorway.

"Nonsense," said Bob, knowing she must have heard; "there's plenty of time. The kennels are only a step away, and they're always late the opening day."

He pulled out Mrs. Marshall's chair, and as she sat down, murmuring apologies, the lamplight shone full on her face, and I was really shocked at her look. If she was haggard the night before, she was ghastly this morning. There were deep blue marks under her eyes, and the eyes themselves had an infinitely tired expression, as if she had not closed them all night. For the rest, she was beautifully turned out—quite perfect. She took eggs and things on her plate, but simply poked them about, and when I sent her the cup of strong tea that she asked for, she scarcely touched it. Indeed, when she raised the cup, I saw that her hand shook so that her admirably tied scarf was seriously threatened, and she had to give it up. I didn't know what to do, whether to speak or to take no notice. One shouldn't draw attention to anything another is trying to hide, and Mrs. Marshall gave one the idea of a woman trying hard to overcome something, and just barely able to do it, at that. She worried me. I was sure she was ill, and determined to keep a sharp eye on her.

We went out and got on our horses. They were being led up and down, their coats looking all dull and velvety, for it was cold and frosty. There was no wind, and the sky was a sheet of pink-gold behind the hill where the kennels are. I was afraid it would be warm later.

The horses humped their backs and seemed disposed to be silly, as we all rode out of the place together. Even old Lifeboat shook his great head and whisked his short tail round and round, which is a manifestation of supreme emotion—in him. Percinet kept stretching out his neck and bringing it in, nibbling, and playing with his bit, and taking a great many unnecessary little steps sideways, on his elastic pasterns. It felt like—well, like nothing on earth but being on a well-bred horse, glad it's alive! And that cold, clear air felt and smelt as absolutely fresh and new as if every vestige of the old air the world had been using had been taken away overnight, and another supply, straight out of clean space, had been let in.

As we came out on the highroad, Bob's monster broke into a ponderous canter. He scorns to trot in moments of exaltation. I turned Percinet on to the grass at the side of the road—it was all crisp with hoarfrost—and let him gallop a dozen strides or so, before he settled down to his even, perfect trot. The Widow shot by me, not bucking exactly, but in a series of long, curving bounds, with a little flourish of her heels at the end of each. It was nothing to sit, and Mrs. Marshall seemed all right; but she got the mare's head up pretty sharply, and I saw that already the reins left little smears of white where they crossed her shining black neck. Her mouth was a thought too light, perhaps, but it seemed to me that Max Marshall's wife should have had—well, more intuition.

There was a big field out for us, and evidently we were about the last comers; for as we came near the kennels, we heard one little short note of the horn, and saw the crowd of horses open to let the master through, his big bay wading in a mottled flood of eager hounds.

The sun was well up by this time, and as we went through the first cover the long shafts of light flickered between the trees on the moving horses, which came rustling and crackling through the fallen leaves, the dry twigs snapping under their feet. I had enough to do, as one always has in weaving a horse that's a trifle above himself in and out among tree-trunks and keeping clear of the others. I found I had lost sight of Mrs. Marshall—which I had not meant to do.

We went through a second wood, and presently were clear of the trees and out on the flat meadows, where the river runs. We crossed at the ford, single file, where the water runs shallow over the stones and shingle; and I had just a glimpse of the black mare, twisting and throwing her head about. She got up pretty well twice, while I watched her,

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THE FIRST FENCE I SHOWED HER. SHE ACCEPTED WITH MUCH ENTHUSIASM.

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pawing out indignantly with her fore feet. I had a moment's sight of Mrs. Marshall's white face, before the other horses crowded between us, and I wished that I'd had a plain snaffle put in The Widow's mouth—or that Mrs. Marshall were at home in bed.

The hounds on the farther bank spread out like a flock of pigeons on a roof, and all at once one gave a little whimper that drew them all together; then there was a perfect shriek of ecstasy, and they were off, flying like a cloud along the river bank to the north.

When hounds get off like that, there's no time to waste in thinking about anything. We had splashed through the shallow water, and were up the bank and galloping hard, almost before I knew we had really found.

Percinet wasn't actually bolting with me, but I knew it was just as well that I wasn't thinking of trying to stop him. We were all strung out over the huge grass field. There were only two or three horses in front of me, but through the rush of wind in my ears I could hear the soft thunder of galloping hoofs on the thick grass behind, and the cry of the hounds ahead, getting fainter and fainter; they go clean away from you sometimes, on those open flats. There was a big rail fence that seemed fairly to leap toward us, we came at it so fast. I felt Percinet collect himself, and we were over. I'd surely forgotten how good he was. He might almost have known of the little pang of regret in the bottom of my heart at putting some one else on my new mare.

The line seemed to go straight north, all grass and few fences, but big ones. Not that I cared for that; whether it was the first day's enthusiasm, or whether the horse had come on wonderfully since last year, I felt that I'd never been better carried. Presently the flitting white patch that represented the hounds wheeled to the west and drifted into the long line of wood that edges the river where it bends back again in a great loop. I saw them rise at the fence and vanish into the trees. Presently we were over it, too, and crashing through the undergrowth. Percinet wasn't pulling now, and I looked back and saw that the horses actually with us were only about a dozen, for all the noise they made.

Before long we found ourselves on the river bank again, and there were the hounds, all silent and busily casting about; some on this side, and some, that had swum across, on the opposite bank. I was glad enough of a check, I found, though a minute before I should have scorned the thought. Percinet's neck was white with lather, and I could feel his heart thump against my stirrup foot. The moment one stopped it was almost hot, now that the sun was high. Hale, the huntsman, stood on the bank, cheering the hounds in his own tongue, half musical, wholly unintelligible. I looked about among the people who came rustling through the woods, their horses tripping over the huge twisted roots of the beech-trees, hidden in the drifted leaves. I couldn't see either Bob or Mrs. Marshall.

Max, who, of course, had been in front all the way, came up to me. "That was rather nice," said he, "but surely they'll pick it up again? And this horse is simply ripping—he'd go in Leicestershire!"

I knew all about his horse and was wondering where on earth Bob could be. Hale gathered up his hounds and began a wider cast; we stayed still where we were. Nearly every one that one would expect to see after the first real fence had turned up. I asked Max where he'd last seen Bob. "Not since the ford," he said, and then suddenly, as an afterthought, "And, by Jove, where's Anne?"

I was as anxious to know as he. It seemed absurd to worry about a good horsewoman on an even better horse, but that was just it; the black mare, short of having broken her neck, should have been in front of everything in a little burst like this. I was glad to see the hounds taken back along the river bank, somewhat in the direction that we had come from. As we got to the edge of the wood, I saw Bob and Mrs. Marshall coming across the open to us, and we joined them. One can't exactly say to people who obviously should have been with one, "Where were you?" At least I can't. Max did it, however, and though I could make nothing of what his wife answered, I thought his manner rather unsympathetic, for the woman looked like a wraith. Bob seemed unhappy and wrapped himself in silence. The Widow was lather to her hoofs, and fussing about as much as ever. I felt bewildered, somehow; it was all so little what I had expected.

We pottered along for a while, and it got hotter every moment, as it does with us on some days at the end of October. The hounds visibly lost interest, and there clearly couldn't be an atom of scent. So when we came to a crossroad, and the master politely but firmly intimated to us that he should try no more that day, we cheerfully assented.

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There were two impressions in my mind when I got home. The first was that I liked Percinet better than anything else in the stable; and the second was that The Widow was a bitter disappointment. What could be the matter with her? I had had the impulse to apologize to Mrs. Marshall for every toss of her wicked head. At any rate, I would ride her on Monday myself and find out about her.

We had lunch as soon as we came in, and afterward went up to get out of our riding things. I had a vague idea of our driving somewhere and having tea. I had come out of my bath and slipped into a dressing-gown, when I heard Bob's voice at the door. He came in to say that Max had told him that his wife had a headache and would not appear until dinner.

"Then you can take him away to see the foals, or something," I said. "But, Bob, what happened to you and Mrs. Marshall this morning, and what's up with the black mare?"

"That's just what I've been wondering," he said. "I stayed by Mrs. Marshall because I didn't half like the way the brute was going with her. I didn't dare to tell you, but she refused that first fence about a dozen times. I finally had to get down and pull a lot of rails off; after that we went through gates."

"Do you think it was all the mare's fault?" I asked.

"No," said he, "frankly, I don't. I think Mrs. Marshall messed her about; the mare would have been all right if she had simply gone on and kept her in front. I think she's an ill woman myself; but if she still wants to hunt on Monday, what can we do?"

Mrs. Marshall came down to dinner and seemed wonderfully improved, and Sunday went off very well. We lunched out, and had a peaceful sort of day. The men wandered away somewhere when we came back from lunching, and I had Mrs. Marshall to myself. We had somehow drifted away from the subject of sport, and I found that concerning other things she was far more expansive. Alone with me she was charming.

We went out to stroll about the garden, and though heaven preserve and shield me from people whose imaginations have been stirred by the flood of idiotic gardening books that deluged us after the successful "Elizabeths," and who "go in" for gardening, I found this quiet little creature in her ultra-sophisticated clothes a perfect mine of excellent and delightful ideas about gardening. I don't suppose that she had ever touched the raw earth with the tip of her finger, but she would have had the most charming garden in the world, I feel sure, if Fate had only allowed her to remain stationary on an acre or two of soil for an autumn and a spring. But how was she to have a garden, with four months of a rented place in England in winter; summers of running about the face of the earth for polo; and between seasons—who knows where? But then she must really prefer it, I supposed, or she would not have it so. It was a sordid thought, but I knew the material power was in her hands.

Presently I discovered a new side to her. When we came into the house for tea, I found that Natalie Forrest had driven over. She was sitting at the piano, playing in her delightful but somewhat vague manner, pursuing a memory, snatching a dozen bars of a theme from key to key.

"What's this, Nan?" she said to me, without getting up. Natalie's manners are the best in the world—when she happens to have them with her.

"Isn't it this—in the second act of 'Tosca,' you know?" said Mrs. Marshall, slipping down beside her on the long bench; and she translated Natalie's brilliant half-memory into a finished, coherent exquisiteness.

I think we may have had tea, but I only remember that we had a good hour of hearing enchanting things, broken with—"Oh, do you remember this?" and then being made to remember it; and, "How could he have thought of getting his effect *so*—that anything so simple would give it?" There was a charm about Mrs. Marshall's fragments that I've never heard in any one else's. You simply were given the musical idea without being made to think at all of herself or her methods.

It was growing dark when Natalie sprang up. "I must fly," she said; "it's night already, and I'm miles from home and dining at the ends of the earth. Good-by, and thank you, most fortunate of women—and you, too, Nan, for finding her!" She kissed her hands to us and was gone.

The meet was not so early next day, and some miles off. Bob drove us over, the horses having been sent on. One never talks much in driving, I think, but Mrs. Marshall was particularly silent. She looked ill again, I thought. Her colorless little face was drawn and sharp under her classic hat brim. It was an admirable hat, as all her riding things were, and she was just the inconspicuous smooth-haired type that's best in them.

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"DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?" SHE WENT ON. "I'VE LOST MY NERVE—I'M AFRAID, HORRIBLY AFRAID ALL THE TIME."

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I had sent on the best-mannered thing we had in the stable for her—Redwing, a horse I'd hunted four seasons. He had begun life steeplechasing and had a more than doubtful leg, but if a diplomat of urbane and distinguished manners had been reincarnated as an elderly thoroughbred horse, he'd have been about like Redwing. He adored hunting, but was far too polished to show undue enthusiasm for anything. I had The Widow myself, having explained to Mrs. Marshall that I hadn't realized how short of work she was, and apologized.

There was only a small field out and rather a select one. The country over there is rough and hilly, with more plowed land than to the north, but it's supposed to swarm with foxes. It was gray and misty after our two days of bland Indian summer, decidedly an improvement for hunting. Max graciously approved the weather, much as if praising our forethought in ordering it for him; his manner also conveyed a reproach for the scentless Saturday.

I couldn't help hearing him say as he put his wife up: "If you really care for hunting, Anne, be a little keener; and try to be with them if they find, not go dawdling about, getting left——"

I moved off so as not to hear any more, wondering if Ajax had been a sympathetic companion.

To my utter astonishment, The Widow went as kindly as possible. The five miles to the meet might have settled her, but I shouldn't have thought they would. She was perfectly well, too, even keen; for the first fence I showed her, she accepted with much enthusiasm. And the second, out of a road and rather big, she disposed of in such a finished manner that I had quite an uplifting of the heart. What could have been the matter on Saturday, even making such allowances as I could? I couldn't understand.

The hounds feathered about in various places, and showed a certain interest at one time and another, but oddly enough, nothing came of it. The result was that the day developed, as blank days often do, into a sort of schooling party. I felt that I loved The Widow with what amounted almost to passion, as we came to one fence after another and she jumped all kinds and sizes with equal perfection.

Max was having everything he could see, and evidently enjoying himself immensely, though he affected to speak with austere scorn of the blighting dulness of pottering about doing nothing. Mrs. Marshall, who at first kept close to me, joined Bob, and as Bob, riding at nearly two hundred, does not jump fences frivolously, they were behind us for the most part, so that I did not see her often. But whenever I did, she seemed all right.

After an hour or two of this sort of thing, we came down from the hills to the flat river country, great stretches of meadow-grass, like those we'd been over on Saturday. We were miles to the south of them, but it's much the same thing.

I saw Mrs. Marshall ride up to Max as we trotted along behind the hounds. For some unexplained reason, it pleased me to see them together for a moment. Though I'm all for an air of civilized detachment in the wedded pair, I had caught a look on her small anxious face, once or twice, as she turned to follow him with her eyes, that had hurt me, somehow. I couldn't imagine anything less rewarding than to adore Max Marshall; but one never knows where the compensations come in for other people.

Then I noticed the hounds plunge rather suddenly into one of the swales that wind across these flats. One saw only their waving crescents of tails, as they crackled about among the dry grass and rushes. We had all pulled up a little way off to give them time. There came a thin little whimper from the center of the rustling. One or two hounds took it up undecidedly, and they all came out on the farther side, but with noses down, working.

I was just behind the Marshalls, and I heard Max say: "Now's your time to go straight, Anne. They've got it; watch them——"

I heard no more, for there was a chorus of certainty from the hounds and they were running hard.

Just ahead was a great, forbidding cattle-fence with a shut gate in the middle. I knew there was a barbed wire along the top to the right of the gate; and to the left it was clear. I called out to the Marshalls about the wire, and bore off to the left myself. Max shot past me before I got to the fence, and jumped it a little ahead of me. It looked enormous as I came to it, but the mare seemed to soar steeply into the air, standing well away from the fence, and was over as cleanly as a bird would have flown. I looked over my shoulder for Mrs. Marshall, and to my horror saw Redwing just rising at the second panel to the

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right of the gate. He seemed to pause the fraction of a second as he topped it—and then fell heavily into the next field. I caught just the glimpse of a little dark shape, as his bay body rolled over it, and the flash of his bright shoes.

I had stopped The Widow and wrenched her round, without knowing that I did it. Redwing scrambled to his feet and was off before I could get to them, but it turned me cold to see how perfectly still and flat the figure on the ground lay, and how pathetically small it seemed. I was off the mare and had Mrs. Marshall's head on my knee before any one had time to come, but in a moment there were swarms of them, all wanting to do something. Only those who were first over the fence had gone on, quite unaware that anything had happened. We couldn't tell at once how much harm had been done. I was half afraid to touch her. She was breathing, but very queerly, and her eyes were half open, with no iris showing. It was horrible, and all the while I felt as if I had murdered her with my own hands. I should have been *sure* she understood me about the wire—Redwing ought to have got over, at any rate—it was all my fault.

We tried to get a little whisky between her set teeth, but she made no effort to swallow. Hours seemed to go by, as I sat looking down into her piteous little face.

Men had ridden off to fetch a trap and a doctor, and whatever they happened to think of. There was nothing to do but sit still and draw about her the coats that the men had taken off. Some one brought a hatful of muddy water with yellow beech leaves floating in it. I got my handkerchief out of my cuff and began dabbing it about her face. All of a sudden she heaved a deep sigh, and turned on her side in the simplest way, as though she were in bed, and settled her cheek more comfortably against my knee. I shall never feel so thankful for anything in this world again. I realized that I had been certain that her back was broken.

It was all easy enough after that. We got her home quite nicely, though she had not entirely come to herself, even when we reached the house. But the doctor assured us that there was no real damage done—only the shock.

Max came in in the midst of the confusion, full of the exaltation of a "ripping run," to be met by our anxious, almost groveling apologies. Bob's idea of telling him quietly might well have given him the impression that his wife had been killed, but he took our tidings with a coolness that was either the perfection of self-control, or—what? I preferred to think that he was annoyed with me for Redwing's mistake, though he said very little.

My good Félicie was in charge of Mrs. Marshall, her own maid being a feather-brained little imbecile; and I looked in several times before I went to my room for the night. Félicie said that she had had something to eat and seemed perfectly all right and inclined to sleep.

I had an impulse to have one last peep at her before I actually got into bed, so I crept down the hall in my dressing-gown. Her door was ajar, and as I pushed it open very softly, I heard Mrs. Marshall say:

"Is it you, Mrs. Forcyth? Come in, please."

I went in and sat on the edge of her bed. There was firelight in the room, and a shaded lamp stood on the table by her head. She said that she was all right, had not a pain of any kind, and was not even stiff yet. I began to say how terribly sorry I was—that it was all my fault.

"Don't," she said; "you must know it's not your fault, nor the horse's."

Then she added, "I'm wide awake. Are you tired?"

I said I wasn't, but that she ought to rest.

"Don't go," she said. "I want to tell you—I heard what you said about the wire perfectly. Do you know what really happened? I tried to stop the horse—I simply couldn't face that big fence. I got him half round, and then he *would* have it. He was facing the wired part by then. I think he'd have got over all right, but I'd lost my head and kept pulling him."

I sat petrified with astonishment. It seemed hard to believe. I knew she wasn't as keen as one would have expected, but I had thought it just indifference, as Max evidently did, and I'd been sure, too, that she wasn't herself—was ill; but not for a moment had I dreamed of this.

"Don't you understand?" she went on. "I've lost my nerve—what little I ever had. I'm afraid, horribly afraid, all the time. I wonder if you can imagine what that means. No, of course you can't; but there is no feeling like it for pure hideousness."

"But why—?" I began.

She interrupted me. "Yes, I know what you're going to say. Why do I go on hunting?

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I must. If I let that go, it's all gone. I oughtn't to tell you all this; no one has the right to ask another to share a trouble, even by just listening—but I am so very wretched—" She covered her eyes with her hand, and the fluff of pale pink ribbons and lace frills fell back from her thin arm.

"I think I'd like to tell it all to you—if you don't mind, that is?" she went on timidly. I simply leaned over and took her other hand.

"It was all a mistake—Max's marrying me," she said. "I see that clearly enough now. I'm not the type of woman for him—a poor, timid creature. His entire heart is in sport; naturally, when he's so marvelously good at it. And—and you see it's not as if I were anything else—if I had beauty or charm or cleverness—any one of them; but I've nothing, and I care so for him—care so terribly!——

"Curiously enough," she went on more quietly, "we always care for what we haven't ourselves—all my life I've adored courage; when I was a little girl I used to dream of demigods and heroes, as all of us have done; only I never stopped dreaming. I used to wonder if it no longer existed—that wonderful disregard for consequences, that pure selflessness that makes one willing to risk his body—the one thing that instinct makes us careful of—for whatever seems worth while. Why, the whole fabric of the world, as it is, was laid on the foundation of splendid physical courage. It's called an animal quality, but how can it be? For men who die willingly, or risk death, must be purely unselfish. This may sound absurd to you in connection with a man who merely rides over big fences for sport, but it's only the manifestation that's absurd; the spirit's the same, and, absurd or not, I find this thing in Max—and—and I almost worship it in him, I think. If I couldn't be with him in this way, couldn't enter into some part of his life that he really cares for, he would simply forget me. Oh, you mustn't think him selfish—why should he remember?"

"Think him selfish"! I should have liked to strangle that wretched little mindless egotist with my own hands—but what could I say?

She went on: "I had always ridden a little, not enough to find out that I should never have nerve enough to ride really well, and at first it seemed perfectly possible. Any one who wanted to do a thing as much as I wanted to do this ought to have been able to manage it. I could have perfect horses, I was small and light, and looked nice on a horse—if nowhere else. And Max taught me a great deal, and never suspected why it was that I did not develop into the fine horsewoman he would have had me.

"But I knew the truth—that's the worst of it. Do you suppose I didn't know what was wrong with the black mare on Saturday? It seems incredible that one should know, and not be able to do the right thing. This blind terror takes hold of me—I'm sick with fear before I ride—you must have seen that—and I can't control it nor reason myself out of it. It's a sort of mental disease, I think. What am I afraid of? Not of falling nor of being hurt. I'm ten thousand times more afraid of *being* afraid than of any material harm that could happen to me. Oh, how can one know so well how to have the only thing in life that is worth having, and let mere physical cowardice stand in the way? And it's growing worse. Max must know it soon; I think he half guesses now—only it would be almost impossible for him to believe that any one felt this fear that he has absolutely no comprehension of. He couldn't understand. He only thinks I'm not really interested in hunting, and it irritates him. But sooner or later he'll have to recognize the bare fact, and then it will be simple toleration—the end of all companionship. I can see it coming, and I can't face it any more than I can a big fence."

Poor woman, what was I to say to her? I didn't in the least agree with her that brute courage was the firm foundation of our civilization, nor that the spirit of heroes and martyrs dwelt in Max Marshall. His kind of courage seemed to me only a colossal indifference to results, proceeding from a lack of imagination fully to realize them—he had never been hurt, I knew. But I could not argue the point with her.

"You can't go on like this," I said; "it will kill you. No one could stand the strain of it. I know what fear is; I've been afraid, really afraid, once or twice, just for a minute, and only to think of it scares me now. And days and months of it—it's too dreadful! Give it up; it's not worth the torture of it."

She held my hand hard, looking up at me with her poor wet eyes.

"You don't know," she said; "you can't judge. I must go on—I must get over it and be with him; it's the only chance."

I bent down and kissed her. "I think

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you're the bravest woman alive, if that's any comfort," I said. "I couldn't bear an hour of what you endure nearly every day—and then the thinking between! You say I don't understand. I understand this much: right or wrong, in just doing as you do you're using an amount of courage that I don't think any ten ordinary people possess. I'd be proud to think I had the least little bit of it."

"No," she said; "you would do it, too, if you cared enough and it was the only way."

When the Marshalls had gone, and long afterward, I thought of all this, always with a sharp ache of pity. It was such a hopeless little tragedy, all the more miserable for being not worth while. I couldn't talk to Bob about it. He'd only have said, "Why does she hunt if she's afraid?" And if I had tried to explain he'd have said, "What does any woman want to bother with Max Marshall for?" And I couldn't have answered him, for that's just what I wonder myself.

But it seems that there are just and humorous little gods, who take a hand in human affairs sometimes, and rather neatly, too.

One day, nearly a year after the Marshalls had been with us, Bob said to me:

"What do you think I heard yesterday in town? That Max Marshall had a rather nasty fall last spring, and was laid up a long time, though it was nothing very serious. But now that he's all right again and might be riding, it turns out that his nerve's absolutely gone. He says so himself. Poor chap, it's an awful thing to happen to a man like him—he says he'll never ride again. They've got a big motor-car, Meadows told me—probably converted all the hunters into power for it—and are off to heaven knows where—all across the continent to Constantinople, I believe."

It seemed too good to be true. I think I must have said so aloud.

"*What* did you say?" asked Bob.

I didn't repeat my remark, and he evidently decided that I had said something suitable. I really had.

THE QUEST OF THE PEARL

By C. BRYSON TAYLOR

Author of "In the Dwellings of the Wilderness," "Nicanor, Teller of Tales," etc.

Photographs by A. W. Andree

AROUND her throat was a rope of pearls, each one larger than the tip of her dainty finger, each perfectly matched to its fellows, each shedding around it its tiny aura of pinkish light. They gleamed white against her dusky breast; they were caught like prisoned moonbeams in the black meshes of her hair; in her ears were golden loops from which swung huge pearl pendants. The couch on which she lay was ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; her sandals were beaded with pearls, and pearls and rubies and misshapen turquoises studded the golden goblet at her hand. For she was Nourmahal, the rajah's favorite; and for her gratification his slaves searched earth and sea for treasure.

She has long since turned to dust, this dark-skinned Indian princess, but since her long-gone day, men with the same recklessness have spent their substance on the treasures of earth and sea for some woman's adorning; and women have loved with the same barbaric passion the precious thing that beyond all other things is reckoned as the symbol of Womanhood, the pearl.

Look at it, lying in its black velvet case upon the counter, the oldest gem known to history. Think of the women who have worn it—Egypt's queens, Chaldean and Assyrian princesses, Roman matrons, noblewomen of the Renaissance—women of all the courts of all the world. And coming down to our own time, think of the fortunes that have been spent on the matched pearls of a single rope or collar; while even among women of moderate wealth there are few who have not at least a string or a pin of pearls.

Why should the pearl have won the high

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place it holds? It is hardly even showy, compared with most of the other precious stones.

Perhaps one reason is that even more indissolubly than the diamond, it is connected with woman. *Par excellence* it is the woman's jewel, feminine in its essence, in its spirituality, in its flawless purity. Few men care for pearls; when they do, they are apt to be connoisseurs, and better judges of them than even women.

There was a time when diamonds were not known, when the ruby was but a blackish stone and gave no hint of the blood and fire within it, but there has never been a time since history was, when pearls were not considered things of price. So far back was their value recognized that men—who left the scant record of their lives carven on the shinbones of reindeer—bored them with sharp slivers of bone, strung them on a shred of fish-skin, and called them white bones—and exchanged them for what pleased them better.

Away to the East, on the island of Ceylon, a ragged little brown village, rank with the smell of decaying fish, sits dipping its feet in the Gulf of Manaar. It is Aripu, the oldest bartering-place for pearls, and the most famous fishing-ground for them in existence. Tradition tells that Cleopatra's pearls were brought from here; and it is still the largest and most important pearl market in the world. For oriental pearls, you will understand; for there are pearls and pearls—oriental (the most valuable) and freshwater, Madras and Panama. (The pearl that lies in its black velvet case upon the counter came from Aripu, and it is almost perfect. Perfect in luster it is—hold it against the light, and you will see that the colors are *on* it, not in it—but at one end it is slightly flattened, so slightly that only an expert's eye could detect it. The most perfect pearl known is La Pellegrina. It weighs 112 grains, is perfectly round, and so lustrous that it appears transparent.)

Upon a time, before the British investment of the island in 1847, the Kings of Kandy, in their cheerful native fashion, did their best to ruin the oyster-beds; but since then the fisheries have been under government supervision, and science, with its magical preservative measures, has come to the aid of the oysters. It was high time; for, while formerly the oysters were abundant enough to provide good fishing every two years, now, so depleted had the beds become through unsystematic fishing, it is only every three or four years that sufficient returns to make the fishing pay can be counted on.

It is a quaint and curious sight, one of these pearl-fishing expeditions. The search for the treasure of earth and sea has led men into strange corners of the world, but into no place stranger than that ancient, dirty little village that basks in the tropic sun. Stretching away across the Gulf, off the northwestern coast of the island, are the *paars*, or beds, the oysters' breeding-grounds. Flats they are in reality; long plateaux of rock, shelving out from the island, and covered with anywhere from five to fifty fathoms of green water. The shells usually live in narrow channels between groups of islands, where the current is swift and the bottom hard; and these *paars* are ideal places for them. The Periya Paar is perhaps the most celebrated pearl-ground in the world, but it is peculiarly exposed to the danger of the monsoon. More than once it has been swept clean by the fierce tides of all save a pitiful few of its toughest and most firmly clinging shells.

When it is decided by government inspectors that the *paars* are in condition, official notice is sent out that a certain *paar* will be fished on a date usually about two weeks ahead. Forthwith the drowsy village wakes to life. From all the East come merchants, hawk-eyed and swarthy—Hindoo, Arabian, Egyptian; buyers for the great princes of India, who will have the best that gold can purchase; small traders buying for themselves. From the West come agents of the great jewelers of Bond Street and Fifth Avenue, getting their firms' supplies at first hand, meeting the craft and guile of the East with cool-headed assurance; wealthy private collectors, with an eye for freak as well as first-water gems; and tourists, who are in everybody's way. And from East and West also come men to sell as well as to buy—peddlers, native jewelers, artificers in wood and stone, bazaar-keepers, shrewd-faced Yankees, stumbling into this remote village Heaven and they alone know how or why, with cheap gimcracks that are displayed side by side with the marvels of oriental handiwork.

A network of narrow streets springs up, unnamed, unpaved, wallowing in filth that steams in the blinding sunlight, lined with booths and hovels where grave, turbaned men sit behind their outspread wares. From

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bazaars, going night and day in full blast, come the throb of drums, the clash of cymbals, and the shrill, minor plaint of reeds, rhythmic, monotonous, barbaric. Here a pearl-driller, his ebon body shining with sweat, squats with his primitive outfit, piercing pearls that are to be strung; here an inlayer, with his little charcoal forge, is gravely tapping with his blunt-nosed mallet; yonder a man in shabby European clothes is trying to sell a trayful of jangling alarm clocks to a group of chattering, curious blacks. Government men in puttees and pith helmets; divers and boatmen—Arabs, Malays, Japanese, Chinese—they throng and gibe and chatter. It is the East, the gorgeous, changeless, mysterious East, the filthy, squalid, verminous East, of strange perfumes and vile smells; and over it the copper sun is sinking into the western sea, turning to orange the sails of the hordes of clumsy, sturdy little boats that are stranded on the beach or from far and near are scuttering into harbor.

For at midnight the fleet will start for the *paars*, that with the first light the divers may begin work. So, as the sun goes down, the uproar on the beach increases. The *kottus*—thatched warehouses, surrounded by close stockades, where the shells are taken from the boats—are watched warily by officials, that no thief may slip in and conceal himself. The government boats that are to convoy the fishing-fleet are getting up steam. On the beach fires are blazing, and groups, gathered around huge kettles of goat's-flesh and rice, are silhouetted blackly against the leaping flames. Eating is an important business to-night; for to-morrow will be an enforced fast day. No diver who knows his business will take food on the day of diving—unless the hours are to be very late—that the action of heart and lungs may not be interfered with and the danger of cramps may be reduced to a minimum.

Farther away from the groups around the fires are other smaller groups, clustered close around the shark-charmers—the *pillal karras*, in whose power the native believes implicitly, and whose spell will ward off the danger of being eaten alive. But, contrary to popular belief, and even to native superstition, divers run small danger from these tigers of the sea. Sharks are notorious cowards; and unless a man is wounded or rendered somehow helpless, a vigorous splashing is usually sufficient to drive them off. For all that, and because old beliefs are hardest of all to kill, each charmer has his circle of devotees waiting for the touch and the muttered word that will mean protection.

Somewhere around midnight the fleet gets under way, in dire and shrieking confusion, which the government boats make gallant and perfectly hopeless attempts to quell. But for all the mad excitement, surprisingly few casualties occur.

Dawn comes with a flaming rush; a burst of crimson far-flung over the sleeping waters, and the sun is striding up the sky. Twenty miles out at sea the fleet heaves to, hovering over the chosen ground, and when the sun comes, the work begins. Pearl shells live at depths of from eight to twenty or more fathoms; for the naked native diver, twenty to thirty feet is good diving, and forty to fifty feet is the maximum. He can remain under water from sixty to eighty seconds; in this time he must make his descent and ascent, and fill with shells the netted bag he carries slung around his waist. In diving-dress, which is the method employed by Australians, a man can, of course, descend to greater depths, and, when at eight to fifteen fathoms, can remain at the bottom for two hours or more, but at any greater depth, for no longer than fifteen minutes. Diving as a profession is dangerous not so much from the chances of accidents—though these must always be reckoned with—as from the fact that it is ultimately most injurious to health, deafness and incipient paralysis resulting if the work is not given up in time.

The boundary of the area to be fished over is marked out by government launches, and a heavy fine is the penalty of the boat that fishes beyond it. The work is in charge of the Superintendent of the Fishery, whose tug must be in as many places at once as is possible. Each of the hundred-odd boats scattered over the banks within the prescribed limits carries twenty or thirty divers, and each diver is allowed two *mandaks*, or assistants. Each boat carries also a government guard, whose duty it is to see that the precious bivalves, lying in their tens of thousands, are not tampered with.

The methods of diving are many. Here a stocky little Japanese, naked save for a narrow strap around his waist, slips feet foremost into the water, two netted bags slung to the strap, with a weight in each bag to take him down. His *mandaks* hold the rope attached to his belt by which at his signal they

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INSHORE THE BOATS RACE, PILING THEMSELVES UP ON THE BEACH LIKE A SCHOOL OF STRANDED FISH.

will haul him up with his load of shells. The water closes quietly over his round, black head; there is nothing spectacular in his performance, but all through the working hours he will go popping up and down like a Jack-in-the-box, every two minutes, regular as clockwork, blowing like a porpoise as he rises to the surface, but remaining only long enough to be relieved of his load of shells. Here an elderly Malay, lean and wrinkled,

THE MAIN STREET OF MARICHIKKADAI. A MONTH BEFORE THE FISHING, THIS PLACE WAS A BARREN WASTE.

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WONDERFUL SWIMMERS THESE ARABS ARE, RECKLESSLY DARING, AND WITH INCREDIBLE POWERS OF ENDURANCE.

runs catlike out on the springboard that reaches out from the boat's side, and goes over with a splash. He, too, has his weighted bags, and a rope. A young Arab pushes through the crowd to the boat's rail, a lithe, clean-limbed fellow, powerfully built, and

A RAGGED LITTLE BROWN VILLAGE—A BARTERING-PLACE FOR PEARLS.

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taller by half a head than most of his mates. He leaps to the rail and poises there, a living statue of bronze, his splendid body shining with the grease with which these divers coat themselves before entering the water, gathering itself for its spring. He carries the inevitable bags, but he needs no weights to sink him, nor does he wear a rope. A flash, and down he goes, head first, graceful as a panther, straight as a die, without a splash, and swims to the bottom. Wonderful swimmers these Arabs are, recklessly daring, and with incredible powers of endurance, but their worth is seriously discounted by their intractability and hatred of discipline. And in this connection it is a curious fact that when under water men will invariably become irritable and extremely bad tempered.

THE *MANDAKS* LADEN WITH BASKETS OF SHELLS WHICH THEY TAKE TO THE *KOTTUS*.

All through the morning the work goes on. Men disappear in the green depths, and reappear, clambering, dripping, up the ladders that swing over the boats' sides; and always, with astonishing rapidity, the piles of shells grow larger. Sharp at noon the superintendent's boat whistles; the last diver is pulled up; dingy sails are spread, and the fleet starts for home. Inshore the boats race, piling themselves up on the beach like a school of stranded fish. The *mandaks* stagger through the shallows laden with baskets of shells, which, under police guard, they take to the *kottus*. By this time pandemonium reigns upon the beach. A hundred tongues mingle in the clamor: Arabic, Malay, frantic Chinese chattering, Hindoostanee, profane and exasperated English. A thousand naked *mandaks* sweat and strain ankle deep through the shifting sand under the heavy baskets; angry guards menace and hustle unruly trouble-makers; merchants and spectators hurry toward the guarded *kottus*. And always the sun beats down on the shimmering sands with their shifting riot of color and on the ocean that glares white-hot, like molten metal; and presently, mingled with the odors of the village, there rises a faint, deadly stench from the million dead shellfish. Faint at first, but, as the hours go by, gaining in

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power and volume, until by the third or fourth day one's senses are drowned in it. It takes a long time and strong nerves to accept it with equanimity; one wonders how the government men can stand it as they must. As for the natives, they seem not to mind it in the least.

Now the first stage of the quest is over: the oysters are gathered, and by sundown the eight huge *kottus*, each one containing twenty-five subdivisions, are filled to the brim.

First the divers receive their shares, to each man going the portion that is decreed to him by the Law of the Fishing. This he carries outside the stockade, and disposes of in small lots of ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred shells to the swarm of merchants and small buyers who jam and crowd and jostle in the open space before the stockades. Everywhere deals are going on between half naked divers and stately, dirty merchants, whose robes flap about their lean shins as they hurry from one man to another and back again, hawk-eyed for bargains, shrieking that Allah must bear witness that they are poor men and cannot stand such bloody extortion. But none the less, they buy and buy and buy.

Here an old fellow with a beaked nose and fierce, eagle eyes, bearded, and turbaned, and villainously dirty, has possessed himself of thirty or forty fine, large shells. Down he squats, beneath the very feet of the pressing thousands, wrenches open a shell, and pokes with his clawlike fingers into the mass of flesh. In a moment he finds a pearl—not a very good specimen, but into his pouch it goes, while with his free hand he reaches for another shell from his pile. Sometimes rage and disgust inflame his swarthy features; he flings the oyster from him, cursing its fathers and its mothers for four generations back; it has contained no pearl at all. But suddenly, opening a peculiarly large shell, he stops short. Triumph, eagerness, and greed incarnate flash into his face and are gone, replaced instantly by craft and cunning. He holds a pearl worth more than a prince's ransom, perfect, lustrous, a gracious thing of beauty. He fondles it lovingly in his skinny hands, guessing shrewdly as to its weight. It

THE DIVERS WHEN THEIR SHARES, DECREED BY THE LAW OF THE FISHING,

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OYSTERS IN THEIR TENS OF MILLIONS YIELD UP THEIR SLUGGISH SPARK OF LIFE.

came from the last shell in his pile; with a swift glance around to see whether his prize has been observed, he drops it carefully into his greasy pouch, and flaps off after more shells, loudly complaining that never, no, never before did Allah create such an utterly worthless lot of oysters. Pearls—bah! who could expect to get pearls from such swines of oysters?

Already the pearl-drillers are at work, their enormous black hands and crude tools manipulating the tiny globules with a marvelous deftness and dexterity. Boats are being repaired, and sails and baskets mended in preparation for the next day's work; fires are starting up here and there, and cooking is going on. The divers are tired and hungry, and must be well fed, since again no food may be taken until the next night; and the thousands of shells in the *kottus* must be disposed of as rapidly as possible to make room for the morrow's catch. So all the beach hums with activity; the crowd around the *kottus* seems to increase momently; and through and under all the frenzied racket, one is aware, suddenly, that the tom-toms are throbbing and the reeds are shrilling their barbaric discord, insistent, suggestive, the dominant under-note of the East.

After dinner, at nine o'clock or thereabouts, the bulk of the shells is put up at auction by the Government Agent, who is overlord of the Fisheries and all that pertains thereto. The sale takes place in the courthouse, or other government building, and the shells are put up in lots of a thousand. A merchant holds up both hands, the fingers outspread; his name is put down for ten lots, or ten thousand shells. Not a few of the Indian merchants buy as many as a million. The largest number known to have been offered on a single night is 1,867,600; the smallest, 400,000.

Every night the same men are on hand—until their limit is reached, or the fishing is over. Every night, too, they are joined by a sprinkling of new arrivals. The game is much of a lottery, since the purchaser cannot tell what percentage of his shells will contain pearls. From the government the buyers purchase the shells; from each other, such pearls as they may want, effecting thus a double system of exchange. An Englishman, who perhaps is matching pearls that later will be made into a necklace which his king will give to a royal bride, is a center of attraction. Hundreds of pearls are brought to him for examination; are weighed and

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rigorously tested as to color and sphericity. An agent for one of the big New York jewelers holds equal attention; he is looking for pink pearls for the necklace of an American heiress who will shortly become, if not royal, at least as near it as she can. And here is a suave, dusky gentleman, low-voiced, always courteous, buying for, let us say, the Rajah of Lahore, and outbidding everyone in sight for any gem that takes his fancy, with perfect nonchalance and a credit that is obviously inexhaustible. For the Nourmahal of today must have her whims fulfilled; and her latest longing is for an entire robe of pearls —a garment of gauze sewn so thickly with pierced gems that scarcely an inch of it will be seen. Its weight will make it cling close to her slender limbs; its luster will enhance the dark softness of her beauty and the gleam of her shadowed eyes, and its cost will quite positively and satisfactorily preclude her rivals from having anything in the least like it. And she will get it, too, since her lord and master loves her with sufficient unreason, and since it is for her pleasure alone that the fisheries exist at all, and the oysters in their tens of millions yield up their sluggish spark of life—that yet is vital enough to produce a thing perfect enough to please her wayward fancy.

When the pearls are taken from the dead fish they are first sorted according to size. This is done by passing them through a set of ten small brass sieves, called baskets, with meshes of varying sizes. Pearls of the first class that are perfect both in sphericity and in luster are called *ani*. Those of the second class, that to the average observer seem equally without flaw, are *anitari;* and most of the pearls we see in the West and on general sale come under this head. Of the third class, called *masauku*, are those that are somewhat irregular in shape, and a trifle "off" in color, but that are valuable for use in clusters, and are largely used by Eastern artificers in mountings of various sorts. *Kural* is the double or twinned pearl, which, when of good luster and sufficiently freakish shape, is sometimes enormously valuable. In this class the most wonderful specimen on record is the great Southern Cross pearl, which is in reality nine pearls, naturally grown together, and forming a perfect cross an inch and a half long. It was found off the coast of Western Australia in 1874. Many seed pearls and rejections—called *vadivu*—are generally ground into *chunam* and used as an ingredient in a favorite sweetmeat. From China also comes a heavy demand for seed pearls, and in India bushels of them, literally, are used in the decoration of idols and sacred images, and of weapons as well.

Pearl oysters are of two varieties—the large white shell, and a smaller black species; but which produces the best pearls is an undecided question. Probably there is little choice. One rule that does seem to hold good, however, is that the deeper the water from which the shell is taken, the larger and finer will be the pearl.

Popular belief long held that the nucleus of the pearl was a grain of sand, or some minute foreign body, that got wedged into the oyster's shell, and, if the inmate were unable to expel it, gradually became coated with the milky, lime-like secretion of the

FROM ALL THE EAST COME MERCHANTS, HAWK-EYED AND SWARTHY

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THE PEARL-DRILLERS AT WORK.

fish. Lately, science has turned its merciless searchlight on this theory, and, as with many others of our old-time, tenderly cherished notions, has rudely disproved it. Even more humble than a grain of sand is the pearl's origin—a lowly Platyelmian parasite that dies within the shell, and is entombed in its wonderful sarcophagus. Out of several hundred pearls decalcified with intent to probe their inner mystery, not more than three or four revealed any other core than the remains of these tiny worms; and in the white as well as the black shells, in colored pearls as well as orientals, this has been found to be the case.

The fishing may last a month, or two months, and its average value to the government is a million rupees—about $320,000. In Australia, where equally extensive operations are carried on, the average value is £296,000, or $1,438,560. Singapore is the center for labor and supplies of the Queensland fisheries, and is one of the largest pearl markets in the world.

In America, the pearl industry, which might be made of some importance, is threatened with practical extinction, first, by the fact that the business is conducted with so little of system or of science that the waste is enormous, and, secondly, by the pollution of the waters by factories and mills, and the consequent killing off of the oysters and mussels. But in some states—Mississippi, for example—the fisheries are of much greater value than is generally known. During recent years over a thousand persons have fished for pearls in the Mississippi River alone, sometimes as firms, but more often as individuals; and in 1901 a single firm is said to have bought from these fishermen more than one hundred thousand dol-

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lars' worth of pearls. Tennessee, Kentucky, and Wisconsin are leading states in the pearl industry. These are freshwater pearls, however, and are valued at one third less than orientals of a corresponding size. The finest black pearls come from the coasts of Panama; and here also are found the wonderful iridescent pearls, and the most brilliant mother-of-pearl. In the past fifteen years the price of pearls has increased even more than that of diamonds. At wholesale, the price is reckoned by the square of the weight, with the pearl-grain, one fourth of a carat, as the unit. At retail, of course, it is reckoned solely by whatever figure the purchaser can be persuaded to give.

Think of a pearl more than six times the weight of the oyster that produced it! That is the largest pearl in the world, the Hope pearl, in the Beresford-Hope collection. It is an oriental baroque, of an irregular pear shape, two inches long, four and a half inches in circumference at its lower end, and it weighs 1,800 grains. The upper part is a bright orient; the bottom shades off into a rich dark green, with bronze lights. It is set as a pendant, surmounted by a crown of enamel and gold, and is one of the most costly personal ornaments in the world.

Unlike other gems, pearls will sicken and change and die if not properly cared for, and once their luster is gone, it is next to impossible to bring it back. "Skinning" is a difficult process of removing the outer layer of skin to see if the inner covering will reveal the desired sheen, but the operation is rarely successful. Polishing is also sometimes tried, but once the natural brilliance is dulled, there is no known method that is more than temporarily effective. And yet, in spite of this, Eastern workmen have ways mysterious and strange of doctoring pearls—secrets that have been handed down for untold generations from father to son, tricks of the trade, jealously and successfully guarded. Among their class superstitions, of which there are many, is the firm belief that when worn by dark-skinned persons, a pearl will never lose its luster, since from them it can absorb more vitality than from those of fairer skin. It is a well-known fact that some people cannot wear pearls at all. Some element in their physical makeup causes the gems to turn dark or a dull yellowish white; but let another person wear them, and their luster soon comes back. As an illustration of this, there is in New York a woman whose pearls are famous and almost beyond price. Every year she has to send them away to be worn by a woman who, she has found, "agrees" with them so well that in a marvelously short time they are restored to their old beauty. Their owner says that with her they will last not more than two months; after that they begin noticeably to change.

Now the fishing is over. The fleet of smelly boats departs; the crowds dwindle and disappear, each unit richer by his pouchful of jewels. And the pearls are gone, too—gone to be mounted or strung together as playthings for women the wide world over. The beat of the tom-tom and the plaint of the reeds are no longer heard, the fires on the beach die down; and the ragged little brown village settles once more into its age-old tranquillity. All the excitement is over—until the next time.

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THE LEAST OF THESE

A Fact Story

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Author of "The Shame of the Cities," "The Struggle for Self Government," etc.

LET me present to you, for a Christmas gift, a jewel I picked up once when I was wading around on the bottom of a city. If you accept it in the spirit in which it is offered, you shall see that beautiful things lie buried in the muck of life. Not truth alone, and misery; faith is to be found there, and service, hope and charity. They look dirty and they often are polluted, but so is the pearl unclean when the diver brings it up, and diamonds in the mine are rough.

The city I refer to seemed to be well governed, and I was troubled. Good is hard to believe; to prove it is harder still. I was working anxiously to be sure, therefore; searching deep for my evidence, when I came upon the jail. That stood wide open, both the cell doors within and the gate to the world outside; and no prisoner escaped. None had ever tried to escape since a certain day, when a fellow who declared he was going was caught, as he started, by the other prisoners and quietly thrashed. On the other hand, I heard that some prisoners had been known to weep when, having done their time, they were sent away.

Now, the jail of a city is not ordinarily the place where convicts are kept. "Bad men" are committed there, but not for long. The jail is for the weak: men and women and children, "drunks and disorderlies," loafers, bums, vagrants, sneak thieves, and petty criminals generally. They are despised by the police; they will obey the whistle like dogs. They are shunned by professional criminals; they don't dare help on a "good job," and, if they are compelled to, will "peach on a pal." And, indeed, they are beneath contempt. They do weak things weakly, and are without respect either for themselves or for one another. They are lost souls. They have surrendered. They breathe, but they are dead. The jail is the tomb where we bury out of sight of the living world these ends of men and women, them and their shuffling, slinking, harmless, but all-enveloping despair—ordinarily.

The moment you entered, unnoticed, its open doors, you felt that there was something out of the ordinary about this particular jail. The prisoners were the same, but there was a smile on their vice-formed faces, a wan but natural smile. It vanished at sight of a natural human being; the cowardly eyes shifted, the mean, soft feet shuffled, the useless hands—the whole thing got away somehow. And so does the healthy visitor. I never really saw that jail; I couldn't "look into" it. But that smile on those faces—having seen, I had to account for that. It was proof positive of the presence of somebody out of the ordinary, so I searched for "the man." I asked questions of the officials that had to visit and know about the jail.

These were not many, and the few didn't know much. The Mayor, whose character and administration made possible this wide-open jail, didn't know it was open, and he didn't seem to care.

"What of it?" he said, chuckling mysteriously. "It's pretty, and I guess it's good, but it doesn't prove good government and it doesn't prevent bad government."

He referred me to the Director of the Department of Charities and Correction, which had jurisdiction. That gentleman was out; he hardly ever was in, and his staff only "understood, in a way," that there were queer doings in the jail; they "really couldn't say" what they were, nor who did them. The Director knew that much. He said, when I found him, that the jail was left open as a part of the policy of an under-jailer, one Bailey, but that the department didn't discover the practice till experience had proven it safe.

"Something keeps the prisoners there," he said.

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"Something" is the word he used, and yet he knew, he must have known, I thought, that it was "somebody." I asked him what the "thing" was that chained those prisoners there.

"Honor?" I suggested, with some sarcasm. And why not? Honor may be a slight virtue, and primitive, but, as I urged upon the Director, "it is vigorous, and jail-birds are not vigorous."

"True," he answered very quietly, "you are altogether right; jail-birds are not vigorous, but—as you also say—honor is. Honor lives even through dishonor."

Intent upon my search for "one Bailey," "the" man I was after, it was annoying to be stopped thus by another man. But men, real men, who see things from their own angle and play off their own bat, are too rare to overlook one, so when it appeared thus that the Director also was "somebody," I let the interview wander far enough to discover that Bailey's superior was wise and very gentle. He had been a clergyman, but his wisdom was of his religion—not of his church. He knew this world. He knew it well. He knew so much of it that he was sure he didn't know much. He never was sarcastic, for example; nor enthusiastic. He had faith; he believed in God.

"Things grow," he said.

We all believe that, or say it; but when a man knows it, when the sense of gradual growth and natural change is an inherent part of every thought and feeling of his conscious life, why, then that man becomes patient. And the Director was as patient for good as he was with evil. He was patient even with my impatience.

"Good isn't created," he said, "not even by God, and, as for us humans, all we can do is to find it growing and, by protecting and cultivating the sprouts and pulling up the weeds, give the good a better chance."

And he was satisfied that this should be so. He went on to say contentedly that he wasn't of any importance, and that Bailey wasn't.

"Bailey and this department," he said, "are only relieving pain. We are weeds ourselves. The Mayor is tending the good seeds; he is cultivating conditions that will prevent pain. He is working to make jails and Departments of Charities and Correction unnecessary. That's what he meant by his remark to you about Bailey. We all want to abolish Bailey and me or put ourselves at real work."

"And Bailey?" I asked.

"I don't know, yet," he said. "Sometimes I fear Bailey is making himself necessary; that he is building something upon his own personality; and anything a man roots solely in his own personality dies when he dies. But, as I say, I don't know, yet. I don't need to know, yet. I'm looking into the jail now and then and letting the thing grow. It seems to have some roots in——"

"Things?" I suggested, and I couldn't help being a trifle bitter. "Things like honor?"

"Yes," he said sweetly. "There's something of that in it. But honor isn't all."

There were schools in the jail, he said; not one, but several schools or classes. It was the policy of the under-jailer to have a carpenter come in at night and teach carpentry; an electrician to teach electricity. A bum who had gone through college taught another bum geography, while he, the college graduate, belonged to a class of two that studied plumbing. It was a curious curriculum. There was a Bible class, but that also was small. The only course they all took together, apparently, was literature; the under-jailer read aloud to them any clear English that carried thought he could understand. The list of his selections was odd, modern, but, on the whole, noble.

"But what about this under-jailer?" I asked impatiently. "And what is his policy?"

The Director answered patiently.

"Bailey?" he said. "Bailey was a mission worker. I had a mission church once. Mission workers are queer people; there's usually something wrong with them. But Bailey—I saw much of him; he seemed to be all right. When the Mayor made me head of this department, Bailey asked for a place in the jail; any place. He didn't say what he wanted it for; I didn't ask him. I thought it over and I decided to—see. I suppose that was the way the Mayor felt about me. I had Bailey appointed a night guard. He did very well. He came to have an influence over the prisoners. They obey his slightest word; and when they go away they correspond with him. He teaches them to help one another. It's very good. Bailey was promoted to be under-jailer."

"But what's the man's idea?" I asked. "What's his theory?"

The ex-clergyman didn't know, exactly. "It isn't my idea, you see," he said quietly.

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"It's Bailey's. So I probably couldn't understand it perfectly. You would better see Bailey."

Of course I had to see Bailey, but I explained that I needed first the key; some clue to the man; some notion of that about him which he himself might not be conscious of.

"What's his hold on the prisoners?" I asked.

"I don't know, exactly," the Director said incuriously. He went on to suggest, however, that, for one thing, Bailey "seemed never to give a man up for lost; never." Persuading a drunkard not to drink, a thief to stop stealing, a loafer to work, he forgave backsliding "ten, twenty, a hundred times." No matter how often, no matter how low a fellow might fall, Bailey told him there still was hope.

Hope for the hopeless; that was a clue. But the desire—how did Bailey awaken the thought, the wish to—hope?

"N-n-o," the Director said, "it isn't exactly religion." The fact was, he couldn't say just what it was, unless it was that Bailey had hope to give, and faith. And, as if it were related, he added: "He does give service, you know. Bailey performs the most menial offices for these people; tasks they won't do for one another."

The Director told me what some of those services were, and they were, indeed, menial. They were horrid; necessary, but impossible.

My perplexity made the Director smile, but he couldn't or wouldn't—at any rate he didn't—help me to understand. And the insight I got from him was profound as compared with that furnished by all others. I had to see Bailey.

Bailey did not shake hands when we met. I offered to, but he looked away and led me to the desk where he kept his correspondence with his discharged prisoners. He was a small man, young, not well, evidently, and very serious. Bailey never smiled. Having been directed to show me some sample letters, he did so. They were rude, penciled, often incoherent writings from many, many places; for, of course, the writers were tramps and petty thieves. One note ran through them all, however—endeavor, dull hope, and an affectionate respect for Bailey.

"I fell in Pittsburg, but got out and moved on. Was pulled in Scranton on suspicion. When I got out, I got that way again. I ain't no good, Mr. Bailey, but I remember what you says to me that time; I'll never quit trying."

Bailey remarked uneasily, by way of explanation, that these men were "tired." They had no strength, and it was a "rest for them to give up; to quit trying."

"What's the use of tiring them?" I asked.

Bailey fussed with the papers, put some letters carefully away, got out others before he answered.

"It seems like suicide when they give up the last hope," he said. "It's like dying. And anybody will try to save anybody that is dying, I think."

There was no rebuke in the tone of the reply, as there was in the substance. Bailey evidently did not expect either sympathy or understanding. I guess he was used to my attitude. I did not alter it, however; not then.

"But what makes them tired?" I asked, and I suppose I sneered when I suggested "Work?"

"Yes," he answered directly, "work and vice. Vice weakens them. Work tires them very much."

"How do they know that?" I asked. "Did they ever try it?"

Bailey fussed with those letters, keeping his eyes fixed upon them, but he answered:

"Yes; most of them did, as children."

As children! Were bums the products of child labor? Was that the genesis of the good-for-nothing?

"Yes," said Bailey, simply. "A large percentage of our prisoners are exhausted human beings, devitalized by early work. They have no energy left, no spirit, no strength. Early vice explains others. The rest are born so."

"Born tired!" I almost laughed forth the well-worn phrase, but Bailey did not notice.

"Yes," he said, "born of tired or vicious parents."

He spoke like Fate, without resentment, without sorrow, without purpose. He wasn't trying, he evidently did not expect to convince me. He saw that I was an educated ignoramus and he simply handed out to me, as a weary salesman will, whatever I called for. And this fact crushed me. Reading such things in books is one thing; taking them direct from a man that knows is another. Hearsay somehow convinces one. I changed my tone.

"What can you hope to do for them, Bailey?" I asked gently.

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He noticed the change. He glanced up at me, but his eyes couldn't stand my gaze. They dropped.

"I kind o' hope," he said softly, "to make them hope. Men smile when they hope, and there's strength in a smile."

Stabbing at his vitals, as a reporter must, to get the news, I said:

"But you, Bailey, you don't smile?"

He ceased fussing with the papers; he was still a moment. Then he seemed to speak the truth.

"There is no hope for me," he said.

I made him go on by keeping silent myself, silent and expectant.

"There isn't much hope for them either, really, but I can do something for some of them," he said. "But," he concluded after an interval, "nobody can do anything for me."

It would be hard to say what it was that was so convincing in this statement by this man. His humility was obvious; it shrouded his whole attitude, physical and mental. As a matter of fact, it was more like shame than resignation. I felt that I was near a knowledge and a philosophy which I never could fathom, and I did not wonder any more that the Director "didn't know." To gain time and the man's confidence, and so get his story, which the Director said Bailey never had told and never would tell, I drew him out about his work.

His "method" was to meet the new prisoners as a friend; not as a jailer, and yet "not exactly" with kindness; but "more on a level, man to man." Taking them in, he made them comfortable. He cleaned them, as a nurse would clean them; washed them; treated their bruises; bathed their sores; clothed them warmly; put them to bed and asleep.

"Sometimes they are brutal, yes," he said. "And they have hurt me. But I never mind. I understand that. They don't understand such treatment. But they remember. Most of them have had a mother or somebody who was that way with them, and by and by, when they are tired resisting, they remember that way. I have seen the tears come then. I have seen them sob as little children do when they are tired—sob, and sigh, and so fall asleep, smiling. That's always good; the first clean sleep like that is a great deal to them."

The odd curriculum of the school came about in this way, he said: He searched the new prisoners' minds as the police searched their pockets, and, though he found as little, there was always something: some interest, some poor, starved, dying interest. The only hold the man who studied electricity had left on all the interests of this world was a curiosity about the theory of that subject. He had had it as a boy, but never could satisfy it. Bailey was trying to satisfy it.

"Maybe he is a genius," I said, "and will do something great after all."

Bailey shook his head. "No," he said, "he is no use any more. He was put to work at nine in a glass works; pushed a little car from the hot room into the cold room, and back, many times a day, for years. He is almost blind, bent, and—tired. No, he can't do anything in electricity. But I thought electricity might do something for him, give him an interest—hope—a false hope—good only for his——"

"Soul," I finished, to get over it. "Yes, I see. You think these funny little interests of theirs are the way to their minds or souls, and so you teach them anything they want to learn: geography, plumbing, the Bible?"

"Yes," said Bailey.

"And you don't teach them anything they don't want to learn?"

"No," said Bailey. "That's a mistake that is often made with such people."

"You mean it's wrong to try to teach them what *we* think they ought to know?"

"Yes," said Bailey; "they are sick people, sick of soul, and very low, and sick souls must be fed like sick stomachs, with anything they can take in and keep down."

I shifted the subject to the "bad men," the prisoners who were not vagrants, but petty criminals. Bailey's face brightened.

"There's hope for them," he answered, almost cheerily. "Crime takes some strength, courage, enterprise—yes, even petty crime as compared with vagrancy."

And Bailey told how he "let" them help one another and the vagrants. Finding that they formed little groups of two, three, and more, he encouraged these "gangs" and, suggesting (without seeming to) that they hang together after they were released, he developed a practice that became an institution. The first gang that went forth consciously organized to look for honest work agreed among themselves that the first one to find a job was to divide equally with the others. The second was to do the same, and the third, and so on till they all had "landed."

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None of them landed till Bailey had used secretly a political pull for one man. That man hired a room where they all slept. They hadn't food enough, but there was the jail, like a home, in the background, and though Bailey saw to it that the gang did not lose the fascinating sense of independent self-help, he carried the scheme through. And then, when other prisoners and "gangs" came out, they were assisted by the first, and so merging, grew like a trust. Not rapidly, of course, for the members kept falling, old and new, again and again.

Nobody but Bailey, I guess, could have put up with the disappointments of that organization. The members themselves couldn't at first. The drunkards couldn't see why an habitual thief had to steal, and the thief lacked sympathy with the drunkard. Sometimes their disgust with one another was amusing. One reformed "drunk and disorderly" especially used to curse, and urge the expulsion of every other reformed drunkard or thief that lost a job, though all the while he himself was backsliding periodically and costing more than he contributed. Bailey's patience shamed them gradually into a rough tolerance till they, too, learned "never to give a man up; never."

Well, as the gangs came out of the jail and joined the trust, more rooms were hired, and more, till finally the city took cognizance and rented a house; then the house next door; and the last time I was there it had three houses strung together by doors cut in the walls.

"There had to be a place for them to fall back on as a home," Bailey said, when he concluded his account. "And a house like that is better than the jail."

"And there must be somebody," I suggested, "some friend somewhere to visit and write to?"

"Yes," said Bailey.

"Somebody that believes in them?" I pressed, prying.

"Yes," said Bailey.

"Somebody that knows the worst in them and still believes."

"Yes," said Bailey.

"And what sort of a man is that, Bailey?"

He began fussing with his papers again, and that wouldn't do. I went at him direct.

"How do you do it, Bailey?"

He looked up for just a second, then down went his eyes. But he answered.

"Their friend cannot be a superior person," he said, squirming. "He cannot be better than they or he couldn't stand it, and they couldn't, either." He hesitated before he went on. "I tell them that I am as low as they are, and—and that's true."

He hurried on to tell me some of the awful things his prisoners had done, things I had never heard of. One should know of them to understand fully the man and his work, but it is better not to understand fully. It's enough that after he had told enough he repeated his humiliation.

"I can talk to any of them, help them all, because I am as low as they are."

It was time for his story, and I asked for it. He told it.

The first thing he remembers of his life is standing as a little boy on the bar of a dive, singing. He can see that scene vividly. He seems to have had a pretty child's voice; learned songs easily; and his father, a drunken bum, took him around, making him perform for the drinks. And the child sang till the man was drunk; then they both slept—in alleys, boxes, empty cars—where they fell. This went on for years. Often the child was drunken, too; whenever the barroom drunkards said, "Give the kid a drink," he was made to drink. It was amusing to see the kid get drunk, sing wildly, reel and, finally, drop.

Well, the father died. The boy woke up one morning to find him cold and, knowing nothing else to do, went on singing for pennies and food and the drinks, till his voice cracked. Then, his friends being tramps, the boy took to the road. He did what tramps did: begged, stole, drank, rode on car trucks and in empty freights. He was debauched at four or five, degraded and diseased at twelve. And yet, as he told the story, I could see that a spirit that may have been his mother's (whom he never saw or heard of)—a soul that must have been fine and strong originally—had lived through it all. The mission caught it first. He reformed. He learned to read, and also somehow—this he never could explain—somehow Bailey rose above the emotion to an understanding of religion and of his world. It is given to few really to understand Christianity; Bailey seemed to. His life—the worst of it, I mean—seems to have made possible such an utter comprehension as he had of the doctrine of humility, forgiveness, love, and service. Indeed, he said as much indirectly.

"Christ *must* have been divine," he rea-

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soned once, "because, being pure, he understood my kind of people. The only others that do—are my kind of people. And," looking up, he added rather naïvely, "I think we understand Him. Why, He said that unless ye do it unto the least of these ye do it not unto me."

Bailey's eyes widened as he spoke, as if to see a justice as big as that.

"So you, Bailey, are doing it unto the least of these. Why aren't you happy?"

"Oh, you don't understand," he said, shocked at my interpretation. "I am the least of these. That's why I can help them as no other can; but, you see, there is nobody can help me."

Seeing in my face the doubt and annoyance I felt, he repeated the singular remark he had made before. "That's true," he said.

Was it? I recalled his avoidance of my hand when we met; his humility that was almost shame; and, studying him there painfully before me, I was half convinced. I couldn't be wholly convinced because, you see, I realized that if a spirit that was as beautiful as his; that could do a service as loathsome, hopeless, loving, and patient as that which he did there in that jail, day in and day out; if such a soul could live and work in a low body that was still low, why, then—then there was hope for all and forever.

And it was true. Year by year I looked in upon Bailey's city; always inquiring about Bailey's jail. His work was growing, expanding, and the Director, wonderful man, was letting it grow. Till this year. When I called there in the spring, and asked about the jail, the Director said that the jail and its organization were doing very well. He went into detail. The schools had developed; the instruction was better, and, yes, the curriculum was determined strictly by the wishes of the prisoners, each prisoner. And the houses had increased in number; that was the time I learned that there were three.

"Bailey built well," the Director concluded. "It was something that wanted to be done, a good that existed, and he cultivated it so well that it could go on without him. Bailey made himself unnecessary."

"Bailey is gone, then," I inferred.

"Yes," the Director lied kindly, "he left us."

Yes, Bailey had been discharged. And for cause. I had to drag forth the good news. The Director didn't want to tell me the cause. He thought I had idealized Bailey, and he didn't care to destroy anybody's idols. Letting things grow, the Director was willing also to let them decay and die of themselves. But my interest, as you know, was other than he thought; it was in the news, not the man, so I challenged the Director.

"I think," I said, "that I would not have discharged that man for any cause."

"You would if you knew," he answered.

And remembering that the Director, knowing more evil, was more merciful than I, and wiser and more patient, I was convinced.

So it was true. It is true that there is hope for all and forever; it is true that the spirit of an angel can live in a body that is low; true that beautiful things, polluted but precious, lie buried in the muck at the bottom of the cities.

A SUNSET MOMENT

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I saw a cloud bloom in the west
The color of a robin's breast,
And poppies in a cheerful crowd,
That caught the color of the cloud;
The garden walls so white before
Flushed to the red the poppies wore;
And when a wine-winged butterfly—
Flake of the sunset—floated by,
Quite suddenly on every hand
There lay before me Fairyland.

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By J. STORER CLOUSTON

Illustrations by Alexander Popini

IN all the fair country of Sussex no spot breathed more of ancient order and green, opulent repose than Castra-Seaton. Scarcely a house in the village but had heard the news of Trafalgar; full half had welcomed Queen Anne; and a few could remember the royal progress of a Tudor sovereign. Some were still thatched, and the rest roofed with lichened, venerable tiles which in the course of generations had assumed the richest yellows that ever warmed an artist's heart. Trim hedges, high hollies, a village green in miniature, a shady road traversed by creaking wains, a signboard at the inn that for a full century and a half had proved its prowess in averting the contagion of teetotalism—what could the most expectant visitor from Minnesota demand that was not here? On three sides a host of little fields, each boxed within trim hedgerows and shaded by tall trees, sloped up with many charming undulations to meet the distant downs; here and there among them a pheasant-stocked plantation, and here and there a farm. But it was on the fourth side of Castra-Seaton that one saw feudal England most strikingly typified. The ancient, square-towered church, the venerable and many-gabled rectory, and the griffin-crowned lodge gates of Seaton Place stood clustered there: emblems of the human and sacerdotal authority to which the village touched its hat as reverently to-day as it had done in the Middle Ages.

On either side of this group stretched for a mile or two the oak park palings. They were not so high but that the curious might see the clusters of gigantic elms and beeches, and the gables and chimneys of the mansion rising amidst a mass of shrubbery; and at the sight indulge in pleasing speculation regarding the enviable lives passed by the great family within the pale. It was further gratifying to be informed that no less a magnate than a baronet dwelt here and that he answered to the impressive name of Sir William Seaton-Glastonbury. If the susceptible stranger had the good luck to meet the squire in person riding a tall horse or whizzing by in a canary-colored car, his satisfaction was complete; for no more typical personage ever owned a deer park. Six feet high, broad-shouldered and straight-backed, of a fine florid complexion, genial address, and dignified deportment, he had been labeled by nature "Good Old English Gentleman."

It was therefore with considerable surprise that one learned how recent had been the acquisition of Seaton Place by the Seaton-Glastonburys. Sir William (then untitled) had in fact bought the estate only some twenty years before, though, one was glad to learn, he claimed descent on the female side from the

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original family of Seaton whose ranks had been so lamentably thinned in the wars of the Roses. In addition to this historical link with his property, he was endowed with the precise gifts necessary for his position. He had contested a division of the county in the Conservative interest, procured (by this and other less public services to the state) the title of baronet; had evinced a lively and tolerably intelligent interest in agriculture, exhibited fat cattle, owned a race-horse or two, ridden to hounds with credit, preserved pheasants, and displayed marked High Church proclivities. It usually requires a full century or two before even the healthiest acorn may be pointed to as a fine English oak; but here in less than a generation was an entire stranger to Sussex grown into a venerated county magnate without cavil or hint of criticism. Let no one say that it is a hard thing to become a pillar of English society. It all depends upon how you set to work.

When he first came to Seaton Place, Mr. Seaton-Glastonbury's neighbors had inquired of one another who he was and what he had been. To neither question could they obtain the vestige of an answer, and so, being forced to judge of the man on his merits and finding that within six months he shared every prejudice that divided them from the multitude, they began instinctively to accept him as an equal. He became a baronet and performed the other feats that we have detailed; and behold! in twenty years Sir William was an institution. The English are probably the simplest race that cover their bodies with clothing. You have only to be what they take for granted, and they will confide to you their favorite dishes and discuss the batting averages.

Lady Seaton-Glastonbury had been kind, discreet, and conventional; an admirable county magnate's spouse. But she had been dead for some years now, and the only other member of the family was a young man who filled the rôle of heir-to-an-estate as perfectly as his father did that of squire. True, the demeanor of Arthur Seaton-Glastonbury lacked the friendliness and geniality of Sir William's, and was even a little disquieting to their simpler neighbors, and especially to any whose social status was at all insecure; but this was far more than compensated by his popularity among the greater personages. Besides, if a good-looking young guardsman, with a baronetcy and Seaton Place before him, cannot be exclusive, pray who can? So strongly did this opinion prevail that, on the whole, people were prouder of his acquaintance than of his father's. He set his price higher; and naturally got it.

II

Unhappily, even an institution is not exempt from the same fate that befalls his gatekeeper. From house to house through his village ran the doleful tidings that the London doctors had seen Sir William and departed again, and that they had given him only a day or two to live. Up till then the patient had refrained from sending for his son. Arthur was shooting with Lord Rute, and it would be a thousand pities to disturb him unnecessarily. But now the whole village knew that a telegram had been sent, and, indeed, exactly what it said. It further knew by conscientious observation that the yellow car had been thrice sent to meet the train at Lemmering and had thrice returned without Mr. Arthur and his valet.

Next morning about eleven the car again whizzed through and this time brought back the baronet so shortly to be. It hummed through the begriffined gates, up the long avenue of elms, past terrace and clipped hedge, and along that Tudor front of dark brick and tall mullions that made Seaton Place a worthy home even for Lieutenant Seaton-Glastonbury of the Guards. Before the door it paused at last, and the eyes of a dozen curious domestics beheld the young master alight, and admired his long gray frieze ulster and pale blue motor cap. Unquestionably he dressed as became his station.

He found Sir William surprisingly cheerful. After a little, when in his bluff, friendly way the baronet had somewhat calmed his son's concern, he said, though not with any accent of reproach:

"You couldn't get away last night, I suppose?"

"If I'd only known how bad you were—" began Arthur.

"Tut! Pooh!" said the sturdy baronet. "My dear fellow, don't mention it. Good shooting, had you?"

"First rate; seven hundred-odd pheasants yesterday."

"Capital! Rute keeping fit?"

"Never saw him better."

"And Lady Rute—and—er—Lady Margaret?"

He looked knowingly at his son.

"Yes, both of them in capital form."

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"Any news, Arthur, from that quarter?"

The guardsman smiled a trifle consciously.

"Not yet, father."

"Well, I hope you'll bring it off, my boy. A charming girl—Lady Margaret; and you know the Rutes are just the sort of family I'd like to see you marrying into."

Arthur coughed but said nothing. He quite agreed with both propositions. Lady Margaret was unquestionably attractive, and her ancestry so ancient, so proud, and so exclusive that to marry a daughter of that house would be to enter decisively the narrowest ring of feudal families. At the same time he did not like to see his father's satisfaction so candidly expressed. Such an alliance should be assumed as a matter of course among Seaton-Glastonburys.

There was a pause. Arthur stood before the fire stroking his mustache meditatively, while Sir William, a little exhausted, lay quite still, surveying his son. Could one wish, thought he, an heir who would better play the part of squire, who would more aptly typify everything a Seaton-Glastonbury should be? The fair, close curling hair; the small and neat mustache, indicating, yet not aggressively advertising, his martial profession; the air of well-bred, expressionless repose; the eyes with their stare for the wrong people and their smile for the right; the fastidious mind, not too clever and yet not too stupid; the precisely right ballast of prejudices—what baronet could ask more of his son? And yet Sir William, despite his satisfaction, felt a little ill at ease. He had something to say that would unquestionably ruffle and might offend this paragon; and yet it must be said.

"Arthur," he began, "I've got to say just a word or two on business matters."

Arthur shifted his feet uneasily.

"Don't if it tires you, father."

"It's merely for a moment. I've been spending a lot of money of late years, my boy, and—well, you know that though we own a good few acres, we don't get very much of our income out of *them*."

He paused, and father and son looked for an instant into each other's eyes. Arthur's were quickly averted.

"Well?" said he.

"Of course," resumed Sir William, "I myself haven't been able to do more than keep a quiet eye on the business since I came to Seaton. Nobody knows I even do that, I imagine, eh?"

"I trust not," murmured Arthur.

"No, no; of course they don't. The change of name and so on—naturally they'd never suspect that a run up to town now and then had anything to do with business. But, my boy, most of our money comes from there and, between ourselves, the pill——"

Arthur started, and an unstudied expression of his displeasure escaped him.

"The business," corrected his father, "the business hasn't been doing so well of late years. Our great sale, you know, was in America, and without my supervision, I'm sorry to say, it has fallen off. What with my new interests and so on I haven't cared to go back to the States myself."

"I should hope not!" muttered Arthur.

"At the same time, Arthur, you'll need the money. The Rutes haven't much to spare, I know—supposing that comes off. Now, I don't for a moment ask you to trouble yourself with looking after the business. In fact, you couldn't do it even if you wanted to."

"I don't want to," said Arthur.

"No, no, my boy. I know quite well—a guardsman and so on—wouldn't do at all. But I've had to make certain arrangements under my will by which you may feel yourself a little—er—a little tied."

He looked anxiously at his son; and the guardsman seemed a trifle disturbed.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh, my dear boy, don't be afraid. Everything goes to you—except a certain percentage for your manager. But that is inevitable. The business has to be worked up, you see."

"I wish the business would go to the devil!"

For a moment a look of the shrewd man of affairs transformed the invalid.

"That's exactly what it mustn't do. Good Heavens! do you think that after all my trouble—all my care—all I've done to make my family what it is—I am going to let you ruin yourself? If that—that—*you* know—ceases to sell, do you know what will become of your position—your—your everything? I do, and I'm not going to let you chuck it all away! I'm not going to, Arthur."

He stopped, exhausted, and his son looked at him uncomfortably.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing—leave business to t'other fellow."

Arthur's face cleared.

"I'll be only too glad to do that, father."

"That's all right then—that's all I wanted

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to say, Arthur—to show you it's all in your own interests."

He fell silent, unable to say more; while the guardsman stared at the fire.

III

Sir William Seaton-Glastonbury had joined his predecessors in title and Sir Arthur reigned in his stead. Yet as the new baronet sat in his library on the day following the funeral, he appeared to take little pride in his position. That he should feel sorrow was natural, but sorrow scarcely accounted for his aspect of irritable gloom. Confronting him sat Mr. Venables, the family solicitor and at that moment the one human being in Sussex who knew the history of the Glastonbury fortune. He was the most discreet, kindly, and trustworthy of advisers; but the mere fact that his discretion was so essential destroyed the comfort of Sir Arthur.

"It's the most sickening arrangement I ever heard of," said he; "my money is practically under the control of this Mr.—what's his name?"

"Stores—an exceedingly acute person, I may remind you. That is to say, Sir William had a high opinion of his capacity."

"Capacity for trade!" scoffed the baronet. "But that doesn't imply that he is capable of looking after my concerns."

"Pardon me, Sir Arthur," expostulated Mr. Venables mildly; "Mr. Stores is simply placed in control of the business, and the profits, less his percentage, are to be paid over to you."

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"But I want to sell out of it."

Mr. Venables shook his head.

"At one time that might have been done advantageously. But Sir William—unfortunately—put it off too long. The sale of the commodity in question has fallen off so considerably that your financial position would be permanently altered for the worse—very much for the worse, I assure you—if you were to sell out now. Sir William was undoubtedly right in deciding to revive the sale."

"He might have given me the choice."

"His concern for his descendants' prosperity was too great."

"Then I have no control at all? Mr.—what's his name?—may do any mortal thing he chooses?"

"Undoubtedly. But, getting a percentage instead of a salary, he is bound to do his best for the interests of both."

Sir Arthur mused gloomily.

"What sort of a person is this Storey—or whatever he's called?"

"Mr. Stores is a young man and an American. I know no more about him than you do, Sir Arthur."

"Where did my father pick him up?"

"In the course of a business visit paid by Sir William to London, I understand. Mr. Stores had come over in connection with some similar enterprise, and your father was so much impressed with his energy and capacity that he there and then made overtures. Mr. Stores returned to the States to investigate the condition of the American side of your business, and the arrangement was finally settled by correspondence when your father's health first began to cause him serious anxiety."

"Why need the fellow come over to see me?" asked Sir Arthur. "I don't want to have anything to do with him."

"In a sense you are partners. I must confess I think he is right, Sir Arthur."

"Well," said the head of the Seaton-Glastonburys, rising to indicate that he was weary of sordid matters, "I can assure you that our interview will be devilish short, and probably there won't be a second. Much obliged to you, Mr. Venables. I'd ask you to stop for dinner, only I dare say, as you haven't brought any clothes or anything, you'd rather get back to town."

As may readily be supposed, the baronet was far too fine a creature to relish the prospect of dining with a solicitor; and having thus tactfully and ingeniously escaped this danger, his spirits rose a little. Before the daylight faded he took a stroll about the park and gardens. In the utter stillness of a frosty winter afternoon the house seemed to him more stately than ever, the beeches even taller, the clipped hedges more suggestive of ancient dignity. Everything conspired to restore his self-respect. The very peacocks reminded him how greatly he overtopped most other mortals, and upon how sure a foundation he was elevated.

When he returned to the house he was able to sit down to the perusal of an illustrated magazine with a mind comparatively serene. He glanced it through till he came to the last page. Confronting this was an advertisement printed in so bold a type that his eyes were riveted as by some ghastly spectacle in the streets that forces one to stare at its horrors.

"Peepshine's Pills. Balm for the Bilious—" this legend began, and the baronet never read farther than that. The magazine skimmed fireward and Sir Arthur sank tragically into the depths of his chair.

"This must be stopped!" he muttered.

IV

"Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne Stores," announced the footman.

Sir Arthur Seaton-Glastonbury rose and endeavored to greet his business manager with such a cool inclination of the head as should indicate once and for all the relationship on which they stood.

"Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Sir Arthur," said Mr. Stores, holding out so insistent a hand that the baronet was forced to extend his own.

"Very pleased indeed. Very delighted, I assure you," repeated Mr. Stores, his powerful forearm moving like a piston till Sir Arthur's fingers lost all sensation.

"Won't you sit down?" said the baronet coldly.

His visitor gazed at the carved oak settee that stood beside the wide chimney-place.

"Why, what an elegant settee!" he exclaimed. "Guess I'll try that."

Planting himself very firmly upon it, he looked intently upon his host from beneath an overhanging, frowning brow, while the baronet after a more European fashion returned the stare. In this survey of Mr. Nathaniel Stores he was chiefly conscious of a clean-shaven face that seemed almost square

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in shape, intensely brilliant eyes, a mass of brown hair brushed straight back without indication of any parting, and the soles of a long and very pointed pair of boots.

"Well, now," began Mr. Stores, "I guess we'd better come right straight to business. You and me, Sir Arthur, have got as tidy a little property as comes most folks' way. Likely you know that as well as I, though."

The guardsman looked at him without expression.

"I know nothing whatever about it, I assure you."

"What!" cried Mr. Stores, "you mean to say you know absolutely nothing about Peepshine's Pills? Your pa let you grow up in utter ignorance of what those pills can do, if properly organized? I'm not speaking so much of their power to prostrate a cart-horse or soothe an infant according to the number taken—though they're wonders, I tell you! I'm speaking rather of what they're capable of putting into your pocket and mine, sir. I assure *you* that Peepshine's Pills are better value than being mayor of Denver. Yes, sir!"

Sir Arthur roused himself.

"Kindly understand, Mr. Stores, once and for all, that I take no interest whatsoever in Peep—er—whatever their name is—Pills. In fact I scarcely see why it's necessary that you should have come to see me. I know nothing about business—and don't want to know anything."

His visitor gazed at him for a moment in silence. In his own idiom he would have described himself as engaged in the process of "sizing up" the baronet.

"Um, I see," he remarked at length; "you want to bank the money as fast as I make it; and how I make it don't matter to you. Well, there's some sense in that. I guess if I could kick up my heels and drink champagne all day like you can, I shouldn't trouble much about how the dollars were manufactured."

This sketch of a territorial magnate's pursuits appeared to afford Sir Arthur no greater pleasure than the discussion of business.

"Then, Mr. Stores, we need continue the discussion no longer, I imagine."

Nathaniel Stores looked at him shrewdly.

"There's more to it than that," said he. "These pills, sir, have been falling off. They ain't taking their proper place among pills. Now when a pill is growing weak, there's just one way to make him healthy again. He must be boomed."

Sir Arthur started with more agitation than he had yet shown.

"I must strongly protest against that! If you can sell these—er——"

"Pills," said Mr. Stores.

"If you can sell them quietly, well and good. But I won't have them advertised; you must clearly understand that."

"Sell pills quietly!" shouted Mr. Stores. "*They* may do their work quietly—that's one of the things we claim for them; but *we've* got to make the name of Peepshine's Pills as familiar to every inhabitant of England and America as the Bible ought to be! Do you suppose I got quit of the contract I was under, to go fooling round with silent pills? No, sir! I've a gramophone working already in Trafalgar Square, London, West Central; and what it shouts is: 'Peepshine's Pills, Balm for the Bilious. Take two to try!' It'll keep it up as long as the police will let it. For sky signs, too, something short and snappy like that will do bully; but to wrap round the boxes and for the one-cent papers we need some more facts."

Too confounded with the horror of these revelations to speak, the guardsman watched his enterprising partner draw from his breast pocket a bundle of papers.

"See here now," continued Mr. Stores. "I've just noted down a few headlines as a start. What do you think of these: 'Seaton-Glastonbury, late Peepshine, dies: but his recipe for pills is immortal.' 'Peepshine's Marvels would move mountains. Worth a baronetcy a box.' Pretty spicy, eh?"

"Good Heavens!" murmured Sir Arthur. "I wish I were dead!"

Seizing his pencil, Nathaniel Stores scribbled a line and then triumphantly read it out:

"'Sir Arthur Peepshine wishes he were dead. But one pill does the trick. He is back to cocktails now.' How's that?"

The unfortunate baronet could only gasp:

"My name is not Peepshine!"

Mr. Stores sucked the point of his pencil, and chose a fresh sheet of paper.

"That's one of the things I wanted to ask you about. My public likes to know their benefactors, so I propose to give them a brief resoomy of the family history. 'If you open the box you will find two dozen pills and the Weird Narrative of the Peepshine Baronetcy.' That's the idea; see? Now here's the headlines so far as I've got: 'Old Peepshine turns Gentleman—Pills purchase Baronial Hall—Where's Peepshine now? Try Seaton-Glas-

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tonbury—Peep Buys Baronetcy—Pill-maker entertains Peerage—Little Arthur enlists in Life Guards—Peep pops off.' That brings me as far as you, and what I want to put in about you is something that'll touch the hearts of bilious females. You ain't likely to visit the States much, I guess?"

"Good Heavens, no!"

"In that case there won't be much risk of them finding out that this isn't really you."

He handed Sir Arthur the photograph of a young man with a straw hat on the back of his head, a quantity of long and carefully curled hair, and a tight-fitting bicycle suit.

"Me!" shouted the guardsman.

"Bully, isn't it?" said Mr. Stores complacently. "Looks sort of like as though you were going into a decline. And the knickerbocker suit ought to fetch, too. I hired it special just for the occasion. 'The Growing Girl's Benefactor,' I'm going to call you; or do you think 'Baronet Bill's Kiddy' would be snappier?"

Sir Arthur's brain reeled.

"Look here!" he began, but the enthusiasm of his business manager allowed him no time to finish his protest.

"Holy Sam!" he exclaimed, "this is going to be the biggest boom I ever heard tell of! Somehow seeing you face to face makes me that full of ideas I can scarcely put 'em down quick enough."

At lightning speed he scribbled a few

"MR. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE STORES," ANNOUNCED THE FOOTMAN.

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more notes and then in a frenzied voice cried out:

"That darned poster's coming like melted molasses! I didn't see my way clear till now, but I've gotten the inspiration just looking at you. Listen:

"'Haughty Heir to House of Peepshine Invents Ingredient! Pill perfected at last! Burn your old boxes! Sir Arthur has solved problem of how to Soothe Sucking Infant and at same time instantly relieve Dyspeptic Prize-Fighter. The Nobility crowd his salons, but Arthur Peepshine sits secreted in laboratory succoring Humanity! Photograph of this Philanthropist accompanies consignments above value of One Dollar.'

"There! In six months' time, sir, we'll be opening a store at Timbuctoo. I reckon you'll bless the day you and me met, Sir Art! Well, so long. Money ain't made by wasting time. Guess you won't mind my borrowing your automobile as far as the railroad depot."

Mr. Nathaniel Stores was gone, and a pale life guardsman lay huddled in a chair behind him.

V

For the six longest, most melancholy weeks that ever had dragged by, Sir Arthur Seaton-Glastonbury remained pent within the circuit of his park palings, the saddest baronet mentioned in Burke. He dared not venture even into the village, since within three days of Mr. Stores's departure he had espied across a hedge the first fruits of the Peepshine campaign. Against the very walls of that feudal hostelry, the Seaton Arms, it was pasted—"Haughty Heir of House of Peepshine Invents Ingredient. Pill perfected at last!" He could not look his own servants in the face; he wrote no line to friend nor acquaintance; he might have been dead or in Peru, for all the world without could tell. And yet the longer he hid there the more afraid he grew of flight. That would entail hotels, railway stations, a thousand chances of meeting an acquaintance or a poster; possibly both simultaneously.

In the very depth of despair, this erstwhile favorite of tradesmen and mothers paced the most secluded walk in his garden and smoked innumerable cigarettes. He heard a step and started, and then, trembling, beheld a servant coming to him with a silver salver. He took up the card that lay upon it and scarcely could believe his eyes.

"Lady Calmicoe!" said he. "Is she in the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell her—tell her——"

He hesitated; but the longing for company of any kind was too strong even for his outraged modesty.

"All right, I'll come in," he said, and slowly strolled toward the house.

Lady Calmicoe he knew well; but of all people she was the last he expected to take notice of him now. One of the smartest, the most popular, the best-born hostesses in town, he had thought of her more than once as probably leading the chorus of derisive laughter that in fancy he heard ringing all through England. Could she have come to let him hear her laugh?

But there was nothing but the most engaging friendliness in Lady Calmicoe's greeting as with a gentle pressure of the hand and the kindest smile, she cried:

"Oh, my dear Sir Arthur, how disgracefully pale you are! You have made yourself positively ill with this ridiculous seclusion. You need a——"

He started and turned paler yet, and she, divining the word he feared, was overmastered by a gust of laughter.

"Not a pill!" she exclaimed, and then, seeing the acuteness of his pain, laid her hand gently upon his arm, and still laughing, said:

"Come, my friend, forgive me; and don't look so sad! I know exactly how you feel, and that's why I've come to see you."

Sir Arthur was still ruffled.

"What do you want with me?"

"I want to tell you what a foolish man you are. Good Heavens! Don't you know that you are the envy of all England?"

"The envy!"

"You will be a millionaire in six months! One can't enter a chemist's shop in town to ask for sticking-plaster but the man says, 'Have you tried Peepshine's Pills, ma'am?' They are going to be the most gigantic success ever heard of!"

"Don't!" cried he.

"Indeed I shall! I won't leave this house till I have opened your poor eyes. Come, sit here and be reasonable."

She made room for him beside her on the sofa.

"Now, my dear good baronet," she began, "I have seen your nice little village that looks like a scene set for the last act of 'The Cavalier's Return'; and all its nice clean

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"ME!" SHOUTED THE GUARDSMAN

women who bob courtesies, and the nice horny-handed men who touch their forelocks; and I've driven through your ancestral-looking gates with the funny stone—what-do-they-call-'ems?—sitting on top, and I noticed the deer and the pheasants, and admired the ingenious way in which you'd cut your own arms on the old sundial and then smeared them with something to make them look ancient. Now, don't look indignant! I know that's what you did. Well, it was all wonderfully well done. You made yourselves into what the novelists call a county family so completely that I've more than once heard you quoted as specimens of the fast-dying race of fine old English squires. *Now* of course——"

She shrugged her shoulders, and he exclaimed bitterly:

"Now everybody despises us!"

"Oh, you extraordinary man! Of course you can't play at Norman Baron any longer; but whoever would want to when he has a pill worth fifty thousand pounds a year? Except as a curiosity, the feudal squire is of no earthly use any longer. For one thing, he is

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so easily imitated. You want only a few prejudices, and clothes that look as though you rode in them; and there you are! But a millionaire is *somebody*. The advertisements say your pills are worth a baronetcy a box. My dear Sir Arthur, they are worth infinitely more than that! You won't be content to be a baronet much longer. The whole world is before you; you can choose a hundred more amusing things. I only wish my poor Calmicoe had half your chances!"

She stopped and looked at him, and already she saw that his manner had begun to alter.

"Do you really think I can—live it down?" he asked, with a new hopefulness.

"Live it down! The thing is to live up to it! Now, I'll tell you what you'll do to begin with. You will leave this musty old house on Thursday, and pay me a little visit in Curzon Street. We are up in town for a month. Will you?"

"Thank you," he said, still hesitating a little; "if you really——"

"Of course I do!"

She took his hand in hers and held it kindly for a moment.

"You'd sooner come to me than the Rutes, wouldn't you?"

He shivered.

"The Rutes—good heavens, a pill-maker at Rute Castle!"

Lady Calmicoe smiled benignly.

"Well, candidly I must say I think you are well out of their clutches. That Margaret Rute was quite capable of making you dress in chain armor if she'd caught you. Then you'll come to Curzon Street on Thursday?"

"You're awfully kind," said the young man gratefully.

"Wait till you've endured us for a week!" she laughed. "I'm afraid you will find us a very quiet household at present. Only Muriel will be at home."

"Muriel?"

"My little girl; of course you haven't seen her yet. She doesn't come out till next season. When she does, flatterers tell me she'll be rather a success. However, for all practical purposes you will have the house to yourself, to do just exactly and precisely as you please."

She rose and again pressed his hand.

"By the way," she asked as she left, "there is a telegraph-office in the village, isn't there?"

Sir Arthur was alone again, but no longer did he mope despondently. Hopefully and rapturously he cried to himself:

"There's a true friend! She isn't even afraid of letting her own child get contaminated by me!"

That very afternoon Madame de Menier, instructress and temporary mother of five gently born English maidens within the city of Paris, was perturbed by an exceedingly urgent summons.

"Send Muriel home instantly," the telegram ran; "must be here Thursday morning at latest."

"*Mon Dieu!*" thought Madame. "Lady Calmicoe is surely either ill or mad!"

But Lady Calmicoe was never better and never more sensible.

VI

Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne Stores, arrayed in a lavender tie and a pair of cream-colored trousers, with a white orchid at the lapel of his frock coat and a bag of rice in the pocket, elbowed his way through the crowd in Lady Calmicoe's drawing-room, till he in turn was able to offer his felicitations to Sir Arthur and Lady Seaton-Glastonbury.

"Well, Sir Art," cried he, wringing the bridegroom's hand, "guess I didn't go so much outside the eternal truth after all when I called that pill 'Humanity's Elevator' and you 'The Growing Girl's Benefactor'! Eh, Lady Peep—I mean Lady Muriel?"

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THE WOMAN'S INVASION

By WILLIAM HARD; RHETA CHILDE DORR, Collaborator

III

Photographs by Emmett V. O'Neill

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A social distinction is a fact, just as the law of gravitation is a fact. It is this that drives "Maggie" from the factory, at a sacrifice of three, four, even five dollars a week, to become "Miss" at the department store. And it is this that makes her the unhappy determining factor in a body-and-mind-destroying struggle that conduces to overwork and underpay. Such is the situation developed in this, the third of our Woman's series. Affecting, as it does, five millions of prospective American mothers, to say nothing of millions upon millions of future American children, it becomes a problem of far greater importance than tariffs, banking laws, or public service commissions. If we could find a way to reason, or coax, or even to coerce every member of our public into reading one of these articles, we could feel sure that they would be as deeply impressed as we are by the subject-matter and treatment. We have offered no more worthy or significant documents.

THROUGH the orchestral roar that is Chicago, through the bellow of brasses that is The Loop, the thin, piping scream of ribboned, feathered, parti-colored State Street (like the call of the Pied Piper of Hamelin whom the children followed, as he piped, from their homes to Transylvania) emerges, penetrating, dominating, till——

From every corner of the city come women; not women of one approximate type like the women of the factory; but daughters of carpenters and daughters of bank clerks, daughters of section hands and daughters of lawyers; from tenements where ducks swim in swill ponds in the back yard, from apartment buildings where the elevator runs till midnight; women who went through college, women who stopped short at the fifth grade; women with care-stenciled foreheads, racing from the task of getting breakfast for their children to the task of earning more breakfasts; women with lineless foreheads surmounted with a score of Directoire puffs, jaunting along, flaunting along, to the task of earning more puffs; Madonna women, Medici women; jostling one another down the Plate-Glass-Window Way, loitering to catch one more glimpse of the London-smoke, pearl-looped sheath-gown in the corner exhibit, scurrying to intercept the "late-punch" on their entrance-cards, till——

By half past eight every morning, in the salesrooms and offices lining State Street from Randolph to Congress, along a stretch of just seven blocks of high-pitched, high-tinted city life, 25,000 women are at work.

Twenty thousand of them work in department stores. They are the observed of all social observers and the despair of all social despairers. Many of them are worse off, financially, than they would be if they worked in kitchens. Hence despair, mingled with angry remonstrances, on the part of certain ladies, obliged to do their own housework. Many of them are worse off, financially, than they would be if they worked in factories. Hence, again, despair, mingled with imprecations, on the part of certain

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IN A STORE YOU CAN BE A MODEL, BUT NO ONE NEEDS A MODEL IN A HORSENAIL FACTORY.

manufacturers, obliged to placard the town for competent help. But no matter how badly off they may be, they cannot be induced to take any interest whatsoever in trade-union organization. Hence final, cumulative despair on the part of the Women's Trade Union League.

At about half past six in the morning State Street, still half asleep, begins to stir uneasily with dreams of the day's work. An occasional scrub-woman, gray as a phantom, slips into a café to freshen the staleness of the night's trade with a cold-wet, invigorating broom-and-mop.

Pretty soon the girls who have worked all night in the down-town telephone exchanges and the girls who have worked all night in the restaurants on Fifth Avenue and Congress Street come turning into State Street to catch the outbound cars.

THE CLUB PIANO HELPS, TOO.

These servitors of the Night Shift, enduring the system of wakeful darkness and daylight semi-sleep which impoverishes the nerve-fiber of even the strongest masculine constitution, encounter, on the corner of State Street, the first groups of women alighting from inbound cars for daylight toil.

The women of these first groups are not of the true composite State Street type but, by contrast, they will give part of the reason why the State Street type thrives and increases. These are factory women, these women that get down town by seven o'clock. The store-and-office women will not be here for an hour yet. And when the store-and-office women have gone home, many of these factory women will still be feeding their machines.

Take the gloomiest possible view of the department store. Let it have slain its thousands. The factory has slain its tens of thousands.

You have bought a handkerchief from a salesgirl. You have seen what her work is. It's harder work than you would care to do—getting handkerchiefs out of boxes for querulous, exacting customers, putting handkerchiefs back into boxes for querulous, exacting stock-inspectors, writing prices and addresses on slips of paper, taking parcels to the cage of the wrapper-girl, pacifying purchasers waiting for their change, attracting new purchasers coming down the aisle, discriminating (on behalf of the firm's time) between "buyers" and "shoppers," drawing the "buyers" on, edging the "shoppers" off, rearranging the counter—from eight or half past eight in the morning to half past five in the afternoon.

You think it's hard enough work. But now you have a chance to learn, by comparison, what factory work is like:

Imagine that your girl behind the counter, instead of being a department-store saleswoman, is a factory operative. Imagine that instead of selling handkerchiefs to customers she is feeding handkerchiefs to a machine. Imagine that on her counter there is a certain spot marked with a blue cross. Imagine that there is a certain other spot marked with a red cross. Imagine that just beyond the red cross there is a little machine with a claw that stretches out to clutch whatever is fed to it.

The girl is now ready to start.

She takes a hand-

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kerchief, places it on the blue cross, pushes it over to the red cross, and the claw of the machine snatches it away. She takes a second handkerchief, places it on the blue cross, pushes it over to the red cross, and the claw of the machine snatches it away. She takes a third handkerchief, and pushes it from the blue cross to the red cross, and the machine snatches it away. She takes a fourth handkerchief and pushes it to the machine. She takes a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, an eighth, two a second, 120 a minute, 7,200 an hour, all the morning hours, all the afternoon hours of every week, all the working weeks of every year.

And she does nothing else.

Have you a visualized notion now of the mind-stupefying, soul-ha rdening, unmeaning, aimless, endless monotony of the lives of hundreds of thousands of American factory women?

Your salesgirl has ceased to be a thought. She has become an iteration. A blue cross, a red cross, a handkerchief! That's her life. Pushing a handkerchief! Pushing a handkerchief! (How materialistic the lower classes are becoming!) Pushing a handkerchief! Pushing a handkerchief! (They don't believe in God any longer and they won't go to church!) Pushing a handkerchief! Pushing a handkerchief! (They see nothing spiritual in life!) Pushing a handkerchief! Pushing a handkerchief! Nothing else! Pushing a handkerchief! Forever!

Yes, forever! Try it once. You may not find God, but you *will* apprehend Eternity, in a day.

The wide prevalence of this kind of sub-human toil in factories is one of the two great reasons why department-store managers can often pay sub-human wages.

Every year, in increasing numbers, women are flying from the monotony and high tension of factory work to the more varied and lower-geared work which the store offers them. A store can get for six dollars the kind of girl who will earn ten dollars in a shoe factory. And the glove-factory girl who is worn out will surrender her eight and a half dollars a week and go to work as a beginner in a store for five dollars. She pays three and a half dollars a week, at the start, for the difference between factory conditions and store conditions, and it is overwhelmingly probable that her term of enlistment in industry will be concluded before

SELLING PERFUMES SUITS SOME GIRLS BETTER THAN CUTTING CHUNKS OF PORK.

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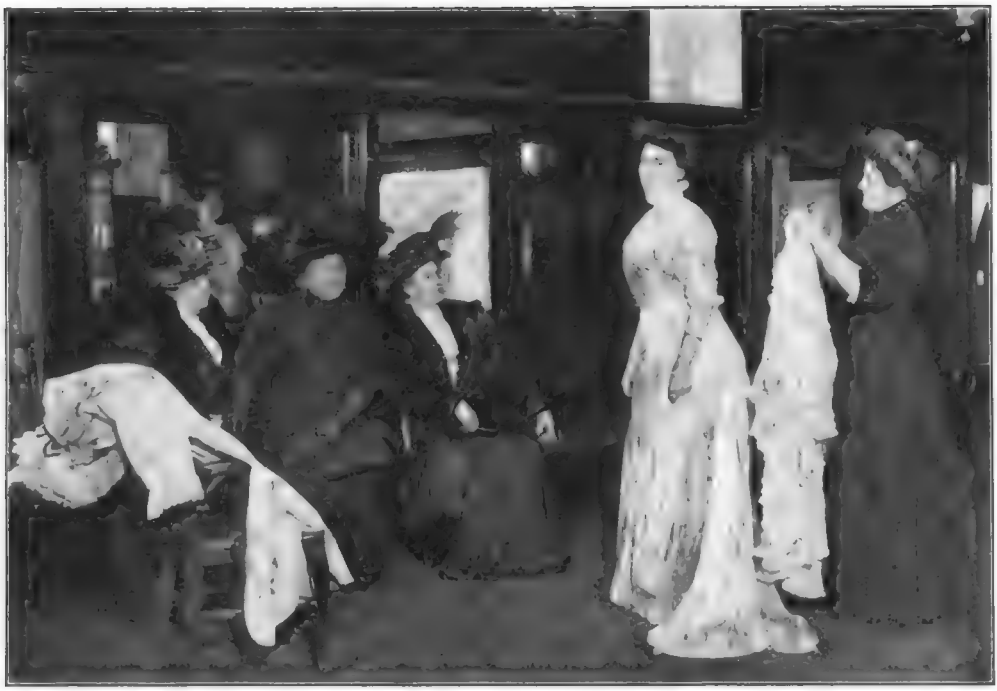

YOU CAN FIT GOOD-LOOKING WOMEN WITH GOOD-LOOKING CLOTHES.

she can climb back to the eight-and-a-half level in her new occupation.

Between sub-human toil in a factory and sub-human wages in a store, the choice is difficult, but year by year, especially among girls of the most highly developed temperaments, it inclines toward the store.

One method, therefore, of improving store wages is to improve factory toil.

When, by legislation, the states of this Union have humanized their factories; when manufacturers cannot make their women employees work more than eight hours a day; when they are obliged to grant them occasional changes of mental interest and occasional intervals of physical rest; when medical research, enacted into law, has regulated the speed to which women may be urged by the gearing-up of machinery; when similar regulations govern the speed to which they may be urged by the unnecessarily ferocious application of that necessary modern thumbscrew, the piece-work system; when the working conditions of American factory women, growing better and better, become increasingly tolerable to women of feminine sensibilities, we shall see the department-store managers of America bidding higher and higher in the labor-market for the intelligent, adaptable kind of labor they need and must have.

On State Street, by half past seven in the morning, the factory woman is gone. Her rough working skirt, her frayed working waist, her battered working hat (nobody will see them except the foreman, so why should she worry about them?) have disappeared. And the listless working tread and the lusterless working eye, slackened and dulled by unregarded exhaustion, give way to the quicker tread and the brighter eye, in the changing crowd, as the fingers of the clock move toward the hour of eight.

The type which now succeeds, thronging the sidewalks from building line to curb, might have come from a different country. Trim-rigged skirt; close-hauled waist; fresh, feather-circled, fluttering hat; a racing-yacht effect of style; a wandering, wary, weather-watching eye; a walk like a quick, rudder-thrown turn—mast bending, sail flapping—into the face of the wind.

It is a unique type. It merges the straightforward frankness of the frontier into the intricate vivacity of the boulevard. It is the State Street shopgirl, at the height of her characteristic development, abandonedly so-

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phisticated, impregnably wholesome, a Prairie Parisienne.

Forget now for a moment the difference in *dress* between the women who were passing before you at seven o'clock and the women you at present see. Note only, but note most particularly and carefully, one little detail of manner. Just one little detail. Note the difference in *walk*.

The languor of the women of seven o'clock! The verve of the women of eight o'clock! Feel, just once, in your heart, the thrust of that contrast. You will never need another argument to show you how much even a slight improvement in hours and tasks can accomplish toward the conservation of that most important of all American natural resources, the life-giving vigor of American woman citizens.

But the difference in dress must be noted, too. It will lead, indirectly, to the second great reason why department store managers have a great advantage over factory managers (and, if over them, why, of course, still more over private kitchen managers) in the competitive labor-market.

YOU CAN ALSO LEARN SOME THINGS ABOUT HATS.

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IN THE CAFETIRIA, WHERE YOU COLLECT YOUR OWN LUNCH ON A PLATE—

One of Balzac's female characters "lacked the two things necessary to make her a woman, clothes and admiration."

Here is a little girl walking along State Street. She is tired of being a "petticoat butcher." Cutting chunks of pork into fat and lean in a room where the temperature is ingeniously and scientifically retained at exactly thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, where the walls sweat cold like a fever patient in a chill, where the girls wear wraps and the wraps are soggy, where the chairs have stilts to keep out of the wet, and where, worst of all, nobody ever comes and nothing ever happens:—this has palled on her.

State Street pleases her better.

"Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear at least!
There the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast!
While up at a villa [for "villa" read "pork-cutting room"] one lives no more than a beast!"

The little "petticoat butcher" is going to live, really. And she is going to wear real clothes. One can see that already. Though she is still in short skirts, she has shoes with real grown-up heels, and though she wears a boy's cap she has a Directoire fillet underneath it.

She has never before seen State Street stretching itself awake. Have you? Have you ever seen the big drays from the wholesale district begin to cross the street and begin to help the street cars make the policemen at the crossings wave their hands and blow their whistles, like nervous mechanical toys? Don't you like the brown helmets and white gloves? But don't you instantly transfer your affections to the mounted policemen, just as soon as they come on duty, trampling through the crowd, with their brown gauntlets and white caps? But don't you turn from even the mounted policemen when a young man who has two-faced Canton flannel slippers over his shoes begins to sidle through the window-spaces, pulling up curtains, which, as they rise, disclose strips and squares and circles of embroidery each worth an hour's study if it weren't time to hurry along and attend to business?

Business calls the little deserter from the pork-cutting room to a certain large balcony which overlooks the vast brilliant first floor of a big department store and which connects, through a side door, with the employment office where, if you want to work for the store, you go in and see the employment manager.

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—AND JUGGLE IT CAREFULLY THROUGH A FLOCK OF HATS OVER TO A TABLE.

How many girls there are in that balcony! And how many different kinds! And the arrangements, how grand! Thick carpets and rocking-chairs! And in the corner, a dressing-room, with combs and brushes and mirrors, and so much white enamel, and so much porcelain, and so many electric curlers and nickel-plated racks, and tiny towels to be used only once!

It makes one sick to think of a piece of pork.

How studious most of the girls in the rocking-chairs are! They read the newspapers all the time, the fine-type parts, too!

Coming out of the employment office, "Nothing to it!" shouts a happy girl. "Ask for what you want! Six dollars for mine!"

Next comes out a girl in a blue suit and a veil, who holds herself very erect, stands very still a moment, bites her lip, and bolts down the stairs.

How many characters! But none so strange as the girl in the next chair! She returns from the employment office, cuts an advertisement out of the fine-type part of the paper, and goes out of the store with it. Pretty soon she returns, dejected, reads the paper again, cuts out another advertisement, goes out, returns pale and anxious, starts at her appearance in the mirror, straightens her hair and freshens her eyes in the dressing room, cuts out another advertisement, clutches with her fingers at nothing, goes out again, returns once more, climbing the stairs slowly, drops into a chair, looks at one particular jet in the automatic sprinkling system on the ceiling above her for fully five minutes, bends her head, and cries.

It's just like moving pictures.

And there are pictures of the same kind in all the waiting-rooms just off the employment offices of all the stores along the street. And sometimes you have to see all of them before an employment manager, badly in need of help, looks disparagingly at you and pessimistically remarks: "Well, perhaps you might make a wrapper." Then what a quick-moving life begins!

Four dollars a week! After a year, five! Then a promotion to saleswoman! Six dollars and a half now! Some of the girls in the stockyards, not any older, are earning seven and eight, but all those jobs are filled by this time, and, besides——

What tiers of glass levels in the perfumery section! What rows of bottles! What odors of violets and orris! And what clothes in the aisles every day! What dressing! And what talking!

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LIVING DORMITORY-STYLE IN A GIRLS' CLUB HOUSE.

Chopping pork, one is "Maggie" to a sloppy foreman in overalls. Selling bottles, one is "Miss Sanborn" to a polite usher in a sack coat. Enforced politeness to customers floods over into involuntary politeness to fellow employees. And *what* politeness to customers! A lady is not "Lady." She is "Madam." A flat is no longer a flat. It is an "apartment." Customers are annoyed by the abrupt query, "Something cheaper?" They are soothed by the statement that the stock contains "something less expensive."

Brothers at home may laugh all they please at this. They think the yards are better because there is no carfare to pay, there are no lunches to buy, and no good clothes to be worn every day, all to be met out of a smaller pay-check. But brothers become machinists and linemen and don't care what they wear or how dirty they get, and if anybody should call them "Mr. Sanborn" they would say, "What's eating you?" They're going to earn money to buy a cottage at Berwyn. Now what girl is going to buy a cottage at Berwyn?

And as for lunches, of course they cost money, but then!

You can meet so many girls in the cafetiria across the street, and you can gather all the latest hints about the latest fashions if you know the right girls, and all the best bargains in the street can be held out for you if you'll hurry round by noon to-morrow.

And you can hear so much talk! And you can get in some wise remarks of your own with a wise audience to hear them. And the conversation clatters out in snatches between the clatterings of the plates:

"What's the matter with you?" "Good Heavens, Christmas overtime already?" "Can't eat a thing?" "What's a ginger punch?" "How can you do a day's work on ginger juice and hot water?" "Well, it stays down. It does *some* good. Work till twelve at night, an hour on the car, in bed at half past one, up at half past six, how can anybody digest anything?" "Good God, two weeks of it! The rest of the year's all right, but those two weeks!" "No use coming to the cafetiria while it lasts! Take good advice! Cut out the lunch rooms and go to the drug stores till it's over!" "Some department stores get along without overtime. Why can't they all?" "I'll tell you one thing A firm that makes girls sleep five hours a night and work all the rest of the time for two weeks ought to be fined a million dol-

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lars." "No, you're wrong. The head of the firm ought to be sent out to the Bridewell and work in the quarry all day and have the guard wake him up in his cell every thirty minutes all night for a year." "These big clubs ought to expel brutes like that." "There ought to be a law." "When you get tired of ginger, try two limes, without any sugar, in fizz."

"Isn't there time to see a dime show before going back to work?" "Wouldn't Margaret go if she was asked?" "Why does she always sit by herself?"

"No, no use asking her. She wouldn't go to a dime theatre. She's too swell. She wouldn't be *here* in this place for lunch, unless she was broke. You bet she gets it. Yes! Fifteen dollars a week, I said! No, lots of girls earn that in cloak departments. Listen! She's as good as you are or anybody. If she wasn't she wouldn't be here when she's broke. She pays for her clothes. Well, she knows how to buy. Certainly you can do it if you know how. She's a nice refined girl. All kinds of people like her. You just watch her to-night and you'll see her walk over to Michigan Avenue and get into an automobile. You're a fool. If I was a cat like you I'd go and drown myself. Can't you see? The girl's as straight as a string. Don't you think her friends would give her a watch to pawn for more than a ten-cent lunch if she asked them to? But she won't. She just flies with them and spends her money and then she's broke before pay-day comes round. She won't be here to-morrow, you see. Well, she's prettier now that she's pale than she was before, if you want to know what *I* think."

"Imitation jade. Prettiest clasp you ever saw." "How much?" "Twenty-five cents." "Come on back. I'll buy it now. I'm going out to-night. No, you don't know him."

That night you're going to the theatre and you eat goulash first at Huniak's and you pass by the bright angles and arches and squares and stars of light that make State Street a pavilion where people ought to dance in the open air; you turn off to your theatre, and your brother's friend with you knows, he *knows*, though he doesn't know he knows, just how correctly brilliant you are with all the hints of dress and of manner you've gathered since you wore that fillet and that boy's cap!

Aren't the advantages of working Down Town pretty clear?

Now to these advantages add just one apparently insignificant element, like the pinch of precipitating matter the chemist adds to the solution in his beaker. Add a certain Prejudice, a certain Convention, a certain Snobbishness. Call it any hard name you please, but add it, because it exists. Then watch the precipitate. You will find an absolute, effective Social Superiority possessed by Department Store Work over Factory Work, a superiority which means dollars and cents to department store managers throughout the United States.

A shopgirl in Fall River last winter made a contribution to this phase of economic science. She was earning five dollars and a half a week. She was clever. Girls of her type were earning twelve dollars a week in the weave-room of the big mill down on the water front. She sold furs which she couldn't afford to wear herself to those mill girls.

"Why are you so foolish?"

Her answer showed she wasn't.

"I know some nice people here in Fall River," she said. "They invite me to supper every Sunday evening. They know a lot of men, awfully clever men. Been to college, most of them. They don't mind the store, but they really couldn't invite me if I worked in a mill."

False pride? Not at all. If you're going to analyze it like that, it was business shrewdness.

A social distinction is a fact, just as the law of gravitation is a fact. Practically, concretely, it is just as wise to ignore a social distinction by jumping out of a Sunday evening supper party as it is to take a slap at the law of gravitation by jumping off Pike's Peak. The average person will always wait till Society has provided new fall-breaking devices, such as Real Democracy and Flying Machines.

That one Fall River shopgirl couldn't postpone her life till she had reformed society from top to bottom and had made mill work what it ought to be, the social equivalent of any other kind of work whatsoever. She had to die in this century.

Consider her destiny! A few years of work. Then many years of marriage. A few years of money-earning. Then many years of housekeeping. What was her work to her compared with her marriage? What was the amount of money she earned to her compared with the kind of house she was going to keep? What was the financial aspect

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of her employment to her compared with its social bearing on the financial and social environment in which, after marriage, she and her children would move?

But she wasn't thinking about marriage and children? Of course not. She was a simple, innocent girl, and, like most girls of that type, she was following, sweetly and instinctively, a course of action which, when analyzed, will be found to rest on deep-down, hard-as-flint foundations of cosmic common sense.

In Fall River to-day the shopgirls and the mill girls, in regard to nationality, compare as follows:

Mill girls: more than three fourths of them born of foreign parents.

Shopgirls: more than one half of them born of American parents.

Throughout the United States American-born women tend to abandon factory work, no matter what its wages, and to embrace department-store work, almost irrespective of its financial returns.

"The manufacturers in my trade," said a Chicago woman trade-union leader, discussing this subject, "can't get Irish-American girls any longer. When I was in the mill, we were almost all of us Irish. Now they have to take Poles. The girls of Irish descent are working, but they aren't working in factories. Some of them have sense, but some of them won't go to a factory girls' dance any more."

All of which just suits the department-store employment manager. The wages he offers are based not only on a physical advantage over factory work, but, still more, on a social advantage over it. The girl who works for him pays him for an advance in physical welfare but, still more, for an advance in social consideration.

Certain girls, however, pay him, not exactly for an advance in social consideration, but for a retention of the advance their families have already made.

Factories are operated almost exclusively by the "working class." In department stores there are large numbers of girls from the "middle class." These "middle-class" girls, in many cases, are working because of acute financial family distress. In more cases they are working for "pin money," that is, they are working in order to cross the money-margin from a bare life to a better-furnished one.

But no matter what the motive of these "middle-class" girls may be, these daughters of draughtsmen, of salesmen, of bookkeepers, of lawyers, of doctors, of ministers, they have all the prepossessions of the "middle class." Why should a department-store manager offer them financial inducements to entice them away from the kitchen? They won't become cooks in any case! Why should he offer them financial inducements to entice them away from the factory? They won't become operatives whatever happens!

The department store is the level at which the women of the "working class," long in industry, and the women of the "middle class," just entering industry, meet; and each class, at the level of meeting, is a wage-cutting force, the one through its desire to go socially "up" and the other through its determination not to go socially "down."

The department store, one of the most spectacular commercial successes of the age, has a whole corner of its wonderful skyscraping career resting on the social wage-cutting character of the industrial money-earning woman.

At just this moment the call-bell rings for one of the most pathetic, one of the most admirable, figures in the whole play of social-string-operated puppets; pathetic because she has no more control over the situation than if she were a marionette, admirable because she acts with all the spirit of a free human being.

The stage has been tellingly set for her appearance. All the wage-depressing contrivances already mentioned are in place, and a further contrivance, now to be noticed, has been added. (The stage-manager is Society.)

Eighty-five per cent. of all the saleswomen in the United States live at home. Twenty-three per cent. of them exist in families in which there is one other breadwinner; twenty-five per cent. of them in families in which there are two other breadwinners; thirty-two per cent. of them in families in which there are more than two other breadwinners. These home-living women, trained, like all other women, by Society to look upon their presence in industry as purely temporary, are independent neither in fact nor in feeling. They regard, they are forced to regard, their earnings as mere supplements to the family income.

Such women are in the large majority in every department store in the United States. They give the place its economic tone. They

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do not require the full wage of an independent, self-supporting human being, and they do not get it.

Now enters the small-town girl, driven from her town by the financial collapse of her family or else by the birth of a spirit of independence in her own mind, and, with no home except her hand-bag and no support except her courage, advances to the center of the stage in a large city to *make good*. She is an economic unit, requiring economic wages. What she gets is social wages, wages already set for her, irrespective of her needs, by girls who are living at home and who do not require full wages, by girls who will accept wage-reductions in order to escape from the hardships of factory life, by girls who will make financial sacrifices in order to emerge from the social disadvantages of the factory and the kitchen, by girls whose "middle-class" connections do not allow them to consider the economic opportunities of work which is "beneath" them, by girls who find a large part of their remuneration in the glamour and excitement and temperamental development of down-town life.

That girl from the small town is baring her breast to the accumulated impact of all the converging wage-cutting characteristics with which Society has endowed her sex.

She has a man's problem. She gets a woman's wage.

Six dollars a week. How will she live? The ready suspicion crosses your mind, the yellow suspicion of yellow sociology. Don't adopt it too lightly. Watch that girl's struggles. See her settling down to pass her six-dollars-a-week novice period in a Girls' Club House.

She sleeps in a room with three other girls. She pays $2.75 a week for her bed, her breakfast, and her dinner. She gets two sandwiches and an apple for five cents when she leaves the club in the morning, and she consumes them at noon in a store lunch-room along with a cup of coffee. She doesn't send many of her clothes to a public laundry. She washes them in the club laundry at a tub-rental of five cents an hour.

When her absolutely unavoidable expenditures for room, board, carfare, and laundry have been met, she has $1.65 left.

For new clothes, she hunts bargains in materials and does her own manufacturing, after working hours, on the club sewing-machine. For books, magazines, and newspapers, she uses the club reading-room and the circulation department of the free public library. For amusements, she joins a singing society and attends the free concerts and lectures with which the winter season of every large city is plentifully sprinkled.

Watch her earnestness, her pride in mental progress, her ambition for self-improvement! It is she, more than any other type of girl, who supplies the thousands of enrollments in the annual study-courses of the departmental churches, the social settlements, the people's institutes of America. This girl, who has had the good nerve to essay her fortunes independent and solitary in a strange city, whose nature has been thrilled by the shock of a great need, whose moral fiber has been strung to the stretch of a great purpose—she is the strongest character in every store along the street—with one exception.

That exception is the girl, living in the city, who, besides supporting herself, as the girl does who comes from outside, is supporting also a helpless mother or a motherless-fatherless younger brother.

These really self-supporting girls, subjected to the severest economic pressure of all the girls on the street, are likewise the most commercially successful, the most morally impregnable.

Much sympathy has been claimed for them because they *can't* live (except by sin) on six dollars a week. The real sympathy they deserve is because they *do*.

As a class they do.

For the exceptions, has the world ever found the full reason, in any class?

Henry Fielding never addressed a social reform club, but he wrote "Tom Jones." In that most realistic of all reproductions of human life there are three fast women: Molly from the working class, Mrs. Waters from the middle class, and Lady Bellaston from the aristocracy. Mr. Fielding distributed those three women with unmotived but unerring accuracy. He had his reward. Not having given the poor and lowly any noticeable pre-eminence in immorality, he was not obliged to intimate that if Molly had been as well-to-do as Mrs. Waters and if Mrs. Waters had been as rich as Lady Bellaston, and if Lady Bellaston had been as opulent as the Queen, they would all have been virtuous.

Perhaps Mr. Fielding suspected that woman's virtue is a subtle language and did not feel competent to translate it flatly into pounds, shillings, and pence. Perhaps he knew that while morality improves with economic

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improvement, it does not travel by any such easily discerned route as that which runs from so much money to so much more money. Perhaps he thought human nature antedated wages.

If Mr. Fielding could know State Street he would find that human nature, as set down in his books, does not yet need much revision. In the State Street stores he would find women as angelically pure as his Sophia and other women as fiendishly abandoned as his Lady Bellaston. And he would be puzzled to find the cause for the difference.

He would notice that the girls who are earning six dollars a week are some of them good and some of them bad in no different relative proportions (so far as human eye can see) than girls who are earning twice as much in the same store. He would notice that department-store girls, as a whole class, are some of them good and some of them bad in no humanly visible different relative proportions than girls elsewhere.

Women can and do live purely and nobly on six dollars a week. That's all there is to that. You can see them doing it any time you want to. If they differ at all from women who lived before the factory and the department store were instituted, it is a difference in their favor.

Mrs. Fanny B. Ames, Factory Inspector for the State of Massachusetts, gave courageously truthful testimony on this point before the United States Industrial Commission. She was asked: "Do you think factory work tends to produce immorality among women?" She replied:

"No, I do not. On the contrary I think it has a very definite effect of disciplining the moral faculties. Such women learn to defend themselves and to take care of themselves. I consider it a very unjust implication to assume that factory women are immoral. They are generally an exceedingly moral class, accepting a very hard lot in life with courage and constancy."

Mr. Ratchford, of the Commission, then questioned Mrs. Ames further. "Do you think," he said, "that the employment of women in mercantile establishments has the same good effect on morals?"

"I think," said Mrs. Ames, "that what I have said is equally true of women in mercantile establishments. One evildoer will furnish grounds for an adverse judgment of all. You have all heard the story of the young woman who, applying to a mercantile establishment for employment and being told what wages she will receive, replies that she can not live on those wages. Then she is asked if she has not some gentleman friend who will take care of her. I have tried to trace this story to the applicant and to the person making the evil suggestion, but I have tried in vain, though I have questioned woman after woman. These same things that I have said may be said about a great many other kinds of employment. The women in them take a hard lot in life and bear it bravely."

Mrs. Ames will be found, in the long run, to be absolutely, everlastingly right. Industrial work, with all its hardships and heartaches, if it has in any way affected the moral character of women, has strengthened it.

Some embarrassment surely must be felt by some of the literary friends of the shopgirl in their reiterated attempts to commend her character to the public on the ground of its frailty.

Women in times past have been burned with fire and pierced with steel to keep their souls unmutilated. Millions of women today are willing to content themselves with bread and butter and coffee for breakfast in return for the same privilege.

And if worst comes to worst, there is always domestic service, yawning for victims, a service in which no degree of incompetence is a bar to employment. It is a heavy price to pay. But we are talking about virtue. Virtue is either everything or nothing. If it is everything it is worth the price. If it is nothing it is not worth the recent ink-rain of tears.

Fortunately most department-store girls will neither become servants nor become immoral. They will continue to be self-respecting wage-earners, no matter how small the wages.

Every decent citizen will support every measure by which those wages can be advanced. He will support legislation which will equalize factory conditions and store conditions. He will support legislation which will regulate hours of work and will abolish everywhere the abominable iniquity of Christmas overtime. He will demand the enforcement of the laws (now generally disregarded) providing that women employees shall have seats and shall be allowed to use them. Above all, he will support, by word and deed, the growth of that spirit of independence on the part of women which may some day render them less casual in their

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view of their work, more assertive in their demands for better treatment, less social, more economic.

He will do these things not because he thinks they will accomplish very much toward solving the man-and-woman question which began in the book of Genesis, but for the same simple reason that he believes in economic improvement for himself and his friends—because it brings with it better food, better health, better clothes, more books, more music, more discernment, a broader experience, a more expanded appreciation, a stronger breed of people.

Meanwhile, wages remain where they are, and still department-store work continues to be a highly popular form of employment.

As a final illustration of the predominantly social reason for this popularity, a reference should be made to an investigation carried on some time ago by the Boston School of Housekeeping, through Miss Henrietta I. Goodrich as director and Miss Mary C. Trueblood as agent. It was a comparison of five employments: the department store, the restaurant, the cotton mill, the shoe factory, and the private kitchen.

In respect of wages the department store came in at the bottom of the list.

While the shoe-factory girl, for instance, after paying for her week's food and lodging, had $6.45 left over, the department-store girl, on the average, had only $3.23.

But the report goes on to make the following comment about the life of department-store girls: "On the whole, what may be called their *content of life* seems to be fuller than that of the other workingwomen covered by the investigation. That is, while the earnings may be less, it must be admitted that their sum-total of satisfaction in the conditions surrounding them in their employment is apparently greater."

In the department store women touch the low level of the wage depression to which they are willing to sink in return for social considerations. The department store therefore represents the climax of woman's social character.

Curiously enough it also represents the emergence of her commercial character.

The great majority of department-store girls, of course, work at low wages for a few years and then quit. For those that remain, however, for those that rise, an avenue of development opens which has no counterpart in the factory.

Women have been in factory work for a century and they are no nearer the top now than they were at the beginning. They remain operatives. As operatives, they reach their maximum speed and their maximum earning power in a very few years. A few of them become forewomen. With extremely rare exceptions they go no farther.

In department-store work women are comparatively new. But they have risen in it and they keep on rising. In a good department store the saleswoman has a chance to advance a dollar a week each year from her six-dollar start until in some departments she may reach eighteen and twenty dollars a week. She does not reach her maximum as the factory operative does in an immediate burst of youthful speed and strength and then begin to decline slightly in speed, strength, and earnings. She advances and becomes more valuable with age and experience.

Nor does she stop with being a saleswoman as the factory girl does with being an operative, or on becoming a head of stock as the factory girl does on becoming a forewoman. She may continue to rise, if she is capable of it, to a position of real responsibility. She may become an assistant buyer. She may become a real buyer, a department manager. Women in such positions are earning from $1,500 to $6,000 a year. They started in the ranks. One fourth of the department buyers and managers in the biggest stores on State Street are now women.

There is nothing paralleling that situation in factory life.

Women are not going down in the industrial world. They are going up, always socially up, now commercially up. They are beginning at last to do some real invading.

In the February instalment of **The Woman's Invasion** Mr. Hard will discuss the progress made by women toward the higher forms of industrial work.

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The Madness of Willie Trent

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Author of "Journey's End," "The Stumbling Block," etc.

Illustrations by Lawrence Mazzanovich

I CANNOT forget what he said to me, that last time I saw him before he went away. I cannot forget the strange question he asked, and I cannot forget the passionate seriousness of him in the face of my laughter.

"What becomes of the twin souls, Henry, that have lost each other in the dark? What becomes of them?"

I could not answer him that. I laughed, but I wish now that I hadn't laughed. And I wish I knew if he ever learned the answer to his great question—out beyond, where he went.

It is one of the keenest regrets of my life that I never knew Willie Trent as a little child. Our flights wheeled together only after that agonized self-consciousness of boyhood had sealed his lips and clouded with adolescent shame the keenness of his strange, far vision. What would one not give to have come close to that astonishing little soul in its first frank gropings?

"He was so different from other children!" his mother said to me once in her vague, bewildered fashion. Alas! which of us has not been "different from other children!" to his mother?

No, I never knew him in those days, but I love to reconstruct him to myself as he must have been—as I put him together from the stray bits of data I have gathered.

I see that little lonely boy with his solemn great eyes open to some mystery which the world about him could not see, and my heart bleeds for his loneliness, my soul yearns to know what he knew. It seems that he used to have a certain favorite haunt away down in the lower orchard—past the gardens—a playhouse built among the twisted limbs of a great quince tree. And it seems—I quote now from the mother—that because he was such a very lonely little boy, taking no joy from commerce with his kind, he had conjured up, out of his rich imagination, a make-believe playmate in a make-believe world. It was a little girl, of course, a sort of fairy-princess little girl of alluring aspect and delectable ways, and the two understood each other and were altogether happy.

"But of course, Henry"— I quote directly now—"of course I could not let him go on in this way. It was so very—unwholesome. Children should not be encouraged in imagining things. It would have been very wrong of me to encourage him. I did my best."

Yes, I fancy she did her best—her awful best. I can see her doing it. I can see her at the head of the garden, calling that little boy in from his imagined delights. And I can see him come, his big eyes clouded, his feet lagging along the garden path—chidden, led by the hand up to the house, and there made to read an improving book, to engage in improving conversation, or, worst of all, to entertain a small, starched, and beribboned caller. I see him enduring all this, passive, far-eyed, uncomplaining. And then as soon as the guardian's back is turned I see him off again like a shot, back to his habitation of enchantment, his eyes afire, his little heart beating as furiously as his tiny feet beat the cinder-path.

He used to slip away at night, I know, leaving his crib bed and letting himself out by a back door; and you may conceive a little of the power of the allurement when I say that he was terribly afraid of the dark. I see him, a tiny white figure in his little nightgown, a tiny fleeing figure that speeds down through the gloom, pursued and compassed about by goblins and beasts and all manner of evil night monsters—tears of pure terror in his eyes, sobs catching at his throat, till in the end he wins to the old quince tree and the safe habitation of delight.

"At first we used to think he walked in his sleep," his mother said plaintively. "He was so *very* afraid of the dark that I couldn't

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HE HAD CONJURED UP A MAKE-BELIEVE PLAYMATE IN A MAKE-BELIEVE WORLD.

believe he would venture out into it in his senses, but he did. I used to find him there, Henry, up in his playhouse in the quince tree. Oh, so often I used to find him there! Oh, yes, I punished him, of course. Yes, in many ways, but he—just endured it and went on as before. Punishment never did any good at all. I would perhaps find him gone out of his crib the very next night.

I asked a question.

"Oh, yes, he would often be talking. It made me very nervous to hear him. He would ask questions and seem to hear the answers. It made me *very* nervous.

"Yes, oh, yes! He was always willing to talk about his Little Girl and what she said and did, but I never encouraged him to do that. I felt sure that it would be wrong to

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humor him. He used to say odd, unchild-like things sometimes. About matters he couldn't possibly have met with, I mean; and when I asked him about them he would say that the Little Girl told him. He seemed to realize no particular distinction between his normal life and this very unwholesome imaginative make-belief of his. You have never been a mother, Henry, and you cannot possibly imagine how a mother is distressed by such things. I used to wonder—I almost thought— Well, in view of the terrible things that have happened since I am almost sure I was right—that even as a child he was —there was something not quite right about him. I took it to the Throne—oh, so often! But the Lord chasteneth, Henry. Whom he loveth he chasteneth."

. . . And here we must leave that little boy, for this is all I know of him. For my part, though, I love to go back to him, to reconstruct him, as I have said—to see him playing his strange and lonely make-belief, to dwell with him, as best I may, trying all in vain to imagine just what he saw and knew of that which is beyond the veil. When I first knew him we were lads together in school—he perhaps ten or twelve, I a few years older. At this time I remember there was no outward reason for believing him to be different from the lads about him. I remember that we held him rather a sulky youth, a bit difficult to get on with, one dwelling much within himself, a brooding youngster and very painfully self-conscious, as sensitive boys are apt to be.

And it was at this time also, I believe, that there came to live with him and his mother a little, grave, fair-haired girl, an orphaned child of certain family connections. She was a pretty child in her quaint fashion, and I remember that for the space of some months I deeply loved her. I must have been something like fifteen at that time.

Then I went away to a far-distant school and afterward to college and from there abroad, and so chanced to see or hear nothing more of Willie Trent for a very long time. When at length I returned I found changes indeed! In the first place Willie had, in the interval, grown as much older as I had done myself, and that astonished me beyond words, for one does not expect one's old playmates to grow up. In addition to this he had recently married—the little lass of my early passion, of course—and the two were away on their honeymoon. The mother welcomed me with, I think, genuine affection, and the placid river of her talk flowed endlessly round and about and over me. She is that sort of lady.

Oh, yes, Willie was married—so suitably! Helen—I must surely remember Helen! Of course; it was I who had used to send her candies when we were all children together! Helen was grown into the dearest and sweetest of all girls, and so very fond of Willie. Yes, a most suitable match. Yes, Helen had a modest fortune left her by her poor father, and that with Willie's income would make them independent. So satisfactory! There was a great deal of this sort of thing. It overflowed the banks of the present into the half-forgotten lowlands of the past, and it was here that Mrs. Trent first spoke to me, gave me my first inkling of her son's strange childhood—"Willie's fancies," as she put it. Later—much later, after the whole tragic story had been played out and done—she told me a great deal more of what I have already written. At this time she touched upon it but lightly, in a spirit of easy, tolerant humor.

"No," she said slowly, in answer to a question I had asked. "No, not of late years, I should think, Henry. Oh, no, not of late years, surely. Of course"—she seemed to be at a loss for words—"of course he has always been—rather different from other boys. Rather like his—I mean it may be—inherited. Willie has always been silent. I have never entirely understood him. He wanted to travel. He has had very restless spells from time to time. He seemed tired of his life here, but I thought it was unwise to humor him in that. I wanted to do right by Willie. I made him understand that I was not well enough to be left here alone—that I needed him; and he was always a kind boy. He stayed with me. Yes, I may say that I made the match. Helen was very fond of him. That has been plain for years, but Willie was always so undemonstrative. Yes I pointed out to him that it was really a duty. I made him see how absolutely alone in the world the poor child was. 'If I should be taken away, what would become of her?' I used to say to him. And so finally—Oh, yes, I am convinced that he will be much happier married. He will be more cheerful, I know. He was always one to be too much alone. He hardly even knew the other young people in the town."

I asked an ordinary question of vague

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civility, but her train of thought narrowed my meaning, and, for a moment, I thought her smooth face was dimly troubled.

"Well, I don't know— Helen's letters since they went away— Of course, the first few months are months of adjustment. We all know that. And Willie was never demonstrative. Still, I am sure that it is for the best. He will be much happier married. Now, if you would only marry, Henry! I always say that young people should settle themselves early. And there are so many sweet, dear girls right here in this very town——"

I made some excuse and got away, promising to call again very soon. It seemed to me that there was something a bit pathetic in the fashion in which she clung to me, at the last. I had an odd feeling that she was troubled—vaguely uneasy in mind or conscience and wanted to reassure herself through much flow of language, but that may have been fanciful of me. To her half-serious words regarding Willie's infantile imaginings I gave scarcely a second thought. Young children, I said to myself, were often imaginative. Moreover, to tell the truth, I was just a bit bored with Willie. You must remember that I hadn't seen him for many years.

It can have been no more than a fortnight after this, I should think, when the word went round from mouth to mouth that the Willie Trents had returned home—quite suddenly, the gossip had it, and some weeks before the expected time. The very afternoon that the rumor reached my ears I happened upon his mother in the street. It seemed to me that she was very pale and looked ill. She held my hand a long time, gazing up at me with her frightened, bewildered eyes, and she said:

"Oh, Henry, it is providential that I should have met you to-day! I was wishing that I dared go to you. I have no one but you to talk to, Henry, and I am in great, great trouble. I must tell you about it."

We walked a little way up the street and came beside the old, green cemetery where ancient headstones lean askew, half buried in box and ivy. An odd whim came to the woman and she asked me if I would go into the enclosure with her. So there we found a shaded knoll of turf, hidden from without, and settled ourselves upon it, bathed in the cool, acrid fragrance of the box which grew about.

"Willie and Helen have come home," she said, and I said:

"Yes, I know. I heard this morning," and I added a hope that they were well and happy.

"Oh, if they were!" she said passionately. "Henry— I cannot find words. Helen is very, very unhappy. I do not see what is to come of it. *Very* unhappy. She has told me *everything*, Henry, everything!"

"Is that very wise of Helen?" I inquired, but the woman's white, grief-wrung face rebuked me.

"I must tell you frankly—outright," she said, "though it stabs me to the heart to do so. Willie is— There is some other woman. Helen knows about it."

"The *deuce* there is!" said I. I remembered the little, grave, quaint orphan girl, and I felt a sudden desire to throttle Willie.

"He talks in his sleep!" said Willie's mother in a dramatic whisper. And I said, "Ah!" nodding my head.

"He talks to this other woman in his sleep," said she, "talks to her as—as he has never talked to Helen, his own wife. He— She says that—she didn't know he *could* talk so. He's another being altogether. Helen could not believe it at first. She was frightened. But it has gone on and on until she can bear it no longer. She simply *had* to come home. She is prostrated, Henry, with grief and bitterness."

"Does Willie know?" I asked, but she shook her head.

"Helen is too proud to say anything to him. She bore her burden until it was too great for her and then came to me, as was right. Oh, no, Willie suspects nothing."

She burst out into a sort of wail.

"When can such a thing have occurred!" she cried. "And *where?* He has never known any other woman well. He has always lived at home. I can account for almost every day of his life. When did this—this terrible entanglement come to him?"

A mad conception flashed into my mind.

"Wait! Wait!" said I. "Let me think for a moment!" And presently I told her what it was I thought. She stared at me in a sort of white amazement.

"That?" she said after a bit. "That? Oh, it cannot— Why, that was over and done with years ago! Years! At least I thought —I hoped. I cannot believe—" All at once she began to tremble a little, for she was very much unnerved. And she said:

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"Oh, Henry, I would almost prefer that it should be what I—feared. I am afraid of this thing, Henry. I cannot believe that you are right, but if you are, I am more frightened than I was at first. It is so unnatural—so—*wrong.*"

And after a little silence she said:

"My poor, poor Helen! Do you think that he is—unsettled? Do you think it is that? And what does it all mean? *Why* should he be like this, Henry? *My son! Why? Why?*"

I could not answer her that. There is no answer for it in this world, I think; but I tried, as best I might, to soothe her and to belittle her fears, and, after an hour, we left the graveyard, and she went away, homeward, calm once more.

Oddly enough, I had not gone a hundred paces on my own homeward way when I met the man himself. I knew him at once, for I had seen recent photographs of him at his mother's house. And beyond that, something of his boyhood clung still about him, a certain rather sullen aloofness, an air of defiance such as very self-conscious people bear. I didn't like him. I felt upon first sight that curious sense of repulsion that is a seemingly inexplicable thing, a thing without reason, temperamental. And yet with that there came a sort of unwilling pity. I felt sorry for the man, for he looked worn and unhappy, and, without doubt, his eyes were tragic. I remember an odd little phrase that I made to myself as he came near. I said:

"He looks like a man who has thrown up his hands out of sheer weariness." And now, looking backward with a fuller understanding of the thing, I think that is just what he was.

Of course I stopped him and told him who I was—he would not have known me at all—and we exchanged the trite customary phrases of greeting. I think his dull eyes lighted a bit as we talked, and I know he pressed me with something like a shy eagerness to let him see more of me during my stay in the town.

"I'm rather a solitary devil," he said, "and you'll find me extraordinarily dull, but perhaps we can— I should like to talk over old times." Then he went on his way and I pursued mine.

Some days after this, the Willie Trents came to dine at my sister's house, where I was staying. At the last hour Willie's mother had

"WHAT BECOMES OF THE HEAVEN SCULL, HENRY, THAT HAS VOLTAGE WHEN IT'S DEAD?"

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a bad attack of neuralgia and was unable to leave her room, and, as my sister's husband was out of town, we were but four at table. In the interval I had seen old Mrs. Trent once and Willie and his bride, I think, twice. The mother must somehow, to some extent, have soothed the younger woman's fears, for I remember watching her that evening at the table and thinking that I had seldom seen a wife more obviously in love with her husband. She was not silly or cheap about it, as a different sort of woman might have been. She did not make eyes at him across the table and she did not direct foolish, embarrassing speeches toward him. It was rather a matter of atmosphere. She was, to make an ugly phrase, surcharged with love, and no one near her could be oblivious of the fact. As for him, he was, as usual, silent and rather abstracted. I thought he looked tired.

But when the two ladies had gone and left us to our tobacco, Willie Trent's mask of silence and defiance slipped away from him and he talked to me about himself. I remember that for a while we spoke of trivial things—unimportant reminiscences of boyhood—and then, following upon a little silence, he raised his eyes to me and a bit of color came into his lean cheeks. I fancy speech cost him something. He said:

"Henry, do you believe in affinities?"

"Um, well, I don't know!" said I. "Physical affinities, yes, I suppose. You've been reading Weininger?" But Willie Trent shook his head.

"I don't mean physical affinities," said he. "That's a mere animal matter. Cats and lizards and hippopotami feel that just as much as we do. It's—difficult to say just what I do mean. I mean—souls, I suppose. Surely the souls that come down through the ages have their natural mates."

Then he asked me that question which I have already quoted.

"What becomes of the twin souls, Henry, that have lost each other in the dark? What becomes of them?"

I pledge my word that I thought he was joking in his solemn way, and I stared at him and laughed. But Willie Trent's hands began all at once to shake on the table before him, and his face twisted with something like an agony.

"For God's sake!" said he, "can't you see that I am serious?"

"I beg your pardon!" I said. "I didn't understand. Please go on!"

"It is inconceivable," said he, "that human souls should be sent into this world again and again and again as grains of sand are scattered by a wind—hit or miss, without purpose or design, to mate at random each with its nearest grain of sand, whether it be square or round or yellow or blue. You talk, and the clergymen talk—we all talk of design in the ordering of this universe. What sort of design would that be? A little child would manage it better! I tell you it is inconceivable that souls should be so strewn about. There must be for each soul in this world another soul that goes yearning and crying and seeking for it. How else is perfection to be reached? How else, I ask you?"

"That is a very old cry," I said. "The cry for the perfect mate. It has come down from the very beginning of all thought."

"And therefore must be true," said Willie Trent. "I think every being in this world who has a thought above food and drink and shelter has felt it and thrilled with it."

"And yet," said I, "most of us have learned the great lesson of putting up with the best we can easily get. We may have our dreams, but we've learned to stifle those just as we've learned to stifle our consciences. For the sake of peace it's a good thing, too. I suppose there are some who go on dreaming?"

"Yes," said Willie Trent heavily. "Yes." And he said it again in a whisper, bending his head down. "Oh, yes!".

A sudden little burst of passion flared up in him and drove him to stumbling speech.

"I have been haunted!" he declared. "All my life I have been haunted by a soul that cries out to me and draws me as the moon draws the tides. Somewhere in some far corner of this world, or it may be not ten miles from where we sit, there exists a life that could make my life joy unspeakable, but it is hidden in the dark and I cannot find it."

"You're sure," said I, "that this—thing is personal, that what you feel is not just an intensified form of the—shapeless longing, the indefinite soul-on-fire of the poets? We all have that at times."

"I tell you," cried Willie Trent, "that I have seen her face since I was a little child. I have talked with her, played with her, laughed and wept with her ever since I was able to walk. If I had an artist's skill of hand I could draw her face for you."

I took an instant's thought and allowed

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myself outrageous liberty. I nodded my head toward the room where had withdrawn my sister and young Mrs. Trent.

"And yet," said I, "you—married, Willie." The man was still for so long that I thought he had quite properly taken offense, but when at length he looked up at me his eyes had their old tired look—the look of the man who had thrown up his hands out of sheer weariness.

"I'm afraid I can't say much about that," said he. And I got out a hasty, "No, no! To be sure, I shouldn't have spoken!"

"I was trying to fight against what tormented me," he said, as if after all he wished to explain. "I—thought that might—one never knows. And the influence—my mother——"

"I know," said I, to spare him. "I understand, quite." And he gave me a little grateful glance that was oddly pathetic.

Then for quite a long time neither of us said anything. Willie Trent seemed to have fallen into a sort of dull apathy, staring down at the table before him. Once, after a while, he said in a whisper:

"It draws! My God, Henry, it draws!" And so fell silent again.

"How long shall I be able to bear it?" he said at last and looked up at me.

"I can't answer you that," said I.

"It draws!" he said again. "It's like some drug that one has got into the power of. Don't think that I fail to realize how hideously unfair it all is to—her—to every one. I realize that, but the worst of it is I'm slowly losing the realization. I'm growing more and more selfish. I wonder how long——"

"But look here!" I cried out in a sudden exasperation. "What can you do? What way is there out of it? As you say, your—your twin soul may be in some far corner of the earth or she may be not ten miles from here. What could you do about it even if you were free?"

"I've sometimes thought of cutting my throat," he said quite calmly; and then at my exclamation of disgust, gave me a little wry, twisted smile.

"You see, Henry," said he, "you don't understand. Even *you* can't understand. You've stifled your dreams and they're dead. Mine have enslaved me. I expect I'm mad in a fashion. I—see beyond your walls. I know things that you'll never know until you've gone beyond. Other exquisite worlds, my friend! Other worlds."

And to that I could say nothing, for I knew that he spoke the truth. He saw beyond my walls.

In any case, though, I think he was glad to have talked so freely to me. I think it comforted him, and that thought has always been a comfort to me as well. It was a comfort to me a month after the evening of that dinner when I read in a letter from my sister that Willie Trent had left his wife and home and had disappeared. He did not go without warning, it seems. He left his affairs in order, his wife and mother provided for, and he urged his wife to obtain a divorce from him on the grounds of desertion. His explanation of his departure was that he believed himself to be losing his mind, and preferred to lose it alone and away from his little world.

And so now we come to the inevitable tragedy that closes the story. Tragedy was of course inherent in the matter from the very start. Such souls as Willie Trent cannot long inhabit this earth. They know too much. The iron gods who would destroy, first make mad, but they carry out their bargain. They always destroy. So, as I say, a final tragic ending to the matter was inevitable. There is nothing surprising in that. The surprising thing is that I, who was, after all, very little concerned, should have been privileged to see the end.

I happened upon Trent, after an interval of rather more than two years, in Paris, where I was spending some months engaged in certain work of research at the Bibliothèque Nationale. I lived in the Montparnasse quarter, where the students of painting and of music, and the artists' models, and the various nondescript hangers-on of such a population have their being. There I came upon Willie Trent and, in the course of three or four months, saw him, I should think, three or four times, for he carefully avoided me. I never knew why. He refused to tell me where he lodged and he refused to eat or drink with me. He said he had "dropped out," and by all appearances he had. He was much thinner than he had used to be, and his hair had gone partly gray. He looked ill and he looked as if he lived ill. Indeed he confessed to me once that he was drinking a great deal more than was good for him, and that he was none too well. His heart was bad, it appeared.

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THE ROUMANIAN GIRL STOOD QUITE STILL IN HER PLACE, WAITING FOR HIM.

This, then, was all I saw or knew of him up to a certain October evening of which I am going to speak. I dined, upon this evening, with two friends of mine—one an architect just finishing his course at the Beaux Arts, the other a painter—at the Taverne du Panthéon in the Boulevard St. Michel. Afterward we were to go on to a certain dingy little cabaret of the neighborhood, a *café chantant*, which was at that time, and is still, much frequented by the students of the quarter. It had been an unseasonably warm day, and with evening a heavy bank of clouds gathered so that before we had finished our meal it was evident we were in for a downpour. In consequence we bolted our coffee and at once made off for the cabaret. Even at that we had, at the last, to run for it, and were no sooner under shelter than the rain was beating heavily about our heels.

The stuffy, ill-lighted little room was deserted at this hour save for a somnolent waiter or two drooping in far corners, and at the head of the room the pianist, a long-haired Russian lad, who smoked cigarettes ceaselessly the while he played. He was playing softly now, his head bent over the keys, his long, dank hair falling about his eyes. A Roumanian girl, whom I had once before heard singing folk-songs from the tiny raised stage, moved idly about near the piano, seemingly completing a tardy toilet by fastening in place with pins the tawdry native costume she wore. I remembered her as a rather handsome young person with fine eyes and heavy, straight brows and a straight nose, but she was too thin and too sallow to be really beautiful. She crooned half under her breath, as she moved about, the oddly pathetic little Roumanian song that the Russian was playing at the piano.

We sat down at one of the tables near the door and a waiter shambled forward to take our orders. Outside, the rain drove against the window-panes in drenching gusts, and a fierce wind shook and rattled the crazy awning.

"There'll be almost no one here to-night," one of my friends said. "It will rain for hours. And, besides, it's Thursday—Bal Bullier night. Everybody will be going there. We might go, ourselves, if there's a lull presently." The other man was watching the Roumanian singer at the far end of the room.

"She's a handsome creature in her way,

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you know," he said, nodding. "She posed for me once and I got a very fine sketch of her head. I'm afraid she's a bad lot, though. Most of these fourth-rate singers are. Look at the way she moves. Why can't civilized women move like that? She couldn't be awkward if she tried."

Some one stamped his feet in the doorway and shook the water from a streaming umbrella, growling, the while, languid curses at the rain. My painter friend laughed and said:

"Another victim, eh?" But I was watching that lithe Roumanian girl at the other end of the room and did not answer. The Russian, bent over his piano, was still playing soft, strange chords of his semi-Oriental music, and you must fancy them running through this as a sort of accompaniment, that and the downpour of the rain outside, and the little, long, low, ill-lighted room with its tables and chairs and its atmosphere of stale tobacco smoke.

The Roumanian girl had stopped in her singing and stood at the edge of the raised platform staring down the room.

Then one of my friends said suddenly:

"Gad! The man's drunk." And I turned to see.

The newcomer stood inside the room, a little way from the door, facing toward the piano and the stage. He was very wet and bedraggled, and, as he stood, he swayed back and forth on his feet, and his hands rose slowly, in a queer clawing gesture, out before him. It was Willie Trent.

I think I half rose from my chair, and I think I started to call out to him, but suddenly I found that I was held, that I could do neither thing. There had come something into the air of that mean place, something extraordinarily tense and surcharged, and it bound me where I was.

Willie Trent moved slowly up the room, tottering like a very old man, his hands outstretched before him as if he clawed at the air; and the Roumanian girl stood quite still in her place, waiting for him, only she had caught her two hands up to her breast in a curious tight gesture as if she were in pain. The man came near where she stood, tottering in his walk, and I heard dry sounds like sobs or like hard-wrung efforts at speech burst from him. Then quite suddenly he gave a single loud, shrill cry, pitched over forward upon his face on the floor, writhed a little there as if he still strove to move on, and so lay still.

Before we could reach him the Roumanian girl was there, kneeling at his head. She did an odd thing. Trent lay on his face with his head toward her, but she bent over and lifted his head between her two hands—it must have taken some strength to do that—and looked a long time into the dead man's face. Then she laid him down again very gently and rose above him to the height of her knees. She reached into the bosom of her dress and I saw something flash in the lamplight. I sprang for her arm, but the girl was too quick for me. She had stabbed herself twice before I could touch her, and she fell forward under my very hands upon the body of Willie Trent, and died there as silently as he had died.

Here, then, is all I know of this man's life and death. If you ask me for the meaning of it I must remain dumb, for I do not know that. I do not know the meaning of either his existence or its end. Why did he die in that theatrical fashion with his eyes fixed upon an obscure Roumanian café singer, his hands outstretched to her? I do not know. Who was she, this girl who killed herself because Willie Trent had died? I do not know that. I have told what I saw. I am sure, I think, of but one thing. He knew too much. Had not he himself said to me:

"I see beyond your walls. I know things that you'll never know until you've gone beyond. . . . Other exquisite worlds, my friend! Other worlds. . . ."

He knew too much and the iron gods slew him. . . . I like to think that he has gone to those exquisite worlds of his. He ate sorrow and he drank bitterness in this life. I like to think that he is being rewarded for that, where he has gone.

. . . But I wonder about so many things. Was the girl who died with him Willie Trent's twin soul? Was that why she went—or was the thing but one of those mean little tragedies of the quarter that occur every week?

. . . I shall never have done with wondering.

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The Players

DRAMA that gives players opportunity to "emosh" is held in high esteem—by the players. You cannot find the word "emosh" in any dictionary, but there is as much justification for it as for many of the emotional plays.

A really good emotional play, one with the illusion of reality, one that has something back of it beyond the gratification of professional vanity, is about the most successful and effective drama. Our emotions are more easily reached, are more immediately responsive than our reason. Most of us like to have our feelings harrowed, not to say ploughed. If besides, as sometimes happens, an idea is planted in the cultivated soil, we are profoundly grateful. But so eager are most of us to feel, that we will even swallow a lot of mawkish sentimentality if it be coated ever so thinly, and persuade ourselves it is real sentiment. It is this great longing to be stirred that is responsible for so many bad plays winning financial success.

Nothing is more common than the play plainly manufactured for the sole purpose of giving the star a chance to "emosh" until the welkin rings. And if there were anything that rang louder than the welkin, they would strive for that. In the determined effort to bolster up the big scenes, to pile on the agony, truth is sandbagged, imagination is smothered, and probabilities are battered into pulp. There is no conviction, no illusion of reality in these fearsome things. They are as artificial, as make-believe as the coined word "emosh," and rather sillier. When, on the other hand, a play develops logically, in a way that seems natural, when the conduct of the characters is what those in the audience are ready to believe their own behavior would be in the circumstances, then the more powerful the conflicting emotions and the more terrible the manifestations of them, the better the audience is pleased. Aristotle observed some twenty-three centuries ago—and you remember that he was the founder of logic—that when an audience applauds lustily, the individuals in it are not applauding the actor nor the sentiments he expresses, but themselves.

It would be almost as difficult to make an audience grasp this truth as it would be to convince the players. Now and then one or the other may quote it, but that is very different from understanding and believing it. The really able playwrights, the few who have discovered the secret of constructing and writing good plays, know it and make use of it. But in plays manufactured with no thought except to give a chance for emotional fireworks, the writer and the player seek only for that which gives them excuse to applaud themselves. They delude themselves into believing that the audience is longing to join in the acclaim.

Usually, these dramas designed to place the leading character in heartrending situations are made up for women players with whom the desire to "emosh" is a passion. If the actresses had their way, *Camille* would cough herself into her pathetic finish every night in the year. That drama is perhaps the most striking illustration of gooey, tear-saturated sentimentality.

Now and then a play is pieced together to give a man a chance to do some harrowing. Such is "Samson," by Henri Bernstein, done into English by William Gillette, who is alsc the star of the American production. There was keen anticipatory interest in "Samson" because of the conspicuous success won by "The Thief"—Bernstein's play which ran the whole of last season in New York, and the triumph of which was remarkable in that it rested solely upon the technical perfection of the drama. Its people are not the kind one cares to meet, but the story, though sordid and unpleasant, is told with such consummate skill, the enormously valuable element of suspense is so marvelously maintained, that the drama holds one

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"Samson" proved a disappointment. Its theme is not nearly so mean as that of "The Thief," but it is worked out so crudely, with such bald disregard for the probabilities and naturalness, in order to make the big scene effective, that interest flags.

Perhaps a French peasant who came up from the docks to be one of the richest men in France might find it necessary to sacrifice his whole enormous fortune to ruin a "society favorite" for whom he had made a little money, but that isn't the kind of selfmade men we know in this country. The least intelligent person in the audience has a contempt for that sort of a captain of industry. You see, the society favorite has tried to steal the millionaire's wife, and the husband is bound to be revenged. But what the playwright meant for reckless, implacable hatred seems to us weakness and lack of resource. And that is why the big scene, in which the husband keeps the society favorite a prisoner in a room while there is a panic on the stock exchange, fails to thrill.

Also the reconciliation between the husband and the wife is about as reasonable as the long abandoned habit of variety performers of discovering a piano in the depths of the forest. Not once does the drama strike a note that rings true. There is much excuse for emotion, but the emotion is all false. It never grips. William Gillette—able, intense actor that he is—is temperamentally unfitted for the rôle of Maurice Brachard, who was a big, burly brute of a man. Mr. Gillette cannot escape his own intellectuality. Arthur Byron, as the "society favorite," played far better, even if he did not look the part. The most notable thing about the performance was the revelation that Pauline Frederick, hitherto known as a stage beauty who was very amateurish and ineffective, has learned how to act.

"The Fighting Hope" is another drama built to lacerate feelings, and far more successfully, although it, too, is highly artificial. Still it gives Blanche Bates opportunity to rise to magnificent heights, to prove that she is probably the foremost emotional actress in this country. The play is unusual in that all the action, all the drama, all the excitement are crowded into the last act, which would be tremendous if its foundations were not so insecure. If the three acts were concentrated into one, which could be done with the greatest ease, and about half of the utter absurdities, of which the familiar old stand-by—the incriminating letter—is the most glaring, were eliminated, "The Fighting Hope" would be overwhelming in its thrilling intensity. But the exigencies of the theatre require that a performance last two and a half hours, so the play is padded to fill out that time.

The late M. Sardou once said that a dramatist should be allowed one act; which many dramatists interpret as meaning that one bad act is excusable. What the great master meant was that a playwright should have time and opportunity to make the audience intimately acquainted with the characters. In a hundred ways, by the most subtle, ingenious devices, he lays their whole life bare, revealing the inner workings of their minds. As a rule, this is the business of the first act of a play, and though it is not very difficult to make it hold attention, because meeting people worth while is always interesting, it is seldom dramatic, except in the hands of the really masterful playwright.

In "The Fighting Hope" William J. Hurlburt allows himself two acts, both bad. There is much time wasted in bolstering up ridiculous premises. Only the admirable acting, especially that of John W. Cope, as the shrewd, hard-headed, woman-hating lawyer, sustains these acts, until the last few minutes of the second act give Blanche Bates her first opportunity. Then her quiet despair over the discovery that her convict husband is guilty of the crime she is striving to fasten upon another man—she is working as a stenographer for that purpose—wrings one's heart. In the third act, which rushes along at great speed, with situations enough for half a dozen ordinary plays, Miss Bates is superb. Her furious anger, her scorn, her terror when her husband threatens to take her children from her by false accusations, follow in such quick succession that she almost makes one forget the fundamental weaknesses of the drama, which nevertheless cause constant reactions in what would otherwise be wonderful scenes.

Probably Mr. Hurlburt handicapped himself too much in having so few characters. There are but five all told. One is unimportant, and another appears only in the last act. It takes marvelous ingenuity and skill to make three players command deep interest for two acts, especially when the biggest act is to follow. It may seem curious to those who have not thought about it that the more characters there are, the easier it is to write a play. But if the dramatist can sustain interest from

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EDWIN ARDEN AND VERA McCORD IN "VIA WIRELESS."

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LULU GLASER IN "MLLE. MISCHIEF."

the beginning, the play with few characters is the more effective.

Some of the most successful comedies have been those in which characterization dominates plot. Frequently there isn't much plot at all, only a series of incidents or episodes, more or less dramatic or amusing. "Rip Van Winkle," "The Rivals," "The Old Homestead," and, more recently, "The Music Master" and "The Man from Home" belong to this category. There is a never ending dispute as to whether the actors with whom these plays are associated made them or whether they made the actors. "A Gentleman from Mississippi" is the latest of these comedies of characterization. It is pretty poor as a play, but delightful as an entertainment, because it is a whimsical, fanciful treatment of every-day affairs.

It is an episodic recital of the experiences of *Senator Langdon*, who comes fresh from his Mississippi plantation to Washington official life. He is a sturdy, upright, unsophisticated gentleman, honest to the core, easily imposed upon because of his belief in others, yet not lacking in a quaint shrewdness, and overflowing with kindness.

Thomas A. Wise, who, with Harrison Rhodes, is the author of "A Gentleman from Mississippi," is also the star, and he plays the part with such humor, such sentiment, such delicacy that he could easily carry a far weaker comedy. For a long time Mr. Wise has been recognized by his fellow players as one of the best character actors on the American stage. To the public he has been merely a comic person. For years it has been his sad fate to appear as the silly, flirtatious old married man in farce and musical comedy, because his mastery of acting enabled him to make these parts funny, and to give them something of reality. So it came as a surprise to many to find that this real actor, whom they thought of as being merely fat and funny, can command tears as easily as laughter.

The inexperienced senator depends largely upon "*Bud*" *Haines*, a correspondent for a New York newspaper, whom he makes his private secretary, and who is passing wise. It was a happy idea to give Douglas Fairbanks that rôle, which he plays with his wide smile, his cheerful optimism and decisiveness. He is an admirable foil for the unctuous Mr. Wise. One of the best things about the comedy is the care bestowed on the minor parts, which are played admirably and go far toward making the comedy convincing. "A

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

ADRIENNE AUGARDE, LEADING LADY FOR JOSEPH CAWTHORN IN "PEGGY MACHREE."

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Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

EDITH TALIAFERRO, WHO IS PLAYING THE LEADING ROLE IN "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS."

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Gentleman from Mississippi" deserved the instant success it won. It promises to be one of the big hits of the season.

Nowadays when American playwrights seek to present life in the raw, they go to the Canadian Northwest for their locale, because we no longer have a frontier in the United States, and across the border is the most picturesque body in the world—the Northwest Mounted Police. Lately we have had many Canadian plays, mostly failures. Taking the best of the successful ones as well as the excellencies in the failures, there are not to be found the virtues that are possessed by "Pierre of the Plains." This is a dramatization based upon Sir Gilbert Parker's volume of short stories called "Pierre and His People," more particularly that story called "She of the Triple Chevrons." The first two acts follow the tale very closely, but the third and fourth acts are purely the invention of the dramatist, Edgar Selwyn, who is also the star. And they are mighty good acts. On the whole, it is about the best dramatization of a story that has been made in recent years, and it is a strong, human, interesting play.

It is true that Edgar Selwyn speaks a dialect that never was heard in Canada, but he looks as if he might have stepped out of the story, as indeed all of the characters look. Apart from his dialect, Mr. Selwyn is really an ideal *Pierre*, and also an idealized one, for all the wickedness of that delightful character is carefully eliminated, while the good—and there was much in him—is kept in the limelight. Mr. Selwyn has managed to get the real atmosphere of the story on the stage and that is more than his predecessors have accomplished. The actors, however, have much to do with it.

Pierre is hardly a star part. The playwright Selwyn hasn't sacrificed the other rôles to make actor Selwyn stand out. Old *Peter Galbraith*, finely played by Harrison Armstrong, and especially *Jen*, in the hands of Elsa Ferguson, have the strength of the genuine. Miss Ferguson made a remarkable impression. Of all the actresses who have essayed to play a girl of the wilds, only she, in late years, has seemed to belong in her environment.

"The Man Who Stood Still" is an effort, a really successful effort, to dramatize contemporary life on the great East Side in New York. It has a real story, interesting and true, a theme that has a wide appeal, and it is told clearly, with dramatic force. It is a tale

Photograph by White, New York

LOUISE DUNNING IN "MARCELLUS"

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Photograph by The Geo. R. Lawrence Co., Chicago.

CHARLES HARBURY, WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, AND JULIE OPP IN A SCENE FROM "THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE."

of humble folk working out their problems, and it gets home to those who think as well as to those who feel.

The star of the play is Louis Mann, who has the most marvelous dialect ever spoken on the stage—a combination of German, French, and Mann. So in this play Jules Eckert Goodman, a brand-new dramatist, makes Mr. Mann a Swiss. As a character protrayal, in the lighter scenes, the star never did anything better. There is a scene where he plays pinocle with his old crony, *Edward Spiegel*—extraordinarily well acted by Robert A. Fischer—that is funnier than any in which he has ever appeared. The quarrels of these two warm friends are a joy. But when Mr. Mann turns on the tremolo stops, when he attempts to wring tears from his audience, he fails. He is purely a comic, a droll. Though those pathetic scenes do bring tears, it is not through Mr. Mann's efforts, but because of the pathos of the situation. The playwright strikes the real human notes, and when that is done there is always a sure response.

We have come to regard musical plays as things without form and void of a real plot, and this still holds true of many; but the makers of these entertainments have discovered that a book that can stand on its own legs is more important than manufactured scenes and melody. So it has come about that librettists have taken ideas that have proved themselves in straight farces. Of course "The Merry Widow" is the most conspicuous illustration. For all the acclaim given its excellent music, the real explanation of the great success of the opera is found in its interesting and fun-making book.

"Mlle. Mischief," which gives Lulu Glaser the first real opportunity as a star since "Dolly Varden," was originally a successful German farce, which we saw in this country as "The Girl in the Barracks," with Louis Mann and Clara Lipman. It follows in the footsteps of the highly successful "Three Twins," which is a musical setting of "Incog." In these two musical plays the lively situations—and they are many—seem

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a logical and more or less natural development, instead of being extraneous things lugged in by the ears.

There is rollicking, extravagant humor in "Mlle. Mischief," but it rings true. Lulu Glaser has much to do with that. She occupies a unique place on the stage. Always the hoyden, bubbling over with high spirits and fun, of late years she has refined her methods, and the results are far more effective. It was her personality that lifted her out of the chorus of Francis Wilson's company and made her his leading woman, and later a star. When she is on the stage she seems to be having a delightful time. Her quick intelligence, her dazzling smile, her little crescendo laugh are irresistible.

In this musical comedy Miss Glaser plays the rôle of a girl who masquerades as a boy to win a wager that she will pass twenty-four hours in the barracks of Fremstadt. Most comic opera ladies who wear boy's clothes do so to display feminine curves and to make themselves appear as girlish as possible. Miss Glaser, being a finished actress primarily, tries to make herself look as much like a boy as possible, and she succeeds admirably. Also she has the assistance of Alexander Clark, who proves that he is a real comedian, a fact most of us had forgotten during the years in which he has struggled to make bad parts seem funny.

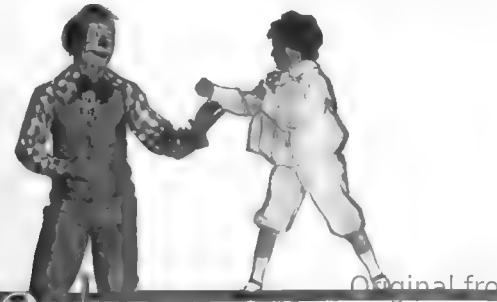
The book, being real farce, marches, and the music is charming. The revived taste for the waltz is delighted with an interpolated number that is beautiful—quite worthy, on the whole, of being compared with the famous "Merry Widow."

Louise Gunning, who used to be known in vaudeville as "the girl who sings Scotch songs," is now a star as well as a comic opera prima donna. Years of hard study have developed her voice wonderfully—she always had a remarkable upper register—and she acts pleasantly enough. She is given every opportunity in "Marcelle," by Frank Pixley and Gustave Luders, which is mildly amusing and melodious, and in good taste. It is one of those entertainments that many people like very much and no one condemns.

In this operetta, as the authors call it, are Elsa Ryan, who revives delightful memories of "The Three Little Maids," and Lawrence Wheat, he of the hard provincial twang, the perpetual smile, and aggressive good humor, who was in the unsuccessful "Artie." Much of the burden of entertainment falls upon these two, and they carry it very successfully.

"Little Nemo," the latest comic supplement idea to be placed on the stage, is the best extravaganza that has been seen in a long time. For many years it has been the custom to import this kind of entertainment from London, grafting a few American jokes and songs on to the original book, generally with fatal results. "Little Nemo" is purely home-made. In the beauty of its costuming, its novel effects, its music, and its fun it is superior to any of the importations. Harry B. Smith has worked out ever so many joyous notions based on the original characters of Winsor McCay's cartoons. Hilarious scenes succeed one another rapidly, and they lead up to gorgeous finales. Victor Herbert provided the music, which is good as well as light and popular. The songs are better than the singers, unfortunately; but the chorus comes to the rescue of the individuals, so one doesn't mind.

Joseph Cawthorne as *Dr. Pill*, Billy B. Van as *Flip*, and Harry Kelly as *The Missionary* are uproariously funny. The title rôle is played by the remarkable Master Gabriel, the one tiny stage dwarf who is perfectly formed and altogether delightful. Not only is he really a fine comedian, but he has a voice that for distinctness and carrying power most actors might envy. Altogether "Little Nemo" is one of those fine shows that appeal to children of all ages.



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THE HIGHWAY OF THE AIR

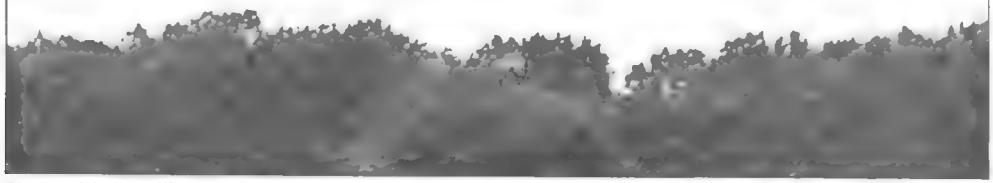
By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Author of "Corrie Who?"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Just "where are we at" in the flying game? The public has been surfeited with technicalities, vague descriptions, and ecstatic predictions. But how many of us have any real understanding of the situation in aeronautics? This article is intended clearly to explain the present status, and to make you sense the atmosphere, the spirit, of this, the oldest dream and the newest achievement of romance turned into fact.

OUT on the plains they used to tell the story of an old Pawnee buck who had just seen his first railroad engine. "Mebbe so. Injun plenty drunk now." Then he turned to his squaw. "You see um too?" Yes, she saw it. "Unh, squaw drunk too. Squaw steal um my whisky," he grunted, and stolidly knocked her down. In this way he not only disputed the improbable but asserted a policy of conservative doubt.

Say "flying machine" to the ordinary mortal, and you stand the chance of hearing a cackle of derision. On my way out to the parade ground at Fort Myer, Vir-



Photograph by D. A. Willey, Baltimore.

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ginia, I said it to a man from Philadelphia, whereupon he regarded me with a fishy eye.

"Flying? Oh, they've got to show me first," said he. "Those Wrights may be doing it, but seeing's believing."

Pawnee and Philadelphian! The conservative, hidebound policy of doubt.

"Oh, well, I don't dispute they've done something," he went on to argue; "only—a hop, skip, and a jump off the ground, and back again, isn't flying. Not by a long chalk."

Nor was he wrong in that. He had in mind some of the hippodromists that have done much to bring aviation into ridicule. Flying is not a hop, skip, and a jump, and back to earth again.

But that afternoon, when the Wright aerodrome soared into the air from the Fort Myer parade ground, and wheeled, turning with the ease of a gull, I heard a gasping voice behind me. There was my friend from Philadelphia, his eyes starting like a cod's. "My God!" he said, and whispered it again, "we've lived to see it!"

So we had. Seeing was believing, and he didn't go home to beat his wife. One glance had convinced him.

But if you missed the sight, you may need convincing. I can't blame you. I wonder what the cave man thought who first struck fire. Or the first man to hear Bell's voice whisper through a length of copper line. Or what a Hottentot's impression is when he first hears a phonograph. The man from Philadelphia and I saw Wright fly at Fort Myer, and I don't think the cave man and the Hottentot have much the better of us in awe.

It was a fine day—sunny, almost cloudless, with a light air blowing across the parade ground. Away from the artillery sheds and close to the suburban trolley line, stood a sort of tower, a four-legged derrick; and in front of it, a thin wooden rail stretched for a hundred feet down the easy, open slope. This was the launching way. A shed at the other end of the field housed the flyer; and it must have tickled Orville Wright more than once to hear the onlookers glibly call this shed the aerodrome. It shows how flying has arrived before the public has even gripped its terms. They might have called it the aerodrome shed, or aerodrome barn, or, at a pinch, aero*dome*. But not aero*drome*. That is the name of the machine itself. It was given to it by S. P. Langley, the first man ever to fly a power-driven man-bird. In his honor, it ought to stand. Furthermore, "aero*plane*" is a misnomer; for all the machines that *fly* have curved supporting surfaces—not planes. However, the man from Philadelphia and I went into the shed and took a look at the machine, and I heard him grunt with mild surprise, perhaps disdain.

For it was all so simple—there was so very little to see. One was prepared to view a complicated array of machinery—ganglia of wires, rods and gearing, an assemblage of planes, vanes, tails, and rudders, all set up in a manner designed to stagger the spectator. I suspect the machines we'd seen do a hop, skip, and a jump, and back to earth again, had led us to expect the fearful and wonderful in mechanism. What we saw was a machine of a simplicity that is positively absurd. It is so simple that you wonder how it has taken man till the twentieth century to learn to fly.

Here were two cloth-covered surfaces, one a man's height above the other, each one slightly curved, forty feet wide and six and one half feet fore and aft. Steel wires and wooden uprights trussed them together; and out in front, about where a bird would hold its head in flying, were two small horizontal planes, parallel and also cloth-covered. About where the bird would hold its tail was the rudder, consisting of two upright planes. A four-cylinder gasoline engine, not unlike the auto or marine type in looks, stood just a little to the right of midships on the lower wing and, by a plain bicycle attachment of chain and sprocket gearing, drove the two stern propellers. Beside the engine stood the radiators, flat, thin, sheet-brass pans set edgewise to the wind, their wide surfaces designed to cool rapidly the water from the motor cylinders' jackets. Then there were two small seats just at the left of the engine; and in front of them the three levers that guide the machine in flight. Under the flyer's body was a skid, a light wooden sledge with runners set widely apart. These few things were all one saw at a glance—and it was very little to see. But, please remember, it has taken man a few thousand years to reduce his schemes for flying to this plain, effective simplicity.

Lieutenant Selfridge explained Wright's flyer to me—that simple, brilliant, earnest young officer of the Signal Corps who was afterward to lose his life in the same machine. Singularly enough, my still dubious friend from Philadelphia asked this one question:

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Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

ORVILLE WRIGHT GOING TO HIS FLYING MACHINE.

"What would happen if your propellers broke?" Selfridge smiled. "Nothing," he answered; "we'd simply glide to earth."

Orville Wright came in just then, and we were introduced to him. Wright had heard the question. "Yes," he added to Selfridge's answer, "we could remove the propellers entirely, and this machine would soar almost as easily as one of our lightest gliders."

And though it didn't do that when the propeller snapped, the mishap that cost Selfridge his life and crippled Wright, no more argues against the success of the machine than one wrecked motor car damns the whole utility of the automobile. A defect in building tumbled the flyer from the sky. A broken rail may wreck a railroad train, but the locomotive is not a failure.

The Wright machine must have gleaned something of its simplicity from its two creators. Orville Wright is a modest and unassuming person, as I am told his brother Wilbur is, as well. You would think him a plain business man, in his modest business clothes. Outside, two thousand onlookers gaped curiously, and he acted precisely as if he'd like to run around the corner of the shed and hide. And when the time came to fly—

"Haul her out," said he, casually, with a wave of his hand, as you and I might ask some one to bring out our bicycles. My Philadelphia friend raised his eyebrows. "Doesn't put on much lugs, does he?" he commented. "Now over in France——"

To be sure. They order this thing better in France.

"I saw it done over there," said Quaker City. "Some one blew a bugle, and a man in a leather suit, racing goggles, leather skull-cap, puttees, and rubber gloves came out and was photographed. Then he got into a kind of machine shop with wings and had his picture taken again. Afterward, he made a short address to the crowd, looked up at the sky, shook hands all around, and then they let her go."

"What happened?" I asked, hanging on his words.

"Nothing. The machine did a hop, skip, and a jump across the field, and then stood on its head. The last I saw, they were taking

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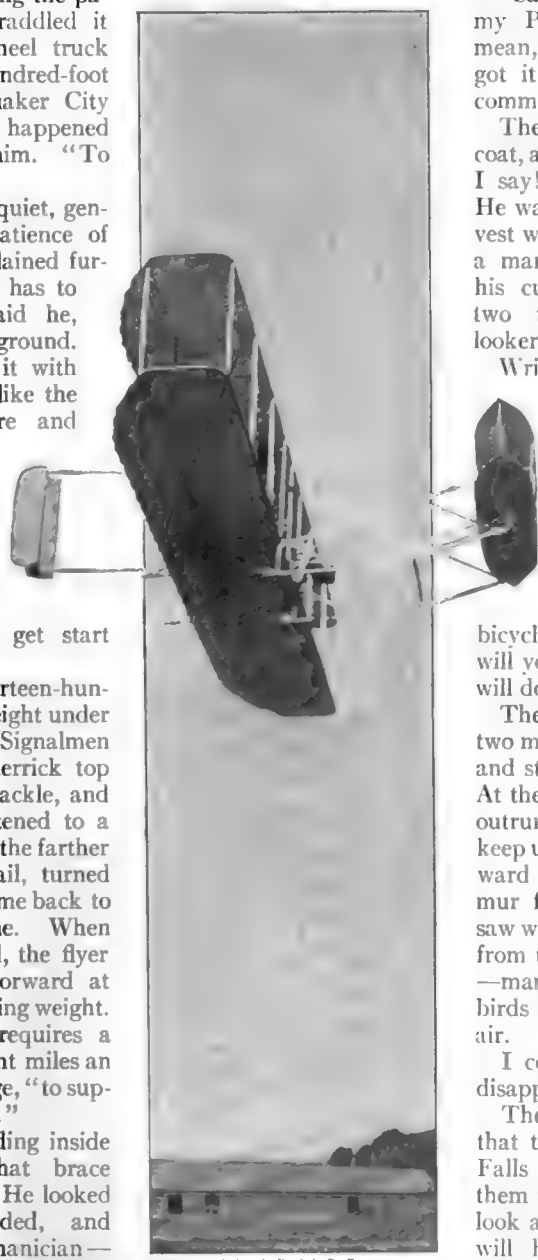
it to the scrap heap, and the aviator was holding a reception in the grand stand."

A half dozen Signal Corps privates now hauled the flyer along the parade ground, and straddled it on a light, two-wheel truck set on top of the hundred-foot monorail. My Quaker City friend asked why. I happened to know, so I told him. "To give it a shove."

Selfridge, with a quiet, gentle patience, the patience of the enthusiast, explained further. "Every bird has to have a start," said he, "to get up off the ground. The little birds do it with a jump; big birds like the condor, the vulture and the turkey buzzard get it with a run. If you put a condor into a twenty-foot open pen, ten feet high, he couldn't get out. He couldn't get start enough to rise."

There was a fourteen-hundred-pound iron weight under the derrick. The Signalmen hauled it to the derrick top with a rope and tackle, and this rope was fastened to a wire that ran out to the farther end of the monorail, turned on a pulley, and came back to the flying machine. When the weight dropped, the flyer would be hauled forward at the speed of the falling weight. "The aerodrome requires a speed of twenty eight miles an hour," said Selfridge, "to support itself in the air."

Wright was standing inside the wire guys that brace the rudder frame. He looked around and nodded, and Taylor — his mechanician — and a helper cranked the engine by turning the two propellers. The motor coughed; the two turned again, and then the engine awoke, its exhaust making a staccato clatter, crackling sharply. Have you ever heard a reaping machine clacking in the wheat fields on a still September day? This was like that. Keep it in mind now.



Photograph by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

THE WRIGHT AERODROME SOARED INTO THE AIR.

"Say, look at Wright," said my Philadelphia man. "I mean, look at his cap. He's got it tied on with string—common string."

Then Wright took off his coat, and next his cuffs—"Oh, I say!" protested my friend. He was right. You can't invest with much heroic glamor a man who calmly takes off his cuffs in the presence of two thousand gaping onlookers!

Wright climbed into his seat. "Let her go," he said. I think it was that; the motor made such an abominable clatter that I couldn't hear distinctly. Anyway, it was said about as you'd say to a man holding you up on a bicycle, "Say, give her a shove, will you." But "Let her go" will do.

The machine shot forward, two men running along with it and steadying it by the wings. At the end of a few feet, the outrunners stopped, unable to keep up; and there was a backward rush of air, a low murmur from the crowd, and I saw what I'd come all the way from the state of Maine to see —man at last vying with the birds in their mastery of the air.

I could have groaned with disappointment.

They warn you at Niagara that the only way to see the Falls the first time is to see them from below; that if you look at them from above you will have a quick, sinking sense of unfulfillment. My experience with the flyer was like that. There it was, barely skimming the tops of the grass and weeds of the parade ground, with only the edges of its broad wings visible, and its two propellers

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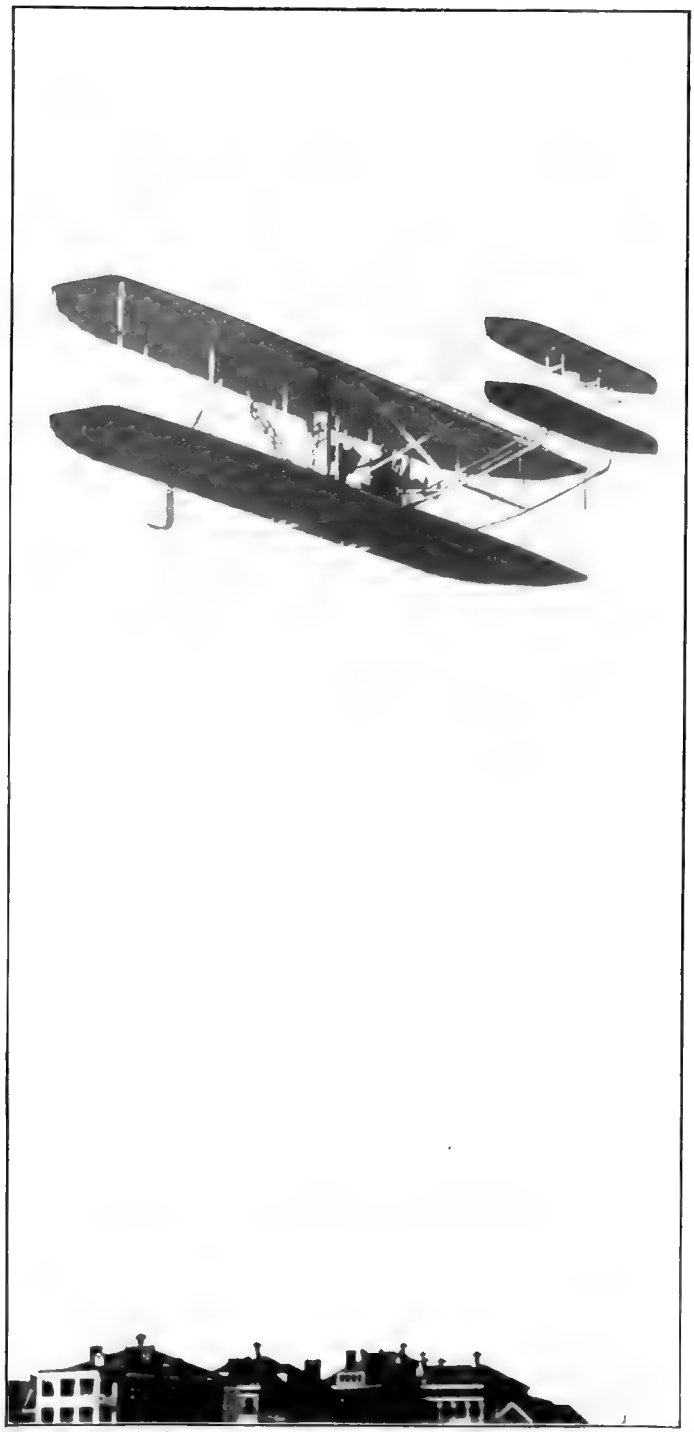

Photograph by A. Radclyffe Dugmore

MAN VYING WITH THE BIRDS IN THEIR MASTERY OF THE AIR

flapping awkwardly behind. I saw no sublimity in that; no realized ideal of vast, white pinions gleaming in the sky; none of the grace and ease I'd dreamed about. Instead, there was what looked like a big, double-armed reaping machine trundling along, and the clack of its motor made but one sound in my ears—the noise of reaper knives hewing through the prairie wheat.

"Hunh!" drawled a voice behind me. I suspect it was disdainful Keystone State voicing its doubts again. But I didn't look around. I was watching closely now; for just ahead of the rising aerodrome stood its shed. It was going to be a touch-and-go, I thought, for the ugly, box-like reaper thing to clear it and the canvas tents that stood near. Somehow, the two flapping propellers looked uncommonly weak and incapable, and mind and eye worked quickly gauging where Wright was going to hit.

Something happened. The ugly, pitching frame swooped upward, as if my fancied reaper had galloped to a prairie rise. Then it careened on that circling, skyward shoot, and, edging over as it soared, turned its surfaces toward us with a flash of snowy wings. A murmur broke from the crowd, a whisper of admiration. "Oh!" Out over the distant tree-tops and the shed's peaked roof, above every background but the blue, rushed into view the real picture—the one I'd dreamed about—

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THE AERODROME "JUNE BUG," IN FLIGHT, OPERATED BY J. A. D. McCURDY

the vast bird-thing, wheeling in a long, lazy sweep of gracefulness through the profundity of the sky. Had it trailed a rope, a wire, even a single kite cord, the marvel of it might have failed—failed, because one would have realized then a bond between it and the earth. But there was nothing of that. Instead, it shot higher, free of all restraint; and with all the power of a great sea bird drove away upon its course.

"My God!" gasped the man from Philadelphia, "we've lived to see it."

And it was worth living for.

Again the white pinions tilted, and again the flyer turned, rushing onward, yet so certain in its movements that one had the feeling that it lived and flew of itself, guided by its own living will. One dreamed that its brain was its own, almost forgetting the man who sat there, skilfully fingering the levers. And then, as if homeward bound to its aerie, it came rushing down the sky with the speed and poise of an albatross reaching along the trades.

I stood straight underneath the flyer as it went by. It was a hundred feet in the air then. I looked up and saw the small, crouched figure calmly handling the levers; and Wright's face was as unconcerned as the face of a farmer's boy gee-hawing a sleepy yoke of oxen along a country road. No doubt the sensation was old to him, but I felt the scalp creep beneath my hat. The broad surfaces of the flyer, the head planes, and the rudder were, at its height now, massed together into the real bird's form—a bird of inconceivable size, with white and stately plumage. If you have ever looked up from a clipper's decks and watched the sky-cloths drawing in a tops'l breeze, you may have some faint conception of its majesty. But to

Photograph by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

THE VAST BIRD-THING, WHEELING THROUGH THE PROFUNDITY OF THE SKY.

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grasp the marvel, you must see the thing itself: blue sky overhead, white wings outspread, and that new wanderer of the air gliding smoothly onward. Oh, I cursed its busy motor for the noise it made. Sometime I should like to look up and see it go by silently along the highway of the air.

"Say," said the man from Philadelphia, "I'd like to get in and ride."

I felt as he felt. The ease and simplicity of the thing seemed incredible—more so when I recalled the history of flying. From what a graveyard of disaster this wonder springs, a graveyard whose tombstones are lettered with defeat. Langley, the first man to grasp the mastery of the air, died of a broken heart—success his, yet bursting like a bubble in his hands. I said so to Chief Clerk Dorsey, of the Smithsonian Institution, and he fished in a drawer of his desk.

"That's so," said he; "and here's what broke Langley's heart."

He brought out two small brass lugs tied together with twine. Langley's man-carrying machine, launched from its float, was tripped by them and thrown into the Potomac. The newspapers, unfriendly because of Langley's habitual brusqueness, set up a laugh; and Congress, ever timid of ridicule, refused him money to go on. Chanute, Bell, Zahm, Herring—all authorities in aviation—unite in telling me that Langley's machine, if tried to-day, would fly. That's the history of flying. Darius Green broke his neck. Langley broke his heart. Two little pieces of brass tied together with a string! They found them when Langley's machine was taken apart.

The Wrights profited through others' errors. They learned, first of all, just what they had to deal with—namely, the air.

The average person regards air much as he regards water—as much lighter, of course, but like it otherwise. Calm air is precisely to him as calm water in a pool. If there is a wind, he pictures the air as a flowing river. And just so long as all men looked at it so, just so long the birds kept their monopoly. For the only state in which water approaches the condition of air is when water forms a maelstrom. Even then, water in its wildest turbulence falls far short of the unstable, incessant agitation of the atmosphere. Air is never still. It is filled with warm waves ascending, cold waves descending, and through it race cross shoots and diagonal shoots, with corkscrew whirlwinds wandering hither and yon, as they list. The warm air off a cornfield creates one kind of a disturbance; off ploughed land it creates another. A layer of cold air may hold down a layer of warmer air. Consider what happens when the warm air breaks through its envelope as a mill pond bursts its dam. A flowing stream churned to and fro and round

THE WRIGHT AERODROME ON THE STARTING TRACK JUST PRIOR TO MAKING AN ASCENT

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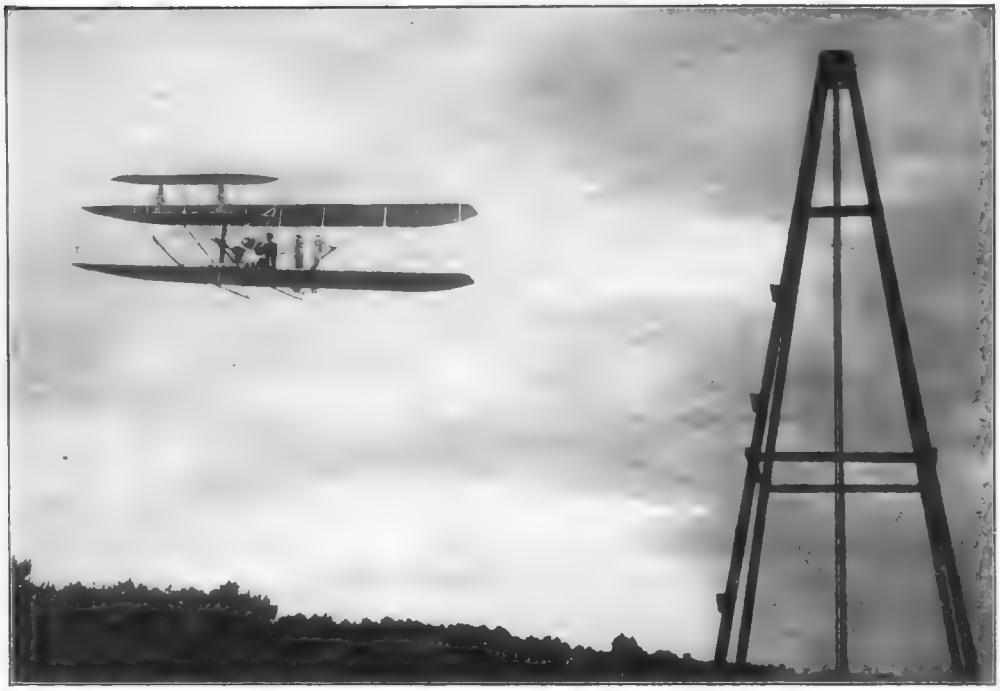

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THE WRIGHT AERODROME IN FRANCE MAKING A FLIGHT AT NIGHTFALL.

and round and up and down would give a feeble idea of the air's inconstancy.

Now, a bird, circling with fixed wings, floats on a rising column of air. It maintains its altitude as to the earth, but it is constantly coasting down through the air's ascending volume. Once the bird loses the air column, it has to flap its wings, and it flaps till it finds another column, when it goes on wheeling again with fixed wings. Moreover, when it flies, the wind comes toward it in waves, rising and falling, like the billows of the sea. It meets them, and then it does precisely what a boat does: goes over them, or goes through them. The Wrights learned all this, and when they'd learned, they were about as near to flying as you and I would be to writing Chinese philosophy when we'd just learned the English alphabet. Furthermore, there were no teachers, living or dead, that could help them more than a few steps along the way.

Langley, to be sure, in this same year, 1896, had perfected an aerodrome, which, in the presence of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, had flown more than 3,000 feet. In addition, Wenham, Phillips, Lilienthal, Pilcher, and Chanute had experimented widely in the art of gliding with wings. But the information to be derived from these sources was inexact. In many cases it was all wrong. Aside from a small part of the tables of Lilienthal and those of Langley, the world's written knowledge on flying was found to be useless. Listen: Do you know that a gnat spreads forty-nine square feet of wing surface per pound of its weight? Or that the condor spreads only 0.59? Or do you know that the condor exerts in flying 0.05 of a horse power? The pigeon 0.012? The humming bird only 0.001? Probably you don't care. But these are some of the facts that Science had laboriously garnered in its toiling effort toward the sky. It seems like trying to make a liner's engines by gathering iron dust with a spoon.

The Wrights chucked most of these facts overboard—tables of air pressures, velocities, cosines, π's and ρ's, root-signs, and the like. Newton's law went with the rest of it; for, as Wilbur Wright wrote in effect to Gelett Burgess, the author, Newton made a good guess at the law of gravitation, but he was entitled to another try when he guessed at the law of the air. At first, it seemed to the Wrights as if the air acted without any law at all.

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For instance: the standard for measurement of wind pressures is a foot-square plane opposed to a current of air blowing one mile an hour. Contrary to all published tables, the Wrights at first got results that must have staggered even them. Rectangular planes tested for lift produced one effect; if curved, they gave another. Surfaces of identical area varied in pressure with every difference in shape and curvature. You'd say offhand that a square plane held to the wind at an angle of forty-five degrees would exert more lift than one tilted thirty degrees. But it doesn't. Offhand, you'd say, too, that the center of pressure of a surface moving against the wind would lie in its center of gravity. It doesn't. It moves back and forth and from side to side with every change in the angle of incidence. But with exceptions. Enough exceptions to make the Wrights wonder sometimes if they had lost their wits. If they changed the curve on the area of the surface, changes apparently abnormal occurred in its center of pressure, along with variations in its lifting power.

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WILBUR WRIGHT IN HIS AERODROME ACCOMPANIED BY M. FRANZ REICHEL DURING A FLIGHT THAT LASTED OVER FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES.

Prick a card through its exact center and you have both the center of area and the center of gravity. When the card rests inertly on the air, you have also the center of pressure. But tilt the card up and move it forward, and the center of pressure instantly leaps away from the centers of area and gravity. At every change of angle the center of pressure also changes, with a direct effect on balance and support that makes the card dart to and fro. So it keeps up, the card swooping about till it hits the floor. To-day, if you cut a piece of cardboard into any shape and give to it almost any kind of twist, the Wrights can tell you nearly at a glance how it will act when it falls. This matter of the center of pressure and the other essential of balance kept man from vying with the birds. The problem was to make a machine in which the center of pressure and lift could be kept coincident with the center of gravity, so that the pressure center would not go wandering all over the supporting surfaces at every change of angle every time the machine tilted one way or the other.

After four years of hard study, they built in 1900 a light gliding machine. It was designed from air tables partly their own, partly Lilienthal's, and partly Langley's. Its two curved surfaces were the result of Chanute's experiments, which, in turn, had developed the cruder ideas of Wenham and Phillips, the Englishmen. Wenham was responsible for the double, superposed surfaces; Phillips for their curves. But combined with these features were others that no man had ever used before. The Wrights put a rudder in front, and they did away with the tail. The

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hind rudder of their present machine is not a tail, like the immense trailers of the French machines. Also, in that glider, they had wing-tips that could be moved at will. Movable wing-tips and a forward rudder! No man had used these ideas before.

In this machine, without motive power, the two brothers made innumerable glides—almost a thousand in all. At times, they were deeply discouraged; flight seemed utterly impracticable, and furthermore, the two adventurers were not any too well supplied with money. But urged on by Dr. Chanute, the Chicago engineer, who himself was bewildered by the results obtained, the two went ahead, and in 1903 built their first power machine. On December 17 of that year they flew it for the first time, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

It flew for twelve seconds—a modest effort, as the Wrights say, nowise to be compared with the flight of birds. But it was also, as they say, the first time in the history of the world that a power-driven flyer with a man aboard had, by its own power, winged through the air on a level course and come to earth again unharmed. That same day they flew 852 feet, and then, while the machine was on the ground, a gust of wind wrecked it. So they went back to Dayton, Ohio.

But they had flown. They had done the trick. A second power-driven machine was built and tried, at each flight going a little farther. Then, in a tremendous burst of confidence, they turned her loose, and in October, 1904, the Wright machine winged through the air for a distance of twenty-four miles. Flying was a fact at last.

It was the forward rudder and the twisting wing-tips that did the business. By these forward planes, used also for steering up and down, the travel of the center of pressure is restrained from wildly wandering fore and aft. By the movable wing-tips, which may also be used for turning, equilibrium is maintained as no other device in use maintains it.

Watch a soaring hawk, or a turkey buzzard, or a gull. When it tilts suddenly, it rights itself by flexing its wing-tips. So does the Wright flyer.

"Looks rigid, doesn't it?" said Selfridge, showing me the machine. It did, indeed, look rigid. Its upper and lower main surfaces seemed to be solidly trussed together by the wooden uprights and the wire stays. "Now watch," said Selfridge, as he pulled the right-hand lever. I saw. If you will take a strip of thin cardboard and twist its ends in opposite directions, you will see the same thing. In the machine the right-hand wing-ends inclined their rear edges downward. At the same time, the left-hand wing-tips did the opposite, the rear edges of the two turning up. Also, in this general movement, the rudder turned to the left. Selfridge pulled the lever the other way, and the operation reversed itself, the rear edges of the left wing-tips slanting downward, the right wings up, while the rudder turned to the right.

In the air, it acts this way: If the machine starts to tilt downward on the right-hand side, the lever is pulled, so that the right-hand wing-ends present their supporting surface at a greater angle to the air than the left-hand wing-ends. This wider angle lifts the right side, but, though the wing rises, its speed is retarded, because of the drag that the greater angle of incidence causes. It moves forward more slowly than the left wing; and that is where the rudder comes in. It holds back the left-side wings by steering against them. But for this, the machine would whirl around—skid, in fact, like an automobile.

If you choose, you can steer with the wing-tips, too, and with them turn a much shorter circle than with the rudder alone. The lever that moves wing-tips and rudder together is, in reality, two levers, the two set flat against each other so that they may be gripped in one hand. By throwing the machine up at an angle, and then moving the wing-tips accordingly, the flyer can be made to turn in a circle proportionate to its size. Birds wheel in circles proportionate to their spread of wing; it requires about 700 feet for the Wright flyer to circle. The small half-moon set vertically between the forward rudder's planes acts precisely in turning as does a sailboat's stem. It and the rudder together keep the machine from slewing. But if one turns too short in it, the machine will lose headway and sink. The Wrights themselves laugh at the idea of aerodromes in the city streets. These machines can not be made to turn a corner, and they are too wide, besides, from tip to tip, to fly between the buildings.

This article, thus far, has purposely avoided the mention of other flying machines. A majority of the others that have been seen to fly either have been built, with the bare exception of Langley's, on principles long ago discarded by the Wrights, or their builders have taken the Wright ideas with or without credit to the Wrights. Every French

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machine that has done more than a hop, skip, and a jump across a field is the direct result of a French aeronaut's having seen a photograph of the Wrights' early glider. All have the forward rudder, but all are impracticable, because they can't use the movable wing-tips, which the Wrights patented before others found out about them. Some day the helicopter, the type that raises itself by a revolving screw, may be perfected. But it hasn't been yet. No one has built a helicopter that can raise more than its own weight from the ground. As for the orthopters, the flapping wing flyers, there are countless types of them buzzing in inventors' heads. But a single successful one has still to flap its way outside the inventor's hat.

Is flying an accomplished fact? I asked this question of Dr. Octave Chanute, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, A. M. Herring, Dr. A. F. Zahm, Major George O. Squier, and Lieutenant Lahm of the Signal Corps; and of F. W. Baldwin and J. A. D. McCurdy, of the Aerial Experiment Association. The answer of each was:

"Yes; absolutely so!"

I believed them when I saw Wright's flyer. So then I asked the question: What is required to perfect it? The answer from each was this:

"Automatic balance."

The Wrights have flown safely in a twenty-five-mile wind. Farman and Delagrange, the Wrights' nearest competitors in point of distance covered, dare not attempt to fly in any but the lightest airs. This is because they rely for balance on acrobatics and the dihedral set of their wings. In few words, their wings, if looked at from in front or from behind, form a V, a plan long ago discarded by the Wrights. Theoretically, this provides automatic balance. In practice, it keeps the machine oscillating and, in a wind, overturns it. The Wrights, instead, make their machine as inert as possible—in fact, it really arches so that its wings turn downward instead of upward. But this apparent instability makes it respond at once to the slightest touch of the righting lever. To obtain automatic balance—balance that requires no aid from the operator—will require some mechanical device that will act instantly at every change in the horizontal.

To-day, the gyroscope is the only known mechanical contrivance that will exert leverage without a fulcrum fixed to the earth. It also tends to rotate in a fixed plane and, if placed in an aerodrome, would respond instantly to any change from the horizontal. To apply this to the flying machine, therefore, requires only some mechanical movement that will enable it to work the wing-tips automatically. The Wrights are working on an automatic controller, but whether it is a gyroscope or not remains to be seen.

Herring, however, has applied the principle to his machine, and in an ingenious way. Everything about it that revolves exerts a gyroscopic action—the propeller wheels, for instance. Herring says that he uses this to balance himself, though he still won't tell how. But even without such a device, flying is here. The Wrights' control is so great that, theoretically, they can go up a couple of thousand feet and loop the loop in midair.

But commercially, what of flying? Well, owners of railroad and steamship stocks and bonds may here set their minds at rest. The aerodrome will not do away with trains and steamships. The outlook, at the moment—though it doesn't do to forecast too much—is that the flying machine will be confined to sport, use in war, exploration, and carrying special messages. As you increase the present type of aerodrome in size, its weight increases as the cube of the dimension, while its supporting surfaces increase only as the square. In other words, the size is limited. In Bell's tetrahedral-cell machine, now building, the weight and the supporting surface increase at the same ratio. But Dr. Bell's machine is yet untried, and as he himself says: "The future of the aerodrome is still unseen." Herring, however, already speaks of large flyers capable of carrying fifty passengers. It is all an unsettled question yet. In a letter to Mr. Burgess, written from Le Mans, Orville Wright says:

"No flying machine will ever fly from New York to Paris. That seems to me to be impossible. What limits the flight is the motor. No known motor can run at the requisite speed for four days without stopping, and you can't be sure of finding the proper winds for soaring. . . . But the history of civilization has usually shown that every new invention has brought in its train new needs it can satisfy; and so what the flying machine will eventually be used for is probably what we can least predict at the present."

In connection with the question of its military utility, Dr. Bell said to me:

"The aerodrome has, at a stroke, rendered antiquated all present methods of warfare. A

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large percentage of fortifications are put out of business, and, in my mind, it is an era as critical as that of the Monitor and the Merrimac, the first two ironclads."

I asked Lieutenant Lahm what he thought about the aerodrome in war.

"For scouting purposes, it cannot be equaled. Used offensively against dirigible balloons, it has a strategic advantage in its greater speed. There is no reason why it cannot be used in bombarding a position with explosives."

In this connection, it may be said that the Wrights have built a machine that lifts more than sixty pounds per horse power. The one tried at Fort Myer lifted fifty pounds per horse power and could have carried two passengers as well as the operator. On this basis, it could carry, allowing for two persons in the machine, about 150 pounds of explosive. You can figure out the moral and physical effect of a bomb like that dropped from the sky inside a fortification.

No guns have yet been perfected that could grapple with this terror of the sky. They can't be pointed high enough, and if they could, there is no means of training them on a dot in the blue going forty—fifty—sixty—perhaps eighty miles an hour. And what protection could there be against anything that could hide in a cloud and hurl its thunderbolts unseen?

But what Chanute said appealed most of all to me.

"The end of war is coming. Things like this tend to make the nations' slaughter so dire and complete that, in the end, man will become appalled. The flying machine is a far step forward to the day of universal peace."

I watched him while he spoke, and there was something so earnest and compelling in his face that I, too, believed. You saw in it not the vision of the flying angel of death, but instead, of one that swept across the sky bearing a flaming torch of peace.

KEEP PLAYING

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

IF you're on to the game and you're wise to the rules,
Keep playing.
Buck through the center and give it a ram,
Smash on and crash on, you'll squirm through the jam.
If *their* trick is a *flim*, let *your* trick be a *flam;*
Don't welch just because you've received *one* hard slam.
Even if you *are* down, they've not counted you out.
When you've rested, go back at the bunch with a shout.
Get your wind, grit your teeth, you're not hurt for a *damn*—
Keep playing.

Suppose you *are* last, there are more laps ahead,
Keep running.
Many a victory is snatched from defeat;
While there's breath in his body, no *man* can be beat.
Don't you know you've a chance to the *very last heat?*
Brace up there and put some more speed in your feet.
If you *try* hard enough, you'll catch on to the way;
Chances are that to-morrow is *your* special day;
Screw your courage up tight, twist some *grit* in your meat!
Keep running.

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THE BRANDED MAN'S GIFT

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

WHEN he emerged from the grim gate it was as he had hoped—no one known to him in the old days was waiting for him. In his bitterness he had shaken the hand of no man in the prison before leaving it. There were several officials and curious persons about the gate of the walled inferno, but he walked past them scornfully, in his eyes the look of one who sees some beckoning thing in the distance. One of the guards, a man who, with rifle in hand, had watched the ex-convict toiling shamefully through many a day, was going out in the town upon an errand. He walked beside the released prisoner through a hundred yards in silence, then stopped and looked at the other's grim face.

"I go down this street," he said. "You have been a silent chap, and I don't feel that I really know you, but I certainly wish you good luck, and that you may never have to come back here."

The ex-convict, gaunt, pallid, worn, looked down at the stocky, heavy-muscled guard, a gleam of anger in his brown eyes.

"Thank you," he said, "but you needn't worry. I shall not come back. A man who is brave enough always has the power to prevent that."

"Why did you come, then, in the first place?" the guard asked. He smiled, but his tone carried a faint sneer.

"Because I was innocent. Had I been guilty I never would have come." The man's eyes dwelt steadily on the guard's face. "Now that the state has branded me, has made me guilty, not of crime, but of having been in the penitentiary, I don't know that I owe the state any particular respect. Whatever I do, I shall not come here again."

The guard looked at him with a faintly softer light in his steel-gray eyes. "If what you say is true it certainly has been handed to you tough," he said. "Are you going back to your home town?"

The Branded Man's mouth hardened. "If I do there will be trouble for some one," he said bitterly.

The guard laughed understandingly. "Well, don't be rash, but, whatever you do, good luck to you," he said, and turned down the side street.

Without replying, the Branded Man walked onward, his look of fierce purpose increasing with every step. Eighty miles southward lay the town where he had been convicted. A thousand times, lying awake in the foul darkness of his cell, he had pictured himself going forth from the prison, and always he saw himself passing directly by a certain railroad to that town and ruthlessly taking the life of the man who had ruined him through sworn falsehood. In these bitter reveries he had fancied that no conceivable thing could be sweeter than that. He glanced back at the wide-spreading mass of stone buildings, the armed guards patrolling the granite walls, and the terrible iron gate that had shut him in, and his lips tightened. He was young—not much past thirty—and big of frame, but thin and worn. His brown hair was sprinkled with gray about his ears, and his face had lines in it that had no business there, lines tooled by weariness, hatred, suffering, and the infinite indignity of his recent life. The time was June, and as he pushed forward with knit brows a soft wind blew against him, in it now and again a streak of fine perfume. Suddenly he stopped short, his nostrils widening with the sweetness of it.

"Why, that is clover—blossoming clover!" he exclaimed aloud, looking keenly about him. "It must be down that way, and not so very far off. I'd give—why, I'd give 'most anything to see a field of clover!" And he turned excitedly and started off along

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a side street, his face aglow with anticipation. Through eight years his nostrils had been filled with tainted air—the impure atmosphere of the prison workshops during the day, and at night the fetid reek of more than a thousand men caged like beasts. Twice each week this had been varied by an all-pervading odor of chloride of lime.

With a hint of pink gathering in his hollow cheeks, he came to the open fields. Clouds were rising in the west, sheer white and piled in mighty foam-heads, dazzlingly pure. Between the clouds the eye passed into bottomless craters of blue, while directly above him the sky was one vast gulf of azure. His blood thrilled as he looked at it.

Presently he came to a fence, and beyond it spread a purple lake, millions of clover blooms that ran toward him in soft waves like perfumed water. He looked at it a moment, then laid his hands upon the fence and leaped over and waded out among the blossoms, half laughing, half in tears. The breath of the field came up about him, odorous, wonderful; he heard meadow larks whistling here and there, and from a distance came the faint tones of a bell ringing—perhaps it was a school bell!—and all about him the field murmured musically with the drone of bees. As he stood listening, his abused flesh seemed to melt from him, and he was a blithe new creature in a clover field below an orchard, where there was a stream that mumbled in velvet vowels, hidden by a fringe of willows. There was a woman with him who watched him while he played, with a great love in her eyes. The woman took his hand and together they walked by the stream, slowly, for his legs were very short, and they found an opening through the willows and looked down upon a pool of water, and he was astonished to see that there was a sky under him, a blue sky with white clouds in it and with long-legged insects skating across it.

He brushed his hand across his forehead and aroused himself and went onward. He tried to think of the future; he said to himself that he must go back and find the station of the railroad that ran southward, and hasten to that deed of revenge which had lain as a purpose in his brain so long. But again the enchantment of the meadows mastered him, and he wandered onward, forgetting in sheer rapture the hated Perjurer; and he presently came to a decaying rail-fence that was overrun with wild grape vines. Aglow with delight, he broke off succulent young shoots from the vines and smacked his mouth over the pungent juice as he chewed them.

Down in a pasture he came to a group of horses and colts feeding on the grass; he ran at them and shouted, and as they galloped across the pasture he ran after them, laughing aloud in glee. The young colts seemed to him as beautiful as wild deer, and oh, the joy of running and shouting and meeting no stone walls with armed guards looking down, heartless, watchful! At the lower end of the pasture he found a stream running among willows, and there he saw again the sky under him, with the long-legged water-striders skating across it.

He cut a willow, notched it, beat it and shaped it into a whistle; then he sat down between the roots of a big elm, and, leaning with his back against the tree, blew the whistle loudly and piercingly, then softly, and lower and lower still, listening to it and remembering all that he was when a child. After a time he ceased to blow the whistle, and suddenly covered his face with his hands and wept. He sat so for many minutes. When he arose to his feet his big, bony hands were clenched and his eyes were blazing.

"I will not give it up!" he declared, as if defying a visible presence. "He deserves death; it is due him! He has made me suffer worse than death, and is there to be no punishment for him? I will give in this much and only this much. I will go away and start life over in a place where I am unknown and where he is not likely to come; but if he ever crosses my path, if he comes where I am, I shall take it as a sign from Heaven that what he has earned he is to have!" He shook his fist at the viewless something that seemed to stand before him, and turned and walked away toward a railroad that ran northward, leading to a great city.

That night he entered the city. The appalling noise of the place had fallen to measurable quiet, but even in its dulled, quiescent state the magnitude of it awed and bewildered him, and even when he was safe within the secluding walls of a hotel room he was oppressed by a feeling of strangeness and isolation, mingled with fear of the indifferent yet tremendous Presence into which he had come. He hardly slept at all that night, and with the next day ventured no farther from his room than to appease his hunger. Throughout much of the day he

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looked down from his window into a gray canyon at the bottom of which flowed a river of human beings, gorged all along its center with a jangling, clanging floe of trucks, carriages, automobiles, and trolley cars. To this man from the death-in-life existence of the cells the scene and the sounds were daunting, fascinating, wonderful.

In the forenoon of the second day he ventured out in the human stream and, finding that no one knew him, that no one accosted him to inquire of the hateful place from which he came, he took courage, feeling slowly creep into him a buoyant sense of vigor and restlessness, the magic, all-compelling Spirit of the Hive. Then he ventured deeper and farther, and all that afternoon rode on trolley cars, miles southward, miles westward, miles northward, and no man noticed him; he seemed safe.

With the end of the week he began to think seriously of work. He asked here and there to be set at labor of a semi-genteel sort, but in every instance was at once asked to make exposure of his past.

What could he reply? He soon became aware that there were three avenues open to such as he, and practically but three: He might beg, or steal, or have labor of such lowly character that it mattered not who the worker was so he had bodily health and endurance. When this had become clear to him his few dollars had dwindled to as many nickels, and he sought for employment with a feeling of alarm lest he, punished for crime uncommitted, might be compelled to commit crime on account of that punishment. But presently he found labor in progress where the foreman asked almost no questions, pertinent or impertinent.

The old cable-car tracks were being torn out on the South Side and a new electric system was being installed. The Branded Man set to work there, a member of one of several gangs of Italian laborers who were tearing out the cable conduit from its ancient bed of stone and cement, and at once proved himself mighty with the maul and bar.

One thing he found heartening: there was a constant flow of free people along the street, the passing and repassing on the temporary tracks of cars loaded with human beings who were free, and *he*, after a fashion, was one of them! He liked the feel of it. But one day late in June there came into this new world of his a disturbing thing: looking up from his work he saw the face of the man who had committed against him the unpardonable sin! He saw it but a moment inside a car window, glimpsing by in a throng of other faces, but there shot through his being a thrill that held the qualities of both ice and fire. For a few moments he stood transfixed, gazing after the car, his fingers loosening and tightening on the crowbar in his hands. Involuntarily he took a half-dozen strides in the direction of the receding car, then, turning, looked about at the men, his face ashen, his hands shaking. The foreman, an American, looked at the Branded Man curiously.

"Sick?" he inquired.

"No," was the short reply, and the disturbed man returned to work. A moment later his face was scarlet and perspiration dripped from it.

That night he slept but little; the countenance of his betrayer swam in the darkness about him, maddening, hateful. It was a handsome face, mirroring vanity, self-seeking, love of ease, yet not without amiability. That which the nature back of it needed most was hardship, perhaps suffering. But to the Branded Man it stood for but one thing, a vast and hideous lie. If it passed him again he felt that he surely would follow it, and maybe end his better self. The next day, and day after day, he looked up from his work, scanning the faces in the passing cars, always eagerly, always with fear lest he should see it. But it remained absent from the throng, and as the days wore on through August he questioned if he might not have been mistaken. Then one day a change came to the Branded Man.

It came with the wild clanging of a bell and a battalion chief of the city's fire department. A half mile westward smoke was lifting in black masses from the roof of a factory building, and the flight of the grizzly fire-fighter was toward it, a haste that took the appearance of rage looking out of his eyes. Almost before the laborers were aware, his stout buggy and flying horse were bearing down upon them, the driver smashing the gong-lever with his foot, the chief yelling for right of way. The street to be crossed was sadly obstructed, littered with construction material, and gashed deeply near the center where the cable conduit was being torn out.

When the chief was yet a hundred yards away the Branded Man looked up and comprehended. Instantly and with a yell to the

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DIRECTLY ABOVE HIM THE SKY WAS ONE VAST GULF OF AZURE.

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gang he began placing ties across the excavation. The Latins stood gabbling; a foreman came running down the line, shouting orders, but with only a moment's pause the chief's buggy bounced across the temporary tracks and over the crazy bridge and raced away toward the billowing smoke. An hour later the chief drove back to the obstructed crossing, looking for the man who had acted so quickly. Two weeks later the Branded Man was a probationer fireman.

He came into this new field without uncovering his past, save to explain that he was from the southern part of the state, unmarried, in hard luck, and not afraid of work nor danger nor even death. He and the chief had looked into each other's eyes very deeply, and the chief had believed in him.

II

It was early in October when he found Make-believe Park and the two sprites. As a probationer only a portion of the Branded Man's time was required at the fire-engine house, and to him it seemed best that he should not frequent the human herding-places overmuch. He walked often alone, sometimes with a fellow probationer, studying the buildings and streets of the region throughout a wide area, always with an eye to the conquering of fire and the rescuing of those imperiled by it. One afternoon he found Make-believe Park.

It was no more than the eastern half of two city blocks, lying unoccupied along the margin of a very great lake. About all it contained was an enormous old willow with a brood of young willows about its base, and numerous little hills of sand, partly covered with weeds. Between the small dunes of sand were patches of faded grass, and along the water's edge was a double row of piles, through which the waves filtered, forming pools. That portion of the park, Make-believe Park, as the Branded Man called it after a time, which bordered on the street westward was set with a row of soft maples, and beyond the maples and street were houses.

The Branded Man found the place when taking one of his long walks, and, entering it, seated himself upon the side of one of the dunes near the water. He carried a newspaper, but his attention was diverted from it by voices from the other side of the sand-hill, voices musical with childhood. He at once arose, a swift light brightening his face, and peeped around the mimic hill expectantly. A little boy in a jumper suit and a little girl in a blue frock were digging caves in the sand at the base of the hillock. Each was scooping out the sand with the aid of a broken dish, and each to the other was communicating amazing and wonderful things. The face of the Branded Man lost all its stern, sad lines as he listened. At length the boy leaned back and contemplated the cavity with pleasure, as Michelangelo may have looked on the Carrara quarries. Then, glancing up, he saw the Branded Man. For an instant his eyes widened with fear; but the eyes of the Branded Man were so radiant with good-will that the child's look of startled disapproval turned to tolerant questioning.

"Ho, are you a policerman?" he demanded.

"No," said the Branded Man, "I am only a fireman. When houses get on fire I help to keep them from burning up."

"Ho, do you?" cried the little fellow delightedly. He scrambled to his feet, for here was important company. "Once there was a house got all full of fire, right over there," he went on excitedly, "and mother took Tizzie and me to see it. Mens was trying to make the fire stop. They had blue clothes like you, but awful big funny hats. Was you there?"

"I think not," smiled the Branded Man. "I only just lately began helping to put out fires."

The small chap reflected a moment. "Can you make caves?" he asked.

"Sure," said the Branded Man, and he came forward and dropped down on his knees and began digging in the sand. The little girl sat still and looked at him with blue and questioning eyes.

"Mans is too big to dig sand caves," said the tiny miss decidedly.

The Branded Man laughed. "We ought to have sand-paddles to work with," he said and, arising, went down by the water and looked about. Presently he returned with a discolored shingle and a piece of very thin board and, seating himself, began shaping the paddles with his pocketknife.

"I have a little boy," he said smilingly. "He lives inside of me, and he hasn't had a chance to play for a long, long time. You see, every man and every woman was once a little boy or a little girl, and they just grew up around the little boy or the little girl, covering them up. The child hidden at the center of a man is the best part of him, too."

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The tiny pair looked mystified. "But I can't see your little boy at all," said the lad in the jumper suit.

"You just watch my hands and my eyes and in a minute you'll see him peeping out as he digs his cave," laughed the Branded Man. "What is your name?"

"Sanny," replied the boy.

"That means Samuel?"

"No, Sanford."

"Sure; how old are you?"

"I'm most six, Tizzie is most four."

"Tizzie? What does that stand for?"

"Earlizabreath."

"Oh, Elizabeth? You have nice names. Now, Sanford and Elizabeth, let's get busy. Here is a paddle for each of you. I'll dig with my knife."

Through two golden hours the three continued at play, talking of many things. The Branded Man's auditors found him enchanting. Sanny seemed the most entertained and impressed, but when, finally, the fireman announced that he must be going, little Tizzie came close to him and said solemnly, "Mans is good; I give kiss." The Branded Man dropped on his knees in the sand before her and the child put her arms about his neck and pressed her small mouth to his cheek. When he let her go his eyes were wet. How long, how very long, it had been since any one had kissed him! He stood up and remained a few minutes looking down at the two children tenderly. They were very pretty. In a vague way he felt that he had known them before, or some one who looked like them.

"Day after to-morrow, in the afternoon, I will come again," he said, "and I'll bring you some little boats and we will sail them on the pools."

Sanny clapped his hands in glee, but Tizzie regarded him solemnly, vast appreciation in her big eyes. "When I say 'Now I lay me' I'll put you in the Amen," she said. The Branded Man looked at her hungrily, and again there was mist in his eyes. They went together as far as the row of soft maples.

"Where do you live?" asked the Branded Man.

"Round the corner, there, in a house that is brown. The doctor he says my mother is pale," said Sanny, as if the state of being "pale" had very seriously impressed him.

The Branded Man looked sympathetic. "I bet you have a nice father," he ventured tentatively.

"Yes, but I heard the doctor tell my mother that papa stayed away from us too much. The doctor talked mad about it," asserted the little chap.

The Branded Man made a commiserating noise in his throat and slowly shook his head. He reluctantly released his hand from little Tizzie's grasp and struck into the street leading northward.

As promised, in the afternoon of the next day but one he came again to the park, bearing some packages under his arm. From among the sand dunes the children ran screaming to meet him. They had a gay hour that afternoon, sailing on the pools the two tiny boats he had brought, and, bedraggled and wet, as children properly should have been, ended their joyous adventure at the row of maple trees.

He found no opportunity to visit them again until half the following week had passed; but when he then came hurriedly into the place of make-believe, he found the two children anxiously watching for his coming. Again he bore mysterious packages, and the three sat down together, and the children opened the bundles in feverish haste. How astonished and enraptured they were, the Branded Man affecting to be as astonished as they! There was a really very extraordinary doll for Tizzie, who clutched it and straightway climbed into the giver's lap, solemn and speechless. For Sanny there was a cap and belt and tiny sword, and, when he was accoutered in this warlike gear, no soldier, from Sargon the Assyrian to Funston of Kansas, ever took the field with greater spirit. Finally, when he had overthrown a troop of weeds and several imagined foes, he climbed upon the Branded Man's unoccupied knee and pressed his small body against him affectionately.

"You never had any little boy 'cept the one you growed up around, did you?" he asked.

"No," was the wistful reply, "I wanted children always, but I couldn't have them. There was a big reason why it was so, you see."

Sanny communed with himself a moment. "You is most better than my papa, I think," he concluded, manifestly innocent of any consciousness of disloyalty.

The Branded Man chuckled and strained the little fellow against him tenderly. "Oh, you must not go back on your father!" he admonished. "I expect he is a better man

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than I ever dared be. Say, what do you call your father? What is his name?"

"Weldon is what mother calls him. I just calls him papa," said the boy.

A shadow came into the Branded Man's eyes; the smiling lines about his mouth straightened. He looked hard at the child, his nostrils suddenly quivering. "What is his other name—his last name?" he demanded. The little fellow looked up at his altered countenance wonderingly, then told him.

The Branded Man put the two children from his lap and arose quickly. They were the offspring of the man who had dealt him that unforgivable blow, the one living creature whose life he had sworn to take! He stared at them in mingled terror and ferocity, his fingers clenching and unclenching, while the two little people drew back and looked at him in fear and amazement. Suddenly he turned with a shudder of disgust and hurried from the place. When he had entered the street and gone northward two or three squares, he paused and looked back. The children were following him with their eyes. A sudden aching lump arose in his throat, but he hurried onward and did not turn again.

Through many nights after that his slumbers were broken by uneasy dreams, and by waking starts wherein thoughts of Sanny and Tizzie rushed instantly to his mind, followed by a tormenting flood of hatred for their father. Sometimes the children came to him in his dreams and pressed against him, crying softly and clinging to him; and again he was seeking them in a Make-believe Park that was without end, and because he could not find them was himself crying. Even when he was working amid excitement at an actual fire' unbidden thoughts of the children would come to him, and sometimes awful fancies in which he destroyed their father.

Thus, in conflict and anxiety, time for the Branded Man drew on until the world was sealed in frost, and people all about him began to talk of Christmas. Then, more than ever, was his mind beset with longings for the two little beings who loved him, and one day, when there was soft snow on the ground and sunlight in the air, all his bitterness melted in hunger, and he went down to Make-believe Park. The two children were there, playing at coasting down one of the sand dunes on a small sled. The meeting was a strange one; the children were overjoyed to see him, and the Branded Man was thrilled with a swift and sweet emotion when he first beheld them; but when he had come very near and their fatherhood looked clearly out of their faces, he was swept by an ungovernable repugnance. Yet, conscious of how innocent they were of any fault, he straightway reproached himself and, seating himself on a big stone near by, tried to master himself and talk to them. The two children came eagerly and leaned on his knees and looked up in his face, the tongue of each trying to outrun the other in garrulousness.

"Sanny said you is been burned up in a fire or you would come," said Tizzie, her eyes glowing with wonder in her sad little face.

"And we aren't goin' to have any Christmas, 'cause papa's went away from us," announced Sanny, hurriedly. "My mother she cries and cries, but he don't come home."

The Branded Man's brow knit in a scowl, but he put a big brown hand on each of the children and drew them nearer, protectingly and pityingly. "Has he gone away to—to—How long has he been gone?" he asked.

"Mos' a month, I think," replied Sanny. "Las' night when we said 'Now I lay me' my mother she kneeled down with us and she prayed, too, and then she said she think God will maybe send our papa back to us Christmas."

The Branded Man looked out at the cold green expanse of the lake, a dark sadness in his eyes. "I suppose your ma loves your father?" he ventured. The children regarded him curiously. "She does, of course, or she wouldn't be crying for him," he went on hastily and apologetically. "And you are not to have any Christmas? Gee, but that's tough!"

The children began prattling again of what they would like to have for Christmas, and of the presents they had received and of what they had done during the holidays of the year before. The Branded Man listened, pleasure and sadness mingling in his expression. "Well," he said with a deep sigh, "I used to have great Christmases when I was a little codger, and if there is any way I can fix it I'll give you a blow-out when the day comes around." The children danced with the joy of anticipation. As he smiled at them they, somehow, no longer appeared like their father. He put his arms about them and drew them close to him, laughing happily.

"All right," he said, when they parted near the maples, "I'll keep my eye out for some presents, and maybe your mother will re-

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ceive some money from somewhere—it'll just drop out of the air, you know—and you can have the blow-out in good shape."

"An' if you see my fazzer you'll send him home, won't you?" said Tizzie, clinging to his hand and looking up at him with eyes that expressed faith that this big man could do anything in the world that he chose to do.

The Branded Man's face darkened instantly. "If I run across him I'll send him—Yes, I'll send him to—" His teeth shut down on the sentence with a snap, and he turned and walked away. When he had gone a couple of squares he turned and looked back. The two children, as once before, were standing in the street, holding each other's hands and following him with their eyes. A muttered oath, followed by a crooning, pitying note, came from his throat as he strode onward.

Three days later the Branded Man and a brother fireman were coming from the heart of the city southward on a street car. The Branded Man had been buying some things that small children like, leaving instructions for the presents to be delivered at a certain brown house near Make-believe Park. In one of the great stores he had fallen in with a brother fireman, who was also purchasing holiday gifts. As they came to Thirty-first Street, on their journey toward the engine house, they became aware that there was a fire a few squares south and westward.

At once they leaped from the car and made off on a run for the scene of disaster. As they ran they saw plumes of smoke, huge, black, almost columnar, rising against the sky ahead of them. Here and there they saw splendid horses galloping toward the fire, hauling engines that sizzled and fumed along the streets; a battalion chief sped by with clanging bell, around a corner a hook and ladder wagon careened, chemical and insurance squads tore by them, getting into their fighting hats and rubber coats as they lurched and swayed. They ran through groups of chattering women and children, and passed by fat men who waddled forward, wheezing and panting. Then they were at the fire, and as they paused all the noises of that quarter of the city seemed suddenly pitched in blatant, clanging, roaring keys.

The Roseberry, a "family" hotel, was burning. It stood a towering structure, flanked on the south and west and north by buildings, and looking down on a parked square eastward. From within it came screams and animal-like yells, cutting through a dull, sobbing growl as of a river pouring heavily from a great weir. Out and in the lower entrances excited people were rushing and jostling, down the spindling fire escapes white-faced, clinging figures were creeping, objects were being hurled from smoking windows, and high on the iron-railed balconies that faced the parked square women and children were screaming and gesticulating. Certain doom for the imposing pile lay in the fact that an explosion of gas in the basement had sent a sheet of flame up the elevator shaft and two inner airshafts, carrying fire to the apartments of the building much as if flames had been shot into them through gigantic tubes.

As the Branded Man and his companion arrived at the terrifying scene, nozzlemen were climbing two fire escapes with leads of hose; a line was going in through the main entrance, and a stream was battering into the basement. Four engines were hissing and clacking, and others were deploying and connecting. Hoarse, explosive orders rang through the tumult, policemen were pressing back a swarming multitude of importunate spectators, hose reels were unwinding, and ladders were being pushed up the walls. But at the heart of the building the flames roared up the three shafts, uncurbable, almost beyond approach. The only task worth attempting seemed that of beating back the flames long enough to bring the denizens of the building down to safety. From midwaist of the structure to its roof, at the twelfth story, smoke was pouring from all the open windows, while behind the closed sashes gray, vaporous billows arose, and the columnar towers of smoke springing from the roof, smitten by a rising east wind, suddenly twisted together and swung westward like a bending and incalculably huge palm tree.

The Branded Man and his comrade caught the wild peril of the situation with their first upward glance. Used as they were to conflagrations, the dire promises of this fire shocked them. Without questioning, almost without conscious volition, they hurriedly pushed forward through the confusion of things, eager to grapple somehow with their enemy, this withering element that seemed running everywhere hrough the building in search of human lives. As they reached the building's walls, from far aloft there came a scream that was keener and wilder than the other screams, and down through the writhing vapors a human body hurtled, indescribably

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awkward and awful, and shrieking as it came. As it smote the pavement, for a moment all noises seemed to fall still, drowned in a single widespread sobbing intake of breath; then, as if that compressed sob were a material thing that had exploded, the air was rent with harsher and more tumultuous sounds. The Branded Man found himself going up a fire escape, his comrade at his heels.

"There must be people on the top floor who are trapped," he heard himself saying. "They are too high up for the ladders, and it must be some of them can't get to the fire escapes or they wouldn't jump." A hose pipe swung against him, cold and pulsing; above him at the ninth floor nozzlemen had entered through a window and were playing a stream on the fire. Glancing through the blowing clouds of smoke, he saw two other lines going in at windows on his side of the building. In a very brief time firemen were swarming seemingly over the whole exterior of the big structure.

The Branded Man and his comrade went in at the tenth story. Inside the building was a blinding turmoil of vapors, the choking reek of burning bed-mattresses, upholstery, plush and silk and lace hangings, and the fumes of a thousand flaming things. The building seemed to vibrate with the hoarse laughter of the conflagration radiating from its center.

The two men came back to the window, gulping and gasping. They climbed the fire escape to the eleventh floor and entered, but again were driven out. Blackened and with eyes streaming, they ascended to the twelfth story and pushed inward. The rooms were gorged and thick with smoke. The Branded Man's companion stumbled over something upon the floor and gathered it up and groped his way to the window. "A child!" he exclaimed, and started down the fire escape. The Branded Man dropped upon his hands and knees and crept forward with his face close to the floor. He emerged from a suite into a long hall, but the hall was as a smoke-choked flue, save that he could distinguish flames bursting upward from a stairway. He arose to his feet but dropped again to his hands and knees, for the smoke and heat were overpowering. Blinded and breathing with short, explosive gasps, he crawled back to the window and out upon the fire escape. As he hung there, coughing and dizzy, he heard a human voice crying out from a smoking window some twenty feet northward along the wall. The window was directly below the eaves, and the cries were as fearsome to hear as the cries of a wolf with its feet crushed in a trap.

Instantly the Branded Man clambered upward, following the spidery fire escape in its curve over the eaves to the roof. There he got to his feet and for a moment stood wavering, boring his knuckles in his eyes and panting. A heat beat against him that was like the breath from the mouth of a furnace, and he saw that the center of the wide-spreading roof was a belching crater of flames. A score or more of firemen were on the roof, trying to train streams on the crater, but being driven back and to and fro by the merciless heat and smoke. Sparks and blazing fragments rained about the Branded Man, but he made his way quickly toward the cries that rose from beneath the eaves. A low wall encompassed the top of the building some six feet from the projecting cornice, and from the wall to the rain gutter of the cornice ran a slightly sloping apron of tiles. The Branded Man stepped over the wall and slipped down the tiling to the gutter. The fearful yelling for help came from just below him. He shouted to some firemen who were near him to come to his aid.

"There's some one trapped in a room of the top floor, right under me here," he cried. "Quick! get down here and hold on to my feet while I go over the cornice! I can reach the window if you let me down! Don't wait; whoever is below is going wild and will jump!"

Two red-faced, sweating firemen leaped over the wall and, slipping down the tiling, braced themselves in the gutter. The Branded Man bowed himself face downward over the eaves and they seized him by the legs and feet. "Form a solid chain there!" roared a captain who was on the roof. "Get in here, some more of you fellows, and brace those men! God!—that's a probationer going over the edge!"

Two agile fellows flung themselves over the wall, heads downward, and took a firm grip on the men in the gutter, while three others seized the feet of the last two and braced themselves behind the wall. Then the Branded Man slid over the cornice and faced the gulf below. As he went down he caught through the swaying curtains of smoke strange glimpses of men and things at the bottom of the abyss—engines plumed with white, a medley of gray serpents on the ground, prismatic streams that arched against the build-

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THROUGH GOLDEN HOURS THE THREE CONTINUED TO PLAY.

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ing, and off to the right and left a pavement of pink bowlders gaping with mouths and eyes. Then he was hanging from his feet sheer over the gulf, and before him was a window, wreathed in smoke; and in the smoke was a screaming shape, and beyond the screaming shape was writhing fire.

For a single moment he hung there, then with a twist of all his frame he swung toward the window, yelling madly for the shape to grasp his hands. Again and again he swung through the air like a pendulum, yelling, "Coward! fool! Lean far out! Leap and catch hold of me!" Above him tendons cracked, muscles quivered, and teeth grated in pain. The two who held him were drawn over with their breasts flat on the cornice. Both were cursing in the agony of the strain. The next moment the captain himself was in the rain gutter and had the fingers of his powerful right hand knit around one of the Branded Man's ankles. "He's the best ever!" the old man was whispering to himself. "The very best ever!"

The Branded Man swung widely and more widely, yelling commands, taunts, jeers at the shape in the window. Then, at the end of a yet wilder twist and swing, his big hands smote and closed upon the outstretched wrists of the screaming shape in the smoke-wreathed window. With the next instant the figure swung outward and hung danglingly in the space below him, and the Branded Man, gripping the creature's wrists as with claws of iron, looked down into the wild eyes of Sanny's and Tizzie's father, the Unpardonable One!

For a moment he was stunned by the monstrous situation. He blinked dully at the pallid, smoke-streaked face below him. He needed but to unclasp his fingers a half inch and the man he had dreamed a thousand times of killing would rush downward through more than one hundred feet of air, and crush against the pavement, a lifeless mass of pulp. But, strangely, he could not unclasp his fingers; the instinct to save human life, resident in every cell and molecule, seemed to freeze his fingers to the other's wrists. He stared at the pitiful countenance below him, the eyes wide and awful with terror, the bloodless expanse of chin and cheek and forehead, the mouth that shook with cries that were without syllables or sense, and he did not let go. Distorted as was the Perjurer's face, the faces of Sanny and Tizzie leaped out of it, and he saw them clear and luminous, as one might look at something held inside the soul.

Six powerful hands were now tugging him upward by the feet; he heard the dull crunch of straining joints, the gurgle and catch of breath in lungs flattened upon the cornice above him; he saw glimmeringly a multitude of objects swimming at the bottom of the abyss beneath, and off to the right and left and in the open square a thousand faces, now white and with open mouths from which came no sounds; he felt flesh being torn from his legs on the edge of the cornice, he heard the sockets of his joints crack, and hoarse, bellowing commands coming through what seemed the sobbing of a sea. But he held hard to the life dangling under him, for he was listening to a voice, deep within him, that said with thin but amazing clearness:

"And we aren't goin' to have any Christmas, 'cause papa's went away from us, and mother she cries and cries, but he don't come home. Last night when we said 'Now I lay me,' my mother she kneeled down with us and she prayed, too, and then she said she think maybe God will send our papa back to us Christmas."

The Branded Man hung to the wrists below him desperately, his eyes bulging, his face black and congested, the arteries of his neck pursing blue and thick. His body was drawn part way over the cornice when, as he glared at the man below him, there came to him the shuffling hiss of many feet in the lock-step, the clang of closing cell doors, the fetid reek of many caged men, and the smell of chloride of lime. For the first time since the six hands began tugging him upward he cried out, and his cry was long-drawn, snarling, and fearful to hear. But even in his cry, as something small and sweet and fine at the bottom of it, he heard Tizzie saying, "An' if you see my fazzer you will send him home, won't you?" And the Branded Man clung to the wrists below him desperately.

Then, almost as he cried out, he was dragged back to the rain gutter, and the clawing fingers of the captain and the two firemen set themselves into the arms and hair and shoulders of the Perjurer, and he was snaked mercilessly up over the cornice on to the tiles. Then both he and the Branded Man were seized and dragged over the wall to the roof.

As the Branded Man rose staggering to his feet he heard a roar of voices welling up from the street far below. But he did not know the shouting was for him. He was dizzy and

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filled with nausea, his flesh burning, his eyeballs scorching, his hair crackling. The crater had widened, the flames had heightened, the roof was as the top of a hot stove.

"Drop the lines over the edge, get down from here," he heard the captain shouting. "Steady those two men and help them down!"

The Branded Man stumbled toward the fire escape by which he had climbed to the roof. He felt a hand gripping his arm; the sky looked to him like brown-green rust and seemed turning as on a pivot. As he went down through the curling smoke he at first picked out the steel rungs with the slow precision of a drunken man, then his head began to clear, and he saw that there was a fireman on the ladder close below him, watching him, and one on the inner side of the ladder, ready to grasp him.

"I'm all right, boys; everything has come clear," he finally said. He looked upward and amid the flapping vapors saw the Perjurer, smutted and disheveled, being guided down the escape. "And I didn't kill him? I—I saved him?" he asked himself, as one who questions the truth of some marvel.

As his feet met the earth he heard a dull, thunderous crash within the building, and fire spurted from the windows as if blown by a hundred blastpipes. The pavement of faces, to right and left and in the open square, swayed backward like bowlders turned to sudden pinkish liquid, blinking with a thousand bubbles. There was a wide-sweeping, horrified shout, but the Branded Man gave it no heed; he was waiting for the Perjurer. As the rescued man reached the earth a blackened, fierce face came toward him swiftly and a hand gripped his shoulder savagely.

"Give this man to me," were the Branded Man's words, harsh, peremptory, grating. "I know him. His wife and children are waiting for him. I'll see that he reaches home!"

Out from the turmoil and confusion of the fight, out through the gaping, swaying crowds, he pushed rather than led the man he had saved. Straight down toward the southward running car line he took him. When they were near the track he turned the Perjurer roughly toward him and looked in his frightened face. The features of the Branded Man were like smutted iron. "There's an innocent little boy and girl down there along the lake, and a pale woman. They want you. Your business in this world hereafter will be to make them happy, *just that and nothing more!* Do you comprehend?" His words were like his face, implacable, hard as granite.

The Perjurer's blue eyes dwelt on the fierce brown ones before him shrinkingly. He was shaking all over. "Yes," he said, and swallowed like one who is parched. "Yes, I know, but you—you—" His eyes welled full of tears and he reached out two trembling hands.

The Branded Man drew back and waved him off. "Stop!" he said. "There can be no sentiment between us. I give your life, not to you, but to the two little kids and the woman. To-morrow is Christmas; you know what I mean. Now, go!"

He turned away abruptly and went back toward the fire.

That evening when darkness had fallen he went down to Make-believe Park. He turned in on a side street and walked slowly through the shadows, glancing keenly and expectantly at each glowing window that he passed. In several brilliantly lighted houses he caught glimpses of scenes that smote him like music, glittering Christmas trees and romping children and laughing grown people. But he went on, still looking at the windows keenly and expectantly. Presently he came to a house that was smaller than the others in the row, and there within he saw Sanny and Tizzie dancing in the glow about a spangled tree. He caught his breath and stood still, laughing unconsciously. The two were "dressed up" and were capering like madcaps. In their hands were the gifts that he had sent them, and there were other gifts scattered about; looking at the children and the tree, but most at the children, were a man and a woman; the man was clinging to the woman's hand and the woman's face was radiant. Seeing this, the Branded Man stood watching but a moment longer, then he walked briskly away. As he passed by Make-believe Park he paused and glanced over at the small sand dunes, lying in quiet under a thin coverlet of snow; then he went onward; and as he turned a corner he thrust his hands in his pockets and looked up at the stars and began whistling.

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Little Stories of Real Life

THE EMBLEM OF HIS COUNTRY

By G. W. Ogden

DOSS HOVEY was as ugly as mischance and inborn cussedness can make the human form. From the ground he ran up in gangling legs, inbowed weakly at the knees, big-jointed, scant-fleshed, of a uniform size till they joined his spider body, like matches stuck in a crab apple. The legs were disproportionately long, and what there was of the body was puffy and tight, looking as if it might, at any time, float him away like a piece of Japanese fireworks, with arms and legs dangling.

His head was stuck on somehow without any visible pegging in the way of neck. His face was flabby, with great purple lips and starting eyes, like the face of a man who has been hanged. He wore his big, stiff-brimmed sombrero, cream-colored and costly, at a tilt that threw it down upon his ears over the back of his head, making his face appear as if it were being continually offered to you on a plate.

Doss was a gambler, confining his operations to that side of the table upon which chance has surrendered her seat to certainty. For years he had conducted a game in a treeless, forlorn, homesick-looking little Wyoming town, and he knew to a dollar the gaming limit of every flockmaster and sheepherder within two hundred miles in every direction, save straight up and straight down. His place was called the Gray Eagle, and on his front window, a plate glass brought from Omaha with much packing and pomp, —the first of its kind on the North Platte— was emblazoned this elucidating, patriotic sentiment:

"The Eagle, Gentlemen, Is The Emblem Of Our Country. Come In."

In the beginning Doss had owned an eagle, which he confined behind a wire partition in the back of the room. There the surly creature sat year in and year out, silently blinking its little bright eyes—all else about it had grown dingy and dusty and frayed—until death gave it the freedom that captivity had not made it forget. The wire cage remained, with its perch of old pine trunk, stub-limbed and smooth from years of usage, while the word went abroad that Doss Hovey would make it worth while for any sheepherder who might have the courage and the cunning to furnish him a tenant for it.

And so the word traveled slowly, as such things go in that gray country where men count between their meetings by months, until it reached the summer camp of the Utes far back in the hills, and the ears of Bear Track, who was old and wise. Doss Hovey, the round-bellied man, would give money for an eagle, and for money Bear Track could get sugar, and meat from the butcher shop— all the makings of a great feast, such as in

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the buffalo times, such a fulness as to bring an old man dreams to sit and remember in the twilight, when the squaws are blowing the embers into a blaze.

Bear Track was himself a man of consequence among his people, with the white man's scars on his face and chest, with a string of dry things among his most valued possessions—smoke-grimed and time-faded, but still plainly recognizable for what they were—little disks of skin with tufts of hair upon them. These attested to his right to demand the respect of brave men. They were his distinctive badge, as the seals of his office are to a lord mayor or a justice of the peace. And Bear Track, hearing of Doss Hovey's offer, sat up and took notice.

Assuredly, Round Belly could not find an eagle of finer points than his, which Bear Track had brought down from the crags when it was a fluff of down and a gaping red mouth, its eyes still sealed to the wonders of the world. Three years had passed since then, and the eagle had grown strong as Bear Track had felt age creeping upon him and slowly sucking away his blood. Even his eyes, once capable of piercing such vast distances, once so cunning in singling out the footprints of the enemy in the beaten buffalo run, were failing. Unable longer to face the glare of the sun on the white desert, he had been obliged to make use of the white man's invention of smoked mica goggles, given to him by Big Mac, the flockmaster, who was of far different heart from Round Belly, the eagle man.

Bear Track allowed his stomach to speak louder than any tenderness he may have had for the bird, which had lived tamely and contentedly beside his lodge with a long tether of rawhide about its leg. A day came when he bound the wings of his pet, wrapping an old piece of tent cloth around and around its body. Then he bent a supple withe of willow in a protecting bow on the outside, put over that another turn of tent cloth, then thongs of deer hide to make it fast. When all was done, the eagle's head alone was visible above the wrappings, the tip of its tail and its yellow feet below, and in that manner Bear Track bound it to the saddle-horn, and set out for the town, two days distant, where Round Belly waited with money, and where there were those who would give sugar and beef in exchange for the eagle's price.

With the old man rode his son, Little Horse, who knew the white man's speech as he had learned it from the negro soldiers over at the fort when he had worked in the blacksmith shop at the agency. Little Horse would tell Round Belly about the eagle, and they would make a good bargain out of it, a good bargain and a great feast.

Even in Doss Hovey's town he was an unusual sight, the rugged and scarred old Indian, whose hair had lost its luster and was even whitening in streaks, clothed in buckskin trousers and a coat made of a red blanket with the border at the bottom, sitting his weary horse in the insistent sun, bareheaded, bargaining for the sale of an eagle. His sun glasses were pushed up above his brows like those of any old granddad, and he held out the full count of his fingers, knotted and twisted and strained like those of any good old granddad, too, ten fingers, ten dollars, toward Doss Hovey's face.

No, Doss wouldn't hear of it. Six dollars he offered, and six Bear Track refused. Then Doss brought out a revolver. The revolver and two dollars, no more. Eight dollars, said Bear Track, and they quarreled in pantomime over it for half an hour, but in the end Bear Track gave in, as Round Belly knew he would all along. Bear Track carried the bird inside and unfastened its wrappings. The great creature spread its wings, straining out eagerly, while the old man, blinking, and clinging to its legs with both hands, was swayed and swung and almost lifted by the cleaving power of the wings' immense sweep.

Some convivial patron of the place in times past had run his leg through the aviary and repairs were necessary before the new tenant could be incarcerated there. In the mean time a crate of small dimensions must serve the big captive as a lodging. They crammed it in and nailed down the slats, then the bartender handed over the six silver dollars to Bear Track and the deal was concluded.

Doss was at the roulette wheel near the door when Bear Track and his son started out, mindful of the regulations their guardian has hedged them with, regulations that make all loiterings in and around drink shops a futile waste of time and a torture of desires. He gave the marble a spin around the groove and twirled the gaudy wheel. The colors appealed to Bear Track, who stopped beside it, his six dollars heavy in his hand. Round Belly was saying something, which Little Horse said meant:

"If you put a dollar down here, right in this spot, you may get thirty-five for it when

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the marble stops. Will you try it? You may get so much money your horse can't carry it all."

Bear Track's eyes sought Round Belly's finger, where it rested on the table. It was a red number; and, though he knew nothing about numbers, Bear Track liked the color, and a dollar went down. The marble buzzed swiftly around, skipped down upon the much-partitioned wheel, bounced, fell; bounced, fell, then rested very quietly, and Round Belly reached over and swept Bear Track's dollar away.

TEN FINGERS, TEN DOLLARS.

Bear Track didn't like that. He looked a pointed question into Round Belly's face. "It didn't fall in the right place," said Round Belly. "You try again and you'll get the money, sure."

Little Horse translated, and his father put another dollar on the red place. Round Belly took that, too. Then, said Round Belly, you put four dollars on another place this time, any place you like, and you'll get heap much money. Bear Track took him at his word, and when Round Belly raked the money over to his side of the table with a grin and a chuckle, the old man was bewildered. How was that? Didn't Round Belly tell him to put the money there, and didn't Round Belly take it? No, that was not honest. A moment he stood, murmuring, then stepped over and picked up the crate in which the eagle was confined.

"Here," yelled Doss, "you drop that! What you up to, hey?"

"Old man say," translated Little Horse, "you got his money, he take eagle."

"No, you don't," said Doss, coming around the table with a revolver in his hand. "Now you git out of here, d'y' hear me, git!"

All day as they rode homeward through the white stillness the old man said no word. His head drooped, his eyes were on the ground. The eagle was gone, the money was gone, the feast was gone. He did not understand. It was like a dream, a very bad, bad dream.

"I ain't goin' to have this feller sulkin' an' pokin' around like the other'n was," Doss declared when he had the new eagle safely installed in its cage. "Dang 'im, if he don't brace up an' show some dander I'll twist his durn head off."

He accordingly elected himself to the office of tormentor-in-chief to the late pride of Bear Track's camp, spearing at it with a broom-handle, whacking its toes where they grasped the perch, and flaunting things tantalizingly before its eyes. He also encouraged the patrons of his place to amuse themselves in like manner at the eagle's expense. "Wake up his fightin' blood, boys," he used to say, "an' when we git him roused up we'll git another eagle, 'r a bulldog 'r bear 'r some'in', an' have a match."

His mornings, being the dull part of his day, were pretty much employed in worrying the caged bird, and great was his satisfaction when the creature dashed itself against the wires of its prison in an effort to reach him. "You're a-comin' to all right, ain't you?" said he, jabbing the angry bird's breast with a stick he had prepared for that purpose; "you're a-goin' to stand up an' carry off the middleweight champeenship for Wyoming eagles yit, ain't you? That's right, brace up an' be a sport, old bird. Here's m' han', come on now an' be sociable. I'm a Eagle m'self."

The result of this constant badgering was that in less than a week's time Doss could

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not approach the cage at any hour of the day or night without the eagle flying at him as far as the barrier would permit, the feathers of its neck ruffled, its eyes snapping.

"If he'd only crow, 'r caw, 'r holler a little now when he makes them passes at me," said Doss, "he'd be all right. I'm goin' to keep on peggin' away at 'im till I make 'im crow."

"Eagles don't crow," enlightened the Gray Eagle's barkeeper. "They let out a kind of a whoop when they've got things comin' their way. If a eagle ever comes at you with a whoop, take my advice, hide out."

"I'm a-goin' to make you whoop, durn you," Doss informed the eagle, bringing out his prod and making for the cage. "No use for you to bat your head ag'in' them there wires so hard, old feller; you can't git at me. Now le's hear you whoop a little bit; let 'er go!"

There were no customers in the saloon at that time, it being the dull hour, and Doss reasoned that a whooping eagle would stimulate business. "Ya-h, ya-h," he taunted, as he hurled the pointed end of his stick against the eagle's body, knocking feathers with each assault; "whoop, dang you, ya-h, ya-h!"

The eagle hadn't room to use its wings within the narrow cage, beyond beating impotently against the wires as it clung there, tearing at them with talons and beak. Presently the bird retreated to its perch, where it sat panting in the excess of its anger. Doss approached.

"You're a sulky devil, too, ain't you? But you're a-goin' to whoop, dang your melt, 'r I'll punch the gizzards out o' you, you old Injun crank," he warned. Doss pressed against the wire and reached through its meshes with deliberate aim, jabbing the eagle's breast. The bird threw itself from the perch with a dive, just as its ancestors swooped from the rocks upon their prey below, its wings extended for an instant, then pressed close to its sides. It struck the wire at the spot where it had been mended, and it gave way as if a stone had been hurled against it.

The liberated eagle, its eight-foot sweep of wings knocking pictures, antlers, and miscellaneous ornaments from the walls, circled the room, passing over the barkeeper's head, circled around and around, gaining speed at every turn, darted at length straight toward Doss, and came down in its fury upon his coatless shoulders.

In a moment the eagle had stripped off his shirt by the savage sweeps of its long black claws, tearing with it, horribly, great strings of skin and flesh. A moment only it seemed to hover over him, beating its strong wings as if it strove to lift and carry him away. Once more it spun in wild flight about the room. Doss fell to the floor crying for help, rolling for the shelter of a faro-table near by; but before he reached it the creature was upon him again. One cruel claw, with a reach greater than the outspread fingers of a man, tore out a cheek, the other sank into his shoulder.

THE EAGLE WAS GONE, THE MONEY WAS GONE.

Screaming in awful terror and agony, the evil-souled man snatched at the eagle's legs, tore its fierce grasp free, rolled under the table, and huddled with his bleeding face against the floor. Again the eagle circled the room, brushing glasses and bottles from the bar, blundering drunkenly in its mad fright, dashing now and again against the stout glass of the window, seeking a way to the open. Around it swept, faster, faster, while those who had gathered outside at the alarm shrank back and waited. At last the bird struck the screen doors as it reeled past. They opened before it and it sped outward, into the sunlight, into the free air, into its vast inheritance. And as its eyes caught the

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glint of the sun and the soul-widening depths of blue its wings had never measured, it screamed, exultingly, defiantly; and when he heard that savage shriek of triumph in his place under the faro-table, Doss Hovey cowered again and ground his bloody face against the roughened floor.

Higher the free bird mounted, and higher, with a white something streaming from its leg like a broken fetter, exulting again and again in the wild joy of its heart, until it passed into the low clouds that swept the foothills' tops, and was gone.

THE EAGLE DARTED STRAIGHT TOWARD DOSS.

Big Mac, the flockmaster, was heading for the Wind River Mountains, the elk season having opened. Bear Track was glad when he rode into camp, and invited him to pass the night. It was a good story Mac had to tell of the escape of Doss Hovey's eagle, after he had tortured it with a pointed stick to make it crow, after it had made him uglier by a great scar on the cheek and wiser by many more that were out of sight beneath his shirt.

Bear Track listened with an eager light in his fading eyes while Little Horse translated; and when the story was done, the old man took Mac by the arm and led him behind the tepee. There, perched on the low limb of a scrub pine, was an eagle, a long thong of deer hide attached to a soft band around its leg.

"You mean to say he come back!" gasped Mac. "You mean to tell *me* that's the same eagle?"

Little Horse nodded; and Bear Track, reading incredulity in his guest's face, entered the tepee and came forth again presently with a man's linen collar, which had a streamer of torn shirt hanging to it by the button at the back of the band. Bear Track handed it to him silently.

"He brung that with him when he come home," Little Horse briefly explained, "wrapped all round his leg."

"It beats me," mused Mac; "it certainly does beat my time." Then to Bear Track: "You want to sell him again, hey? How much you take, what?"

Bear Track made the sign of fifty dollars, clasping and unclasping his knotted hands. "No," he growled fiercely, "no!" Again his hands spelled the valuation, now seventy-five. "Huh-uh," he declared, shaking his head and frowning savagely, "no-o, no-o-o!" Once more he made a sign, one hundred this time, and when he had finished he stood a moment as if to allow the white man's mind to assimilate the magnitude of it, then slowly shaking his head he shouted, "No-o, no-o, Round Belly go hell!"

Little Horse smiled; then he spoke in the speech of the white man as he had learned it from the negro cavalrymen when he worked in the blacksmith shop at the agency: "Old man says that eagle big soldier now; he done brung home a skelp. Old man says wouldn't take no money for him now. Keep him till he die, old man, he says. Old man says so. That's right."

WHY?

By James Pratt Brown

THE train had come to a stop in front of the cemetery. A little coffin had been lifted out of the baggage car, and set upon a bier. The flowers were being handed out and placed about the coffin, while Mother and I, followed by our immediate friends, were moving slowly forward from the rear coach toward that pathetic little casket that encased our every parental hope. Our boy was dead. Our boy Tom.

Mother's hand trembled piteously on my arm, and her poor, tired, sad, tearless eyes were straining mournfully toward the coffin that lay out there in the sunlight. I remember the wild birds were singing in the cemetery trees. And, to-day, it seems strange that such a trivial detail should be so indelibly impressed upon my mind. I would have given worlds to take Little Mother into my arms and soothe her grief. I remember, too, that I wished we might be alone with our dead boy, just Mother and I—and Tom. I felt that it would have comforted us both

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if we could have talked to him before he was lowered into his grave.

Then I saw the boy pallbearers, with their funeral gloves and crape, take up their positions on either side of the coffin. The stoical cemetery attendants mechanically lifted the burden so dear to us, and our melancholy little procession made its way to a freshly dug grave in a modest section of the cemetery. Distinctly do I remember young Sam Rates. He had been Tom's boy chum. The little fellow's grief was so unusual, in one so young, that I wondered at it, and my heart went out to him.

And yet—and it is with some shame that I here record the thought—I rather resented the fate that had taken my boy, my only boy, and left Sam, who was one of a family of many.

When all of the sad details were over and Little Mother and I were back in our desolated home, I think our sorrow became more and more acute. Tom was thirteen. His taking off had been comparatively sudden. The house seemed so empty, so silent and deserted. Every reminder of him—his books, a hat, a coat, were all fresh incentives to grief. That night as Little Mother sobbed in my arms she said, and she felt, that she was suffering the greatest grief of motherhood. And I, too, believed it so.

Years had gone by since Tom's death, ten years, I believe. It was a warm spring morning, and I had just finished a reply brief in a civil action that was to be submitted to our Supreme Court. The sound of the clattering typewriter in the next room, typing the closing pages of the brief, told me I was free for a time, and I took up the morning paper, which had lain unopened on my desk. The first page was noisy with shrieking headlines announcing the finding of the dismembered body of a young woman on the bay shore. This sensational story did not interest me beyond the headlines, and I merely read far enough to learn that a particularly brutal murder had been committed, but that the victim had not been identified nor the perpetrator apprehended.

Suddenly my office door was flung open and Mr. Rates, Sam's father, entered. His face was ghastly gray.

"You have read the morning paper?" he gasped, glancing at the sheet in my hand.

"You have read of the murder?" he added.

"Why, what is wrong, Mr. Rates?"

"It's Sam," he moaned. "Sam, my boy, has been arrested for the crime."

"Sam!"

"Yes, God help me, Sam;" and dropping into a chair, with his arms on my desk he laid his head down and moaned most pitifully. "My boy! My boy! Oh my God, my boy!"

When the grief-stricken man became sufficiently calm he told me the story, so far as he knew it, and asked me to defend Sam at the preliminary hearing.

The news of the arrest spread about the city, and when I reached home Mother met me at the door with eyes red from weeping.

"I have been over trying to comfort Sam's mother," she said quietly.

"And?"

"Father, I once felt that I had suffered the greatest grief of motherhood. I was mistaken. I have to-day witnessed the greatest grief."

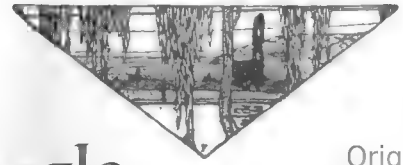
As I ponder over these tragic happenings, and vainly grope for some understanding of their hidden significance—if they have such—there looms up before me a great unanswerable interrogatory:

"WHY?"

Behind it lies the inscrutable.

While, on one hand, wavering Doubt leads my faltering thoughts toward a tangle of skepticism, born of the imperfections of human reasoning, on the other hand Hope beckons me toward a more cheerful prospect, and I seem to hear, in simple faith, the village choir of boyhood's memory chanting the homely message:

"*Some day we'll understand.*"



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STRAIGHT TALK

A SÉANCE WITH MADAME PALADINO

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Gilman Hall, one of the editors of EVERYBODY'S, *sailed for Europe last May on a vacation. In his party of seven was his brother-in-law, Dr. Herbert R. Moody, Associate Professor of Chemistry in the College of the City of New York. Mr. Hall sought out Filippo Bottazzi, Professor of Biology in the University of Naples, in an effort to secure photographs to illustrate Mr. Garland's series, "The Shadow World." The offer of a séance with Madame Paladino came unexpectedly and was gladly accepted. Here are the reports of Mr. Hall and Dr. Moody.*

The séance was held in the same laboratory and with the same cabinet that Professor Bottazzi had used in all his previous experiments. It was a bare room with cement floor and bare walls—a room with almost no fixtures or laboratory paraphernalia. There were one or two shelves around; a stone pedestal; and a window opening on a garden. The cabinet was formed by a recess opposite the door by which we had entered; and the back of it was a door leading into another laboratory. This door and the door leading out of the second laboratory were locked by Professor Bottazzi in Dr. Moody's presence, and Professor Bottazzi put the keys in his pocket. The cabinet was about twenty-four inches deep. Professor Bottazzi had placed in it a shelf nine inches wide about three feet from the floor, and on this shelf he had put various things—a scale, a trumpet, a small drum, a box of matches, a heavy brass candlestick, and an electric bell.

There was no intention on our part of reporting the séance. The time was too short for extensive preparations. So, while we took many precautions and made a number of tests, yet we depended on Professor Bottazzi for all the preliminary arrangements. I desire to make it clear that the test of Madame Paladino was not complete outside of him.

Professor Bottazzi and his assistant joined us at the table, making a party of nine, which proved an unwieldy number. Madame Paladino sat about one foot in front of the curtain that hung before the recess, and faced the end of the table. I sat at her right, but around the corner. Madame Paladino faced east, I looked north. Mrs. Moody sat beside me and Dr. Moody beside her, both facing north. Mrs. Hall sat at the medium's left and opposite me, facing south. The rest of the party finished out the circle, which extended beyond the table. Professor Bottazzi sat directly opposite Madame Paladino and at least three feet beyond the end of the table. Mrs. Hall and I by our position were in charge of the psychic, and it was our duty to see that all the necessary tests were put on her. I held her right hand. By her instructions, I pressed my knee against hers and put my left foot over her right one. Mrs. Hall applied the same tests on the left.

The curtains in front of the cabinet were black, made of some thin material like cheesecloth. The table was a light deal one—about two by four, and the chairs were rather light common ones. We began the séance with a red 16-candle electric light on a wall bracket, quite high above Mrs. Hall's head, and a 16-candle white light on a small shelf back of Professor Bottazzi. Soon, at Madame Paladino's request, we turned the white light out. The séance was not one hour along when, by request of the "spirit" controlling the medium, we placed a handkerchief over the red light. Later, we put another handkerchief on. And later still, the handkerchiefs burned and we took them both off. *We could see plainly all through the séance.*

Within a minute after we seated ourselves, the table began to tremble. I noticed it almost instantly and called the attention of every one to it. It seemed to me as though the fiber of the wood was vibrating.

Within five minutes, the table began to rock and rise from the floor. One end would lift up from six to twelve inches and then drop noisily. Now one end, now the other would come up. Then the table would lift on one side. Dr. Moody pressed against it at one of these times and said he thought it took a pressure of three pounds to force a release of the table from the unseen power.

Soon raps began. The table was pounded on the floor for raps—generally ordinary ones; but now and then it would strike the floor with great violence, giving a startling effect of emphasis. The table-tipping continued at intervals throughout the séance, growing stronger and more pronounced as time wore on. There was one very dramatic lift near the end of the sitting. Madame Paladino suddenly thrust both her hands high above her—Mrs. Hall and I being drawn from our chairs in our efforts to retain our holds on her, and the table—every leg of it—rose all of eighteen inches from the floor. The synchronism which Mr. Garland told of in his articles was perfect in this experiment. The table followed the psychic's hands on the moment.

The first twenty minutes we spent in trying to identify the "spirit" controlling the raps. There was talk of a "John King"—whom Madame

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Paladino said was her "spirit control." We asked if there was any one in the room with whom the spirit wished to communicate and got an answer—"yes." It proved to be Mrs. Moody that was meant, and soon the table moved toward her—nearer and nearer—and finally pressed against her chest. But the answers were contradictory, the results futile, and we gave it up. Anyway, we were looking for physical phenomena.

The next manifestation after the table-raising was a sudden swirl of the curtain, which enveloped me completely. From hanging limp, it suddenly rose high in the air—as though blown by a strong wind—and fell over me. I remained in that position a full ten minutes; for it gave me an excellent view of the inside of the cabinet. But nothing of importance occurred there, beyond a marked movement of the other curtain. I had hardly thrown the curtain off when there was a crackling sound and the table leg under me began to split, at the point where it joined the table. I felt the leg press against me as it moved. Professor Bottazzi cried out a protest—"Here, John King, leave my table alone," and it stopped.

"He broke a table to pieces for me once. I do not want it done again," commented Professor Bottazzi.

The action seemed like that of a miniature flash of lightning; the sound was of rending wood—a splitting, tearing sound.

We spent some time trying to persuade the "spirit" to bring us a fan which lay on the pedestal under the red light, but we failed utterly. A minute later, though, some force knocked the matches from the shelf in the cabinet to the floor. Suddenly Professor Bottazzi cried out excitedly, "Here comes the candlestick." There darted through my mind the thought that this was the crucial time for me to know beyond all doubt that I was holding Madame Paladino's hand. I clenched it firmly and instead of looking at the candlestick I gazed steadfastly at the hand I held. The candlestick, a heavy brass one, and the candle it held came from the shelf in the cabinet up through the opening in the curtains about a foot above the medium's head, and landed with a crashing blow on the table in front of Mrs. Moody. The candle fell out and then both candle and stick rolled into her lap. On the way to the laboratory I had said, "If I could only see some object moved one inch I should be satisfied." I had had my wish in full measure.

We had not time to recover before a heavy, clumsy, crockery plate containing a wad of clay, which Professor Bottazzi had placed in a vacant chair some two feet to the left of Madame Paladino, came hurtling with tremendous force and almost superhuman speed on to the table. It landed with a really appalling noise. The effect was as though it had been thrown by a giant's hand and in great anger. There was a wait of a few minutes. Then some force swept the remaining objects from the shelf in the cabinet. The drum fell, the trumpet followed; there was a succession of various noises from falling bodies. "There go the scales," said Professor Bottazzi, as the heavy thud of falling iron was heard.

For some of his previous experiments, Professor Bottazzi told me, he had cut a peephole in the door which formed the back of the cabinet, and one of his assistants had been stationed there. An electric light was placed on the wall of the cabinet, the wires for which led to a push-button in Professor Bottazzi's pocket. During some of the amazing phenomena, such as we witnessed, Dr. Bottazzi had switched on the light so that his assistant could see clearly into the cabinet. He proved beyond a question that no one approached the cabinet from behind, and that no one was in it.

If Madame Paladino went into a trance, it was not, for the major part of the time, a deep one. She was conscious of almost all our doings. During the séance, and particularly during the earlier stages of it, she coughed a great deal, cleared her throat repeatedly, and suffered severely from hiccoughs. She interspersed her manifestations with remarks to Professor Bottazzi, which he sometimes translated. Often she called out in a half moan asking if we had a good control over her. "She always inquires about that," volunteered our mentor. A dozen times during the evening she cried out in complaint of our gripping her hands so tightly. Just before anything spectacular happened she moaned, and seemed to sink suddenly but temporarily into a deeper, perhaps an entire trance. Her head would roll a little from side to side, but in a moment she would return to her half consciousness again, and would show a somewhat dazed knowledge of what was going on. Before the séance was a half-hour old, she threw her legs up on our laps—her left leg on Mrs. Hall's lap and her right one on mine. She held this position for a good part of the sitting. Before and during the manifestations, there were violent convulsive movements of the arms and sometimes of the legs. We grew used to these and soon learned to call out a warning of some impending action when we felt these muscular movements.

The next occurrence was a startling one—and aimed directly at me. My chair was seized from behind by a powerful force, and an attempt was made to drag it from under me. I had again the impression of a giant at work in our presence. I cried out. All saw me moving. The force tugged at the chair and nearly succeeded in getting it from me. I was swerved around so that I faced Mrs. Moody and was seated on only a third of the chair. Though every one saw me moving, no one saw any figure or apparition back of me. I had just resumed my position when I felt a hand move across my back as though some one were reaching by me to Mrs. Moody. Mrs. Hall, too, felt some one touch her on the back.

There was a series of remarkable kicks in the

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cabinet,—a noise like the pounding of a horse's hoof in a near-by stable in the dead of night. No man could have produced it. It was made apparently within the fiber of the wood. And here the synchronism between the convulsive workings of the medium's muscles and the manifestations was marked. Mrs. Hall felt Madame Paladino's foot thrust forward with great force, in time with each kick in the cabinet behind her.

Professor Bottazzi here said that he was surprised at our calmness. We ought to get more excited. We ought to talk more—to demand manifestations. We should select some one thing and then clamor for it. Supposing, for instance, we tried to lift the empty chair to the table.

So we tried.

Madame Paladino asked us to set our minds on the task. We did. We all talked at one time. We called out demands that the chair be lifted. The noise became a veritable babel. Madame Paladino's hands worked convulsively—though held by us—as if in an effort to lift the chair. And up it came—a foot or so from the floor, giving the impression of a magnet's work. Then, as if the magnet's power had failed, the chair dropped to the floor and rocked back to its normal position. Twice, three times, four times we tried, but the lifting power was not strong enough. After a few moments, however, with amazing swiftness the chair came on to the table—and lay on its back. It seemed incredible. We made several efforts to will the chair to an upright position, but in that we did not succeed.

Madame Paladino here spoke to Professor Bottazzi in a half-querulous voice. "She is complaining of the circle," he said. "She says it is a poor one and does not help her." I realized the truth of her complaint. The circle was unwieldy in numbers; having no common language was a serious handicap; Madame Paladino had been ill for two months and was far from strong; three of our party knew nothing of psychics; Dr. Moody had come to the meeting under protest and in utter scorn of it all. There were a dozen reasons why the circle was of small potency.

The blowing out of the curtain was a frequent occurrence, and those nearest the cabinet felt often a cool breeze—as though a window had been thrown open. "Has any one noticed a light above Madame Paladino's head?" inquired Dr. Bottazzi. We all turned to him. "There it is now," called Mrs. Hall, and we all turned quickly back. But it had gone. "Let's will it back," suggested some one, and we set up a clamor demanding it. It came at once—a pear-shaped light about six inches above the medium's head. I did not see it, but every other member of the circle did. It appeared to them like a faint electric light shining through a ground-glass bulb. At the same time Madame Paladino's face was illuminated. Her skin shone as though phosphorescent.

It was now twelve o'clock and we broke up the circle. We arose, turned on the white electric light, and I walked around the table. Professor Bottazzi then took Madame Paladino's hand—in bright light and with no circle—and produced sharp raps. He beat her hand toward the table, stopping short when within twelve inches of the top—and a rap would come from under the table. Most of the phenomena had been synchronous with her movements, but these raps would follow a perceptible moment after the beat of the finger.

I have been often asked if I was convinced. I can see no other alternative than acceptance of the phenomena. Only one of the main phenomena took place entirely in the cabinet; only one other important one—the moving of the candlestick—originated in the cabinet. All the rest of the manifestations occurred in the room and in clear light. There could not possibly have been any preparations in the laboratory that would not have been visible to us. Had Madame Paladino used paraphernalia for trickery, we should have been able to see it when the manifestations were in process—for it was light enough for that. On these points we are all agreed.

I asked Professor Bottazzi about the chances of fake. He was as impatient of the subject as he has been of spiritualism. He had had trained scientific men to help him in his experiments. Many people had been present at the various séances. The phenomena had been established in utter finality. But they had led nowhere. He had reached only a *circle* of phenomena. He had "come face to a blank wall." He was through—for the present, anyway.

Professor Bottazzi's assistant brought Madame Paladino a cup of strong coffee. She seemed dazed and in real distress. Where she had been gracious before, she now seemed hardly to realize our presence. She showed many of the symptoms of a person in dire seasickness. She looked old and seamed and yellow. She seemed to have little strength left. She drank a little coffee, placed the cup on a shelf, crossed the room to the window opening on the garden, and vomited. Professor Bottazzi said she was always weak and nauseated after a sitting. We all stood about, and I, for one, felt like a guilty child. It seemed wrong that we should have caused this woman such sickness just to satisfy our curiosity and interest in psychical experiments. I gained an added respect for her from the thought of all she had been doing for years at so heavy a cost, in her sittings for the various scientists. We waited perhaps twenty minutes and then said our farewell to Madame Paladino—a farewell which she returned with a limp hand and an indifference strangely in contrast with her early greetings. Madame went out first. As we left the building, we passed her, leaning heavily on the arm of her husband, who had been waiting for her outside; dragging herself slowly and painfully along the narrow lane which leads

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to one of those wonderful streets of steps in Naples—which, in turn, gives on the larger street where the carriage waited.

GILMAN HALL.

NOTES ON THE PALADINO SÉANCE

Location:

An ordinary bio-chemical laboratory, practically unfurnished, with a cement floor and a few shelves, in the University of Naples. Two double doors—both leading into other laboratories equipped for regular preparative work, one door—that by which we had entered—left ajar all the evening, with the room beyond well lighted; the other door shut and locked in my presence—after I had thoroughly examined the rooms—and the key put into Professor Bottazzi's pocket. This latter door was midway through an alcove, making a recess about two feet deep on our side of it, the recess curtained off with a simple black cheesecloth curtain. Across the back, behind the curtain, a shelf eight to ten inches wide.

Equipment:

Ten rush-bottom chairs; a large plate containing clay on an unoccupied chair two feet from Paladino; a plain deal table—no drawer—(could see under it); a pedestal five feet high; two wall-shelves a foot wide; one red electric bracket lamp; and one portable white lamp on wall shelf.

Procedure:

Circle formed and all held hands lightly. Those at the two horns of circle held Paladino's hands and kept their feet and knees against hers. Later she extended her legs so that second sitters beyond guarded her feet. Her movements always kept under absolutely perfect surveillance. White lamp burned at first, later screened, after five minutes or so extinguished. This left full power red lamp; later, receiving five raps for less light, this was screened with two handkerchiefs. Eyes accustomed themselves to dim light—all could see even the expressions on others' faces.

Phenomena:

Almost imperceptible tingling through hands—comparable to feeble current. Table began to rear almost at once, at first with Paladino's hands on it, but soon with no hand whatever touching it. Maximum height of elevation about eighteen inches. Always descended with violence, not as if falling but as if thrown down, with noisy clatter. I pushed it down myself once; required from three to five pounds pressure to overcome elevation. Fiber of table trembled, quivered. All in full light. Got usual one, two, three, four, five knocks at will at any time upon request. Their significance seemed slight except as directions for more or less light, or a request to talk among ourselves. Instead of diminishing Paladino's power by talking, during utterly inconsequential conversation fine results came. This points to possibility of desire to distract attention of observer until object is practically accomplished. If so, in our case this was not successful; we were continuously alert. Doubt if this were intended, as conditions absolutely gave no chance for fraud and because at all times when we concentrated our minds on what we wished done, the end was reached more quickly. For example, appearance of phosphorescent luminosity in pear-shaped form about a foot above Paladino's head. Part of the time her face was mildly luminous. Afterwards Professor Bottazzi rather discredited this, but it was apparent enough to me.

Phenomena of telekinesis were wonderful. Candlestick and candle came through opening between curtains and proceeded in a leisurely way in a sort of parabolic trajectory and fell rather violently on edge of table and into Mrs. Moody's lap. Plate containing ball of clay rose from chair a foot from corner of table and dropped to table-top with a violent bang. Nearly everything on shelf in recess was noisily thrown down and, queerly enough, directly under the shelf—not on the floor in front of it. Cool drafts developed, an "arm" appeared around the side of the curtain at a height of about six feet. Mr. Hall's chair was almost pulled from under him, a hand touched Mrs. Hall's back, and after various slight excursions across the floor the unoccupied chair finally rose and lay on its back on the table, then moved off on to the floor. Door behind curtain was hit several hard blows resembling kick of a horse.

After the circle was broken, and in full light, Professor Bottazzi held Paladino's hand and moved her finger tip through space of about an inch. The finger never got nearer than six inches from the table, and yet there was a distinct knock as if a force were propelled from finger and struck the table directly underneath. This was done in various parts of the table.

Important to observe that all kicks, noises, and movements were synchronous with spasmodic movements of Paladino's muscles. Also phenomena were preceded and accompanied by signs of hysteria, coughs, and unusual noises. Paladino much exhausted after sitting, had active nausea, and no strength to leave until twenty minutes after the end of the sitting.

Conclusion:

Considering the sort of phenomena that I am accustomed to observe, my preconceived opinions were at variance with these facts, but I had to accept what I saw.

HERBERT R. MOODY, Ph.D.

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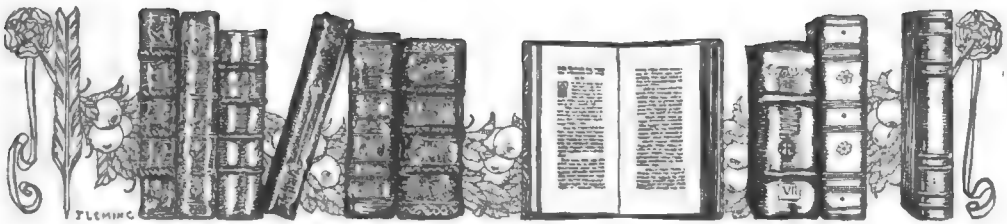

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

It goes quite without saying that "The Testing of Diana Mallory" (Harper), by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is a book to be read not only by those who are unquestioningly responsive to Mrs. Ward's work, but by those who, from whatsoever motives, are interested in the course of contemporary literature. For to whatever portfolio individual judgment may assign her, and quite aside from the future's retrospective verdict, Mrs. Ward is indisputably a cabinet member of the present literary administration. That she belongs to the conservative wing of a liberal government is the result, not of temperament, but of circumstances. It was once the other way about, and it is the times, not Mrs. Ward, that have changed. In "The Testing of Diana Mallory" Mrs. Ward is constructively, technically, and textually at her best. No one of her later novels has flowed with so unbroken a consistency to a timely conclusion. Never has her gracious and mellifluous prose been more delightful; her prose with its occasional hint of stateliness and its sparkle rising, as it were, to the surface but never born there. Yet in this novel, for the first time, her relative conservatism has become, relatively, reactionary. Diana —as usual Mrs. Ward's women are convincingly delineated and her men successfully suggested— is a saint of the species perhaps best described as the door-mat variety. Her instinct (remember that instinct is defined as "inherited experience") for being trodden upon is ineradicable and undefeatable. It first challenges, then conquers, then wholly submerges the sheer charm of her youth, her intelligence, and her sensibility. And it leads her with admirable inevitableness to her logically foreordained extinction as an individual. All of which is good fiction and good realism. But underlying all this and in a sense permeating it, one is conscious of a latent inference, never put into words, never even hinted at, yet not to be escaped. One feels that Diana is not only presented to us as a type but, in the old and specific sense, as a heroine; that the dénouement which we actually recognize as a miserable beginning is somehow offered to us as a happy ending; and that Diana's supineness is imputed to her for righteousness. And this is a thesis in the validity of which a generation deeply and genuinely interested in woman's self-fulfillment and on tiptoe with curiosity as to what kind of a creature is going to emerge from the familiar chrysalis can hardly be expected to acquiesce.

We have a way of saying of a current of cool air, suddenly admitted to the stuffy scene of a stagnating conference, that it "blows the cobwebs from our brains." We all know the feeling; the instant physical relief, the almost simultaneous mental rebound, the—one is almost inclined to say—moral rehabilitation. Of course it is perfectly simple. We had been breathing, thinking, feeling, in terms of carbon dioxide; our little world is re-oxygenated and we are our own men again. Among the new books there is one by Doctor Woods Hutchinson that, in its line, recalls this common experience. It is called "Instinct and Health" (Dodd, Mead) and it contains a series of delightfully oxygenated talks on matters in regard to which we are by the way of becoming fuddled. For some years now physiological chemistry, and bacteriology, and biology, have been busy digging half truths and quarter truths out of the unknown. As each nugget has come to the surface some enthusiast has seized it and straightway proclaimed it to be the whole duty of man. And we? We have been poring over the pieces, trying to reconstruct a hygienic picture-puzzle out of them. The test tube and the microscope have gotten on our nerves. We have pinned our faith alternately upon "all wool" and "linen mesh." We have sworn successively by bran

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and buttermilk. We have evolved a sort of communal hypochondria. In short, we have been thinking in terms of carbon dioxide, and Doctor Woods Hutchinson's book is strongly recommended as an open window.

Philosophers of all eras, in epigrams of all flavors, have called our attention to the fact that age is not determined by the passage of years. "A man," one of them tells us, "is as old as he feels;" adding, with all the cynicism of proprietorship, that "a woman"—but we are not concerned with women in this paragraph. If a man is as old as he feels, a book that makes him feel young is a drop from the fabled fountain Ponce de Leon never found. And the man—at least the man who has been to school or college and either played football or stood ankle deep in mud along the side lines and *felt* football, and who can read "The Substitute" (Appleton), by Walter Camp, and not feel young again, is old, whatever his age. This (and surely it is enough) is the worth and kernel of Mr. Camp's story. For the rest it is a college version of the Ugly Duckling, that most naïve of all plot-schemes, that most transparent of all would-be surprises. It is the story of a freshman year at Yale; written about boy-men and so, according to our haphazard logic, presumably written for them. But it has, somehow, in its unpretentious simplicity, caught and transcribed the note of youth in the young. And the spirit of youth in us others answers to its own.

Mr. C. Hanford Henderson and Mr. E. V. Lucas, widely as they differ from each other in other respects, have this in common, that they write fiction not for the sake of fiction but for the sake of hobnobbing with their temperamental intimates and sharing treasure trove with their intellectual cronies. It follows that in proclaiming the pleasure to be found in their pages it behooves one also to post a warning. And so in speaking of Mr. Henderson's novel, "The Lighted Lamp" (Houghton, Mifflin), and even more in speaking of Mr. Lucas's story, "Over Bemerton's" (Macmillan), it is wise to say to those to whom "the story's the thing" that, like the little boys in the nursery rhyme, they "had better keep away." Mr. Henderson's story is that of a Boston clerk who, at thirty-five, falls heir to a modest competence and turns, instinctively but rather blindly, to the task of self-discovery. The sequel is told so simply and so intimately that at first one shrinks with a sort of sympathetic shame (or is it sympathetic snobbishness?) from its revelations; only, however, to be the more completely won by the pathetic dignity of a very unusual character study. Mr. Lucas's "Over Bemerton's" has been written as an excuse for one appreciative and sociable bookworm to chat with his fellows. "Bemerton's" is an old bookshop in London over which Mr. Lucas's hero, returned from a long exile in South America, takes rooms and begins to pick up the threads of an old life. If fiction may be likened to a flowing stream, Mr. Lucas's present fiction is mostly backwater. Personally, however, I have floated very enjoyably on its surface.

Mr. Alfred Ollivant is a writer from whom we have learned to accept surprises. He surprised us first some years ago by appearing suddenly from nowhere, entering "Bob, Son of Battle" in the literary bench-show and taking all the blue ribbons in sight, from the puppy- to the open-classes of dog fiction. A little later he surprised us by failing of even an honorable mention with "Danny." It would be inaccurate to say that he then surprised us by his self-effacement, for in these busy days no writer attracts attention by his nonappearance. But last year Mr. Ollivant did surprise us by breaking a long silence with "Redcoat Captain," a child's story of delicious quality; two-sided, like some deftly woven cloth; all youthful nonsense seen from beneath and all grown up whimsy looked at from above. And now he publishes "The Gentleman, a Romance of the Sea" (Macmillan), a romance that surprises us alternately by its flashes of imaginative genius and by its lapses in dramatic and emotional sensitiveness. In form it is a vivid, impressionistic, mosaic-like tale of 1805 and England's naval struggle against Napoleon. Love has no part in it. Patriotism and hero-worship are at the heart of it and are triumphantly vindicated as romantic passions, sufficient for romantic inspiration. And while it keeps at sea, it keeps our hearts and minds aglow. But when it comes ashore (and alas, it lands in mid career and has a hard time getting afloat again), it heaps slaughter on wanton slaughter and complication on needless complication till the very fingers of our minds drip blood and our jaded interest disregards the spur.

We frequently hear it said of some incident in real life that it is "as good as a story." On the other hand, it is by no means uncommon to find some indignant writer of fiction hurling at his critics, as the retort conclusive, "as a matter of fact this *actually happened*." Sooner or later, if we chance to be of an inquiring turn of mind, we become interestedly aware of the tangled coincidence and conflict of interest between fact and fiction. And one of the fascinating points of the problem lies in the fact that the more we untangle the tangle, the more tangled it seems to become. For, after all, it includes everything

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that lies between the two extremes of common curiosity and ultimate art; between the things that are meaningful because they are true, and the things that are true because they are meaningful. A little volume edited by Ralph D. Paine and called "The Romance of an Old Time Shipmaster" (Outing) is curious in that it unintentionally places these two interests in a simple and unmistakable opposition. It is made up from the logs, the diaries, and the love letters of one Captain John Russell, who sailed from Bristol, Rhode Island, to various ports of the West Indies and Africa between 1797 and 1813. It is, apparently, presented as romance. Yet as romance it is merely stupid; stupid with the unseeing, reiterative, day-by-day stupidity of life. But while it fails as fiction it affords us glimpses, restricted and tantalizing, but unescapably alluring because authoritative and at firsthand, of the reality of a bygone century. We read it like boys squinting at a ball game through a crack in the fence. We can see the ball struck and the runner start, but first base and the outfield are beyond our ken. Yet, lacking admittance to the grand stand, our occasional peep of reality outweighs all the art of the baseball reporters.

Somewhere up in Massachusetts, pulling switch handles in a railroad signal tower, there stands a "soldier of the common good." His name is James O. Fagan. For more than twenty years he has stood there, looking out from his tower; looking out on the tracks of the Fitchburg railroad and beyond them at the railroads of the country, their methods and their management and their men. He has been one of the men. He has shared in the burden of their disabilities, has fought with them their uphill fight for recognition, has reaped with them the benefits of victory. But he has gone one little step farther. He has become conscious of the responsibilities of their power. And being a thoughtful man, a conscientious man, and a bold man, he has written down his observations, his conclusions, and his confession of faith, and made a book of them. It is called "The Confessions of a Railway Signalman" (Houghton, Mifflin). It is a modest little book as to whose value (whatever that may be) as a critique upon railroad economics we are not competent to judge. But it is a little book that thousands of us—readers of EVERYBODY'S, sympathizers with and participators in a great campaign of enlightenment and awakening—may read and rejoice in. For in it, for the first time, a private in the ranks, a practical worker speaking as a practical worker, and not a dreamer speaking as a dreamer or an agitator speaking as an agitator, has voiced a sense of the necessity for class pride in class responsibility as the complement to class consciousness of class wrongs and class demands for class rights. In itself this is nothing. In its possibilities it is inspiring. It is as insignificant and as momentous as the first March crocus.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Sovereign Good" (Putnam). A new novel of New York life by a new writer, Helen Huntington; dealing with a situation that at the moment seems to challenge many writers: the mutual attraction between a mature woman at the time of her greatest capacity for giving and a younger man of budding talent. The situation is a difficult one because the certainty of a rather unheroic tragedy inheres in it. But Mrs. Huntington's artistic honesty and successful characterization make her handling of it well worth while.

"9009" (McClure), by James Hopper and Fred R. Bechdolt, is the story of a convict—an imaginary convict—built up of selected facts. The authors own to having been angry when they wrote it—angry at facts; and the story, in a sense, is told through clenched teeth. And it goes home, as things told through clenched teeth sometimes do. It is a rather remarkable bit of work.

"The Old Allegiance" (Kennerly), by Hubert Wales. A farfetched bit of make-believe romance, mentioned here only to save readers of "The Yoke" from a wild goose chase after sensational reading.

"From Peking to Mandalay" (Dutton), by R. F. Johnston, F.R.G.S. A most interestingly given account of an overland journey of some months' duration through the heart of China and across the southwestern corner of the Thibetan plateau. A volume recommended to all who wish to keep in touch with what is written of the far East.

"The Riverman" (McClure). A new novel by Stewart Edward White, the purpose of which is to draw for us the life of the log-driver as "The Blazed Trail" did that of the lumberjack. It is a big, out-of-doors melodrama; wholesome but rather hearty fare.

"The Trial of Jesus, from the Standpoint of a Lawyer" (Empire Publishing Company). A work by Walter M. Chandler into which has been incorporated much interesting material relating to the Jewish criminal law, the methods of Roman judicial procedure, and cognate matters of contemporary custom and conditions. The reader's interest in "the lawyer's standpoint" is, however, greatly lessened by the patent fact that the author's legal acumen has accepted a retainer from his orthodoxy.

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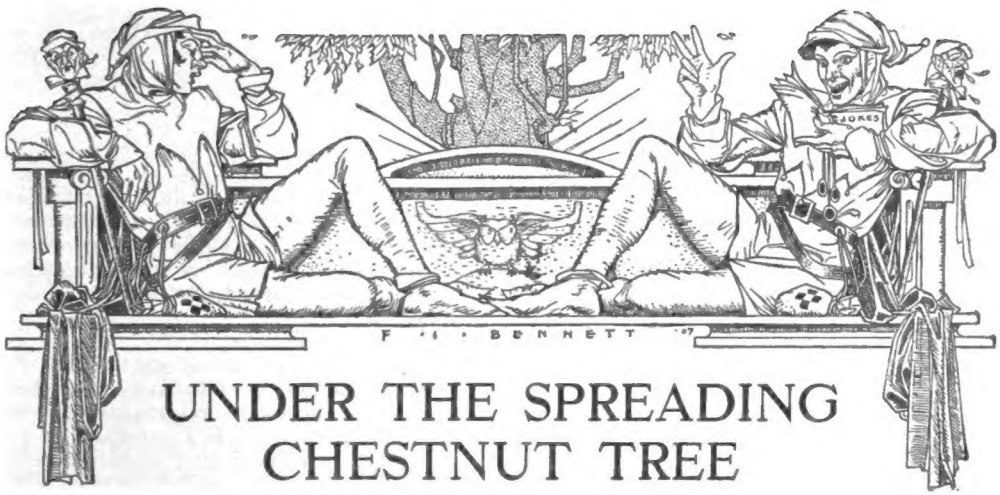

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

THIS is a story of Italian revenge. A vendor of plaster statuettes saw a chance for a sale in a well-dressed, bibulous man who was tacking down the street.

"You buy-a de statuette?" he asked, alluringly holding out his choicest offering. "Gar-r-ribaldi—I sell-a him verra cheep. De gr-reat-a Gar-r-ribaldi—only thirta cents!"

"Oh, t'ell with Garibaldi," said the bibulous one, making a swipe with his arm that sent Garibaldi crashing to the sidewalk.

For a moment the Italian regarded the fragments. Then, his eyes flashing fire, he seized from his stock a statuette of George Washington. "You t'ell-a with my Gar-r-ribaldi?" he hissed between his teeth. "So." He raised the immortal George high above his head and—crash! it flew into fragments alongside of the ill-fated Garibaldi. "Ha! I to hell-a wid your George Wash! Ha, ha!"

"One day," related Denny to his friend Jerry, "when Oi had wandered too far inland on me shore leave Oi suddenly found thot there was a great big haythen, tin feet tall, chasin' me wid a knife as long as yer ar-rm. Oi took to me heels an' for fifty miles along the road we had it nip an' tuck. Thin Oi turned into the woods an' we run for one hundhred an' twinty miles more, wid him gainin' on me steadily, owin' to his knowledge of the counthry. Finally, just as Oi could feel his hot breath burnin' on the back of me neck, we came to a big lake. Wid one tre-mendious leap Oi landed safe on the opposite shore, leavin' me pursuer confounded and impotent wid rage."

"Faith an' thot was no great jump," commented Jerry, "considerin' the runnin' sthart ye had."

Two men met on the street. They hadn't seen each other for months. One of them had a wife who occasionally figured in the society columns. After they had exchanged views on things in general, the other man asked him—"Is your wife entertaining this winter?" "Not very," said he.

Aunt Anne, an old family darky, was sitting with knees crossed in the kitchen, when the young daughter of the house entered and, impressed with the hugeness of the old woman's feet, asked what size shoe she wore.

"Well, honey," replied Aunt Anne, "I kin wear eights; I ginerally wear nines; but dese yer I'se got on am twelves, an' de good Lawd knows dey hu'ts me!"

This one is credited to O. Henry, but he refused the two dollars. A pessimistic young man dining alone in a restaurant ordered broiled live lobster. When the waiter put it on the table it was obviously minus one claw. The pessimistic young man promptly kicked. The waiter said it was unavoidable—there had been a fight in the

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kitchen between two lobsters. The other one had torn off one of the claws of this lobster and had eaten it. The young man pushed the lobster over toward the waiter. "Take it away," he said wearily, "and bring me the winner."

Mr. Fred Stone, the singing comedian of the "Red Mill," and Mr. Eugene Wood, whose stories and essays are well and pleasantly known to all the readers of EVERYBODY'S, met on Broadway recently. They stopped for a moment to exchange a few cheerful views, when a woman in a particularly noticeable sheath-gown passed. Simultaneously, Wood turned to Stone; Stone turned to Wood; then both turned to rubber

"I just love cake," said Johnnie feelingly. "It's awful nice."

"You should not say 'love' cake," corrected his mother. "You should say 'like.' And do not say 'awful'—say 'very.' And say 'good' instead of 'nice.' Now see if you can repeat the sentence correctly."

"I like cake," repeated Johnnie. "It's very good."

"That's better."

"I know, ma," complained Johnnie, "but it sounds just as if I was talkin' 'bout bread."

A traveler passing through the Broad Top Mountain district in northern Bedford County, Pennsylvania, last summer, came across a lad of sixteen cultivating a patch of miserable potatoes. He remarked upon their unpromising appearance and expressed pity for anyone that had to dig a living out of such soil.

"I don't need no pity," said the boy resentfully.

The traveler hastened to soothe his wounded pride. But in the offended tone of one who has been misjudged the boy added: "I ain't as poor as you think. I'm only *workin'* here. I don't *own* this place."

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, told in a recent speech of a hunting trip he had taken in the South. They were after 'coons and 'possums, but the only trail the dogs struck was one which made them put their tails between their legs and turn for home.

"Just what does a polecat look like?" Mr. Thomas asked one of his negro guides.

"A polecat, boss? Why, a polecat's somefin' like a kitten, only prettier. Yes, a polecat's a heap prettier'n a kitten, ain't it, Sam?" he said, turning to another negro for corroboration.

Sam did not seem so sure. He hesitated a moment.

"Well," he replied, scratching his wool, "it's always been mah contention dat handsome is as handsome does."

It was raining outside, and little interrogative Irma was in one of her worst, or at least most trying, moods. Father, busily writing at his desk, had already reproved her several times for bothering him with useless questions.

"I say, pa, what——"

"Ask your mother!"

"Honest, pa, this isn't a silly one this time."

"All right; this once. What is it?"

"Well, if the end of the world was to come, and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in an airship, where would he land when he came down?"

A colored woman was brought before a West Virginia magistrate charged with inhuman treatment of her child. Evidence was clear that she had severely beaten the youngster, who was in court to exhibit his marks and bruises. Before imposing sentence the magistrate asked the woman if she had anything to say.

"Kin Ah ask yo' honah a question?"

His honor nodded.

"Well, then, yo' honah, I'd like to ask yo' whether yo' was ever the parent of a puffeckly wuthless culled chile?"

A wizened little man charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half, or in this case better two-thirds, was a big, square-jawed woman with a determined eye.

The judge listened to the plaintiff's recital of wrongs with interest.

"Where did you meet this woman who, according to your story, has treated you so dreadfully?" his honor asked.

"Well, judge," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

"Women's minds are much cleaner than men's," remarked Mrs. Oliver Herford.

"They ought to be," replied her husband; "they change them so much oftener."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

HAVE you a favorite year? Is there any protracted experience of your life as you look back over it that stands out in red and gold? Do you look upon the passing of 1908 with regret? It has been a trying year for many. Some possibly will be glad to see its candle flicker out on New Year's Eve. We have had our own troubles this year—real ones. But out of them has come the consciousness of a strength we did not know we possessed. We could not have known the depth of your confidence, and the warmth of your interest, and the fulness of your generosity, without the extremity which sent us to you for assistance. That was good will to men sure enough. Not the holiday kind. The all-the-year-around kind.

WHO RUNS THE WORLD?

The world is run by men in their prime. Youth is learning how to take hold. Age is learning how to let go. A glad picture and a sad one. Have you ever considered how each generation has its turn at running things? Yesterday was father's turn; to-day is mine; to-morrow is son's. When father went away I turned to son. He must be taught how to hold the steering wheel. When I go he will turn to his son. It is a wise provision that keeps our hearts from wholly breaking. So, fitting ourselves into the eternal law of things, we turn from 1908 to greet 1909, not welcoming the son less cordially because we miss the father so much.

This baby year will be to us as individuals, and as a nation, just what we make it —a reflection of ourselves. Self-direction and self-control are the parents of progress. Intelligence and will mark the man from the beast. Wisdom, not love, is the greatest thing in the world. One can love unwisely; one can hate wisely. During next year, as in the past, we shall, without malice, discuss plainly and forcefully in the magazine those things which our investigation convinces us should be hated. As often we shall present the story of those efforts that are making for uplift—stories of the men who are sinking personal interest and personal profit and leading the armies of the Common Good. The ranks of these armies are filling daily. Their victories are notable. Consider what is being accomplished.

AN ASTOUNDING RECORD

Wall Street cannot gull the public as it once did. Insurance is on a sounder basis. Banking is adding new safeguards. Advertising is nearly honest. Rebating is unsafe. Food and drug adulterations are dangerous. Human life is more respected by common carriers. The hour of the old-time political boss has struck. States and municipalities are insisting upon clean administrators. The people are naming their own candidates. Independent voters, and that means thinking men, are legion. The children are having their day in court. Protection is offered to the weak against the gambling shark and saloon. Our public resources are being conserved. The public health is being considered. New standards of life have been raised up. The money god totters. Patriotism, manhood, brotherhood are exalted. It is a new era. A new world. Good signs, don't you think? And what has brought it about? Muckraking. Bless your heart, just plain muckraking. By magazine writers and newspapers and preachers and public men and Roosevelt.

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The people didn't know how rotten Denmark was till the muckrakers showed them. And then, well they certainly have turned Denmark upside down. We are proud of the part we have had in this work. Proud that we had sense enough to realize its importance and gumption enough to grab a rake and "pitch in." We hope we have sense enough to pick the right tool next. We hope it has a handle, because we have acquired some proficiency in wielding a tool with a handle.

WATCH THE SENATE

They tell us that radicalism is dead; that conservatism is in the saddle. If they mean Judge Taft, they have another guess. He knows better than most the meaning of the past five years. Of course, business will be better. It should never have been bad. There was not the least shadow of legitimate cause for the panic. And the men who made it and who believe they have scared the country into winking at the old crimes are blissfully dreaming. Let them dream. Meantime you know that the American people are awake and will not take even a catnap until the reforms now under way are carried well past the danger line. We have heard a lot, in times past, about the conservative senate, that noble bulwark, etc. Well, watch that noble bulwark during Judge Taft's term. Iowa sends Cummings; Kansas, Bristow; Oregon, Chamberlain; South Dakota, Crawford; Missouri, probably Folk; Indiana, a new man; North Dakota, a new man; Ohio, surely a new man; New York, thank Heaven, two new men, one of them perhaps Roosevelt. All of the men so far selected—conservatives? Certainly not—progressives, every one of them. And with La Follette and the other progressives already there, it doesn't look much like the steered and salted days of Aldrich and Foraker and their kind, now does it?

SEEING VISIONS

We have seen a good many of the United States of America, and have always been intensely proud to be an American, but never did we get such an idea of the bigness and beauty of the country, such a vision of the splendid future, as on a recent automobile trip covering 2500 miles.

Automobiling, as a medicine, has the nerve, stomach and brain specialists beaten to a frazzle. After the second day the worst dyspeptic will be eating anything on the bill of fare. *Every*thing would be more nearly accurate. And the widest eyed "insomnist" will sink into sleep like a normal child. We just jogged along, lunched where we happened to be; stopped when we were tired, and started in the mornings when we were good and ready. We ran along the Hudson, over the Catskills, through the Mohawk Valley, ambled round Ohio, where we have a million or so relations. Then through Indiana, several days in and around Chicago and back through Kalamazoo, Ypsilanti, Battle Creek, Jackson, and Ann Arbor, towns that our advertisers have made so familiar that we just had to see them, and Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, and home. It was a glorious trip. On your next outing try touring. Take our word, there is nothing like it. It isn't like travel by rail. You feel the country as well as see it. You are right down in it.

You get an idea of solidarity, too, that you don't get in a train. You are running through towns every few minutes, just like neighbors, so that the memory of our 2500 miles is a chain of beautiful pearls all on one string. And the lakes and sunsets and views. And the people—frank, hearty, independent, and prosperous. What a revelation it was. Trolleys everywhere and telephones and electric lights and rural free delivery, and crops—great Cæsar, what crops!—miles and miles of vineyards and orchards, then a dairy country, then potatoes—whole counties of them—and wheat and corn and hay and all the rest. Here grow the sinews of a world power, and with the money from these crops the folks are buying a bigger life. Their homes are tasteful inside and neat outside. The barns are beautifully painted. The people have leisure and the desire for music and art and literature. They have time to read, and reading means thinking. When all these minds turn to thinking about what is good for the Republic, the Captains of Infamy and their Senate White Slaves will stand about as much chance as a bunch of carrion-tainted buzzards in a flock of eagles.

He is daring who will predict the meaning of this intellectual awakening fifty years—even twenty years from now. One prediction we will venture: instead of half a million circulation EVERYBODY'S will have two million, or we shall be in a country where circulations cease to trouble.

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